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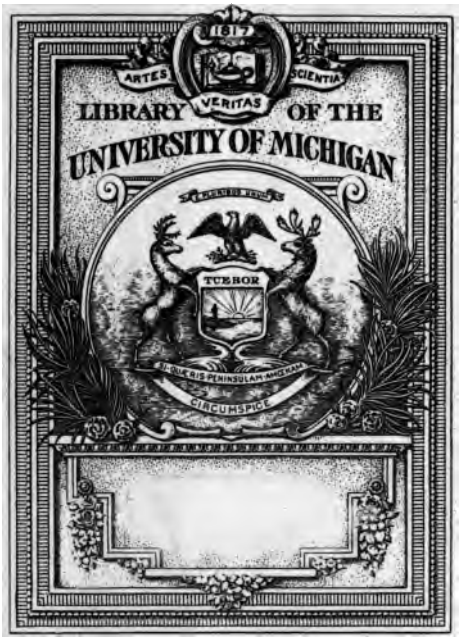
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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Periodical

DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES,
FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,

Author of the "History of the Clan Mackenzie," "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands," &c,

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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXXVII. NOVEMBER 1878. VOL. IV.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

XV. KENNETH, third EARL OF SEAFORTH, was born at Brahan Castle in 1635, and when he arrived at five or six years of age, his father placed him under the care of the Rev. Farquhar MacRa, then minister of Kintail and constable of Islandonan Castle, who kept a seminary in his house attended by the sons of the neighbouring gentlemen who kept young Seaforth company.* He followed the example of his father in his latter days, became entirely identified with the fate of Charles II., and devoted himself unremittingly to the services of that monarch during his exile. Earl Kenneth, from his great stature, was known among the Highlanders as *Coinneach Mòr*. On the King's arrival at Garmouth in June 1650 his reception throughout the whole of Scotland was of a most cheering character, but the Highlanders, who had always favoured the Stuarts, were particularly joyous on the return of their exiled king. After the defeat of the Scotch army by Cromwell at Dunbar—a defeat brought about entirely by the interference of the Committee of Estates and Kirk with the duties of those who had charge of the forces, and whose plans, were they allowed to carry them out, would have saved our country from the first real defeat Scotland ever received at the hands of an enemy—the King determined to find his way north and throw himself on the patriotism and loyalty of his Highland subjects. He was, however, captured and taken back to Perth, and afterwards to Edinburgh, by the Committee of Estates, on whom his attempted escape to the Highlands "produced a salutary effect," when they began to treat him with more respect, admitting him to their deliberations. A considerable num-

* The author of the Ardintoul MS. writing on this subject, says:—"This might be thought a preposterous and wrong way to educate a nobleman, but they who would consider where the most of his interests lay, and how he was among his people, followers, and dependants, on which the family was still valued, perhaps will not think so, for by this the young lord had several advantages; first, by the wholesome, though not delicate or too palatable diet he prescribed to him, and used him with, he began to have a wholesome complexion, so nimble and strong, that he was able to endure stress and fatigue, labour and travel, which proved very useful to him in his after life; secondly,

ber of the Highlanders were now up in arms to support the King; but the Committee having Charles in their power, induced him to write letters to the Highland chiefs desiring them to lay down their arms. This they refused to do, and to enforce the King's orders a regiment, under Sir John Brown, was despatched to the North, but they were surprised and defeated on the night of the 21st October by Sir David Ogilvy of Airley. On learning this intelligence, General Leslie hastened north with a force of 3000 cavalry. General Middleton, who had joined the King's friends in the North, and who was then at Forfar, hearing of Leslie's advance, sent him a letter enclosing a copy of "a bond and oath of engagement, which had been entered into by Huntly, Athole, the Earl of Seaforth, and other leading Highland chiefs, by which they had pledged themselves on oath, to join firmly and faithfully together, and 'neither for fear, threatening, allurement, nor advantage, to relinquish the cause of religion, of the king, and of the kingdom, nor to lay down their arms without a general consent; and as the best undertakings did not escape censure and malice, they promised and swore, for the satisfaction of all reasonable persons, that they would maintain the true religion, as then established in Scotland, the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant, and defend the person of the King, his prerogative, greatness, and authority, and the privileges of parliament, and the freedom of the subject.'" Middleton pointed out that the only object of himself and his friends was to unite Scotsmen in defence of their common rights, and that, as would be seen from this bond, the grounds on which they entered into association were exactly the same as those professed by Leslie himself. Considering all these circumstances, and seeing that the independence of Scotland was at stake, all Scotsmen should join for the preservation of their liberties. Middleton proposed to join Leslie, to place himself under his command, and expressed a hope that he would not shed the blood of his countrymen or force them to shed the blood of their brethren in self-defence. These communications ended in a treaty between Leslie and the leading Royalists on the 4th November at Strathbogie, by which Middleton and his followers received an indemnity, and laid down their arms.*

he did not only learn the language but became thoroughly acquainted with, and learned the genius of, his several tribes or clans of his Highlanders, so that afterwards he was reputed to be the fittest chief or chieftain of all superiors in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland; and thirdly, the early impressions of being among them, and acquaint with the bounds, made him delight and take pleasure to be often among them and to know their circumstances, which indeed was his interest and part of their happiness, so that it was better to give him that first step of education than that which would make him a stranger at home, both as to his people, estate, and condition; but when he was taken from Mr Farquhar to a public school, he gave great evidence of his abilities and inclination for learning, and being sent in the year 1651 to the King's College at Aberdeen, under the discipline of Mr Patrick Sandylands, before he was well settled or made any progress in his studies, King Charles II., after his army had been defeated at Dunbar the year before, being then at Stirling recruiting and making up his army, with which he was resolved to march into England, the young laird was called home in his father's absence, who was left in Holland (as already described), to raise his men for the King's service, and so went straight to Kintail with the particular persons of his name, viz., the Lairds of Pluscardy and Lochsline, his uncles; young Tarbat, Rory of Davochmaluak, Kenneth of Coul, Hector of Fairburn, and several others, but the Kintail men, when called upon, made a demur and declined to rise with him, because he was but a child, and that his father, their master, was in life, without whom they would not move, since the King, if he had use for him and for his followers, might easily bring him home."

* Balfour, vol. iv., p. 129. Highland Clans, p. 285.

In 1651, after the disastrous battle of Worcester, in which Charles was completely defeated by Cromwell, and at which we find Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, as one of the Colonels of foot for Inverness and Ross, as also Alexander Càm Mackenzie, fourth son of Alexander, fifth of Gairloch, James fled to the Continent, and, after many severe hardships and narrow escapes, he ultimately found refuge in France, where, and in Flanders, he continued to reside, often in great distress and want, until the Restoration, in May 1660, when he returned to England, we are told, "indolent, selfish, unfeeling, faithless, ungrateful, and insensible to shame or reproach." The Earl of Cromarty informs us that subsequent to the treaty agreed to between Middleton and Leslie at Strathbogie, "Seaforth joined the King at Stirling. After the fatal battle of Worcester he continued a close prisoner till the Restoration of Charles." He was excepted from Oliver Cromwell's Act of Grace and Pardon in 1664, and his estate was forfeited without any provision being allowed out of it for his lady and family. He supported the cause of the King as long as there was an opportunity of fighting for it in the field, and when forced to submit to the opposing powers of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, he was committed to prison, where, with "much firmness of mind and nobility of soul," he endured a tedious captivity for many years, until Charles II. was recalled, when his old and faithful friend Seaforth was released, and became a favourite at his licentious and profligate Court. During the remainder of his life little or nothing of any importance is known regarding him, except that he lived in the favour and merited smiles of his sovereign, in undisputed possession and enjoyment of the extensive estates and honours of his ancestors, which, through his faithful adherence to the House of Stuart, had been nearly overwhelmed and lost during the exile of the second Charles and his own captivity. Regarding the state of matters then, the Laird of Applecross, a contemporary writer, says that the "rebels, possessing the authority, oppressed all the loyal subjects, and him with the first, his estate was overburthened to its destruction, but nothing could deter him so as to bring him to forsake his King or his duty. Whenever any was in the field for him, he was one, seconding that falling cause with all his power, and when he was not in the field against the enemy, he was in the prison by him until the restoration of the King."

Seaforth, after he was restored to liberty, received a commission of the Sheriffship of Ross on the 23d of April 1662, afterwards renewed to himself and his eldest son, Kenneth, jointly, on 31st July 1675, and when he had set matters right at Brahan, he visited Paris, leaving his Countess, Isabella Mackenzie, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, and sister to the first Earl of Cromarty, in charge of his domestic affairs in the North. During his absence occurred that incident, already so well-known to the reader that it is unnecessary to reproduce it here, which, it is said, ended in the Brahan Seer uttering the famous and remarkable prediction regarding the fate of the family of Seaforth, which has been so literally fulfilled.*

It appears from the following that a coolness existed between

* For this Prophecy and its wonderful fulfilment, see "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," by Alex. Mackenzie. A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness, 1878.

the Mackenzies and the Munros:—"At Edinburgh, the 23d day of January, 1661 years, it is condescended and agreed as follows, that is to say, We, Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, and John Munro, younger of Fowlis, taking to our consideration how prejudicial it hath been to both our families that there hath not been of a long time, so good a correspondence betwixt us as was befitting men of that conjunction and neighbourhood, and of what advantage it will be to us, to live in good correspondence and confederacy one with another, and to maintain and concur for the weal of either. For the which causes, We, the said noble Lord and John Munro, younger of Fowlis, taking burthen on us for our friends, kinsmen, and all others whom we may stop or let, do, by these presents, bind and oblige us and our heirs faithfully upon our honours to maintain and concur with each other, for the good of both and our foresaids, and to prevent as much as in us lies, what may be to the prejudice of either of us, or of any in whom either of us may be concerned in all time coming, as witness these presents subscribed by us the place, day, month, and year, above written and mentioned, before these witnesses. Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, Colin Mackenzie of Redcastle, Lieut.-Colonel Alex. Munro, and Major Alex. Munro, Commissar of Stirling, *Sic Subscribitur*, Seafort, John Munro."

His Lordship's heir and successor, Kenneth, Lord Kintail, was "undoubted Patron of the Paraich Kirk and Parochin of Inverness," for in consideration of Robert Robertson, Burgess of Inverness, paying a certain sum for the teind sheaves and parsonage teinds of all and sundrie these 50 acres and a-half of land of the territerie and burgage lands of the burgh of Inverness, "therefore will ye us, the said Kenneth, Lord Kintail, with consent foresaid, as having right in manner above-written—and as the said Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, as taking the full burden in and upon us for the said Kenneth, Lord Kintail, our son, to the effect after-rehearsed, to have sold, annailzed, and disponed, &c., &c., and we, the said Kenneth, Lord Kintail, as principale, and the said Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, our father, as cautioneer, &c., &c.*

Kenneth was married early in life, as already stated, to Isabel, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, father of the first Earl of Cromarty, by whom he had issue, first, Kenneth Og, who succeeded him; second, John Mackenzie of Assynt, who had a son, Alexander, by Sibella, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, third of Applecross, by whom he had one son, Kenneth, who, in 1723, died without issue; and third, Colonel Alexander Mackenzie, also designed of Assynt, and of whom the line of the last Lord Seaforth, Francis Humberstone Mackenzie; another son, Hugh, died young. Of four daughters, Margaret married James, second Lord Duffus; Ann died unmarried; Isabel, first married Roderick Macleod of Macleod, and secondly, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell; and Mary married Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry. This, the third Earl died in December 1678, and was succeeded by his eldestson.

XVI. KENNETH, fourth EARL OF SEAFORTH and fifth LORD MACKENZIE OF KINTAIL, who was by the Highlanders called *Coinneach Og*, to distin-

* Disposition recorded in the Commissary Court Books of Inverness, dated at Fortrose, 17th June 1698.

guish him from his father, and he at an early age discovered the benefits of the faithful adherence of his father to the fortunes of Charles II. In 1678 we find his name among those chiefs who, by a proclamation issued on the 10th October of that year, were called upon to give bond and caution for the security of the peace and quiet of the Highlands, which the leaders of the clans were bound to give, not only for themselves but for all of their name descended from their house. Notwithstanding all the laws and orders hitherto passed, the inhabitants and broken men in the Highlands were "inured and accustomed to liberty and licentiousness" during the late troubles and "still presumed to sorn, steal, oppress, and comit other violences and disorders." The great chiefs were commanded to appear in Edinburgh on the last Tuesday of February 1679, and yearly thereafter on the second Thursday of July, to give security, and to receive instructions as to the peace of the Highlands. To prevent any excuse for non-attendance, they were declared free from caption for debt or otherwise while journeying to and from Edinburgh, and other means were to be taken which should be thought necessary or expedient until the Highlands would be finally quieted, and "all these wicked, broken, and disorderly men utterly rooted out and extirpated." A second proclamation was issued, in which the lesser barons—heads of the several branches of clans—whose names are given, were to go to Inverlochy by the 20th of November following, *as they are, by reason of their mean condition, not able to come in to Edinburgh and find caution*, and there to give in bonds and caution for themselves, their men tenants, servants, and indwellers upon their lands, and all of their name descended of their family, to the Earl of Caithness, Sir James Campbell of Lawers, James Menzies of Culdares, or any two of them. These lists are most interesting, showing, as they do, the chiefs who were considered the great and lesser chiefs in those days. There are four Mackenzies in the former but none in the latter.*

Kenneth was served heir male to his great-grandfather, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, in the lands in the Lordship of Ardmeanach and Earldom of Ross, on the 1st March 1681; was made a member of the Privy Council by James II. on his accession to the throne in 1685; and chosen a Companion of the most noble Order of the Thistle, on the revival of that ancient order in 1687. The year after the Revolution, which finally and for ever lost the British throne to the House of Stuart, Seaforth accompanied his royal master to France, but when that unfortunate Prince returned to Ireland in the following year to make a final effort for the recovery of his kingdom, he was accompanied by Earl Kenneth. Here he took part in the siege of Londonderry and other engagements, and as an expression of gratitude, James created him Marquis of Seaforth, under which dignity he repeatedly appears in different legal documents. This well-meant and well-deserved honour came too late in the falling fortunes and declining powers of the ex-sovereign, and does little more than mark the sinking monarch's testimonial and confirmation of the steady adherence of the chiefs of Clan Kenneth to the cause of the Stuarts. In Dundee's letter to "the Laird of Macleod," dated "Moy, June 23, 1689,"† in which he details

* For full lists, see Antiquarian Notes, pp. 184 and 187.

† About this time Viscount Tarbat boasted to General Mackenzie of his great influence with his countrymen, especially the Clan Mackenzie, and assured him "that

his prospects, and gives a list of those who are to join him, he says, "My Lord Seaforth will be in a few dayes from Ireland to raise his men for the King's service," but the fatal shot which closed the career of that brilliant star and champion of the Stuart dynasty at Killiecrankie, arrested the progress of the family of Seaforth in the fair track to all the honours which a grateful dynasty could bestow; nor was this powerful family singular in this respect—seeing its flattering prospects withered at, perhaps, a fortunate moment for the prosperity of the British Empire. Jealousies have now passed away on that subject, and it is not our business here to discuss or confound the principles of contending loyalties. To check the proceedings of the Clan, Mackay placed a garrison of a hundred Mackays in Brahan Castle, the principal seat of the Earl of Seaforth, and an equal number of Rosses in Castle Leod, the mansion of Viscount Tarbat, both places of strength, and advantageously situated for watching the movements of the Jacobite Mackenzies.*

Earl Kenneth seems to have left Ireland immediately after the Battle of the Boyne was fought and lost, and to have returned to the Highlands. The greater part of the North was hostile to the Government at the time, and General Mackay found himself obliged to march north, with all possible haste, before a general rising could take place under Buchan, who now commanded the Highlanders who stood out for King James. Mackay arrived within four hours' march of Inverness before Buchan knew of his approach, who was then at that place "waiting for the Earl of Seaforth's and other Highlanders whom he expected to join him in attacking the town." Hearing of the enemies proximity he at once retreated, crossed the river Ness, and retired along the north side of the Beauly Firth, through the Black Isle. In this predicament, Seaforth, fearing the consequences likely to result to himself personally from the part he had acted throughout, sent two of his friends to Mackay with offers of submission and of whatever securities might be required for his good behaviour in future, informing him that although he was bound to appear on the side of King James, he never entertained any design of molesting the Government forces or of joining Buchan in his attack on Inverness. The General replied that he could accept no other security than the surrender of his person, and conjured him to comply, as he valued his own safety and the preservation of his family and people, assuring him that in the case of surrender he should be detained in civil custody in Inverness, and treated with the respect due to his rank, until the will of the Government should be made known. Next day his mother, the Countess Dowager of Seaforth, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, went and pleaded with Mackay for a mitigation of the terms proposed, but finding the General inflexible, they then informed him that Seaforth would accede to any conditions agreed upon between them and Mackay. It was stipulated at this interview, that Seaforth should deliver himself up to be kept a prisoner

though Seaforth should come to his own country and among his friends, he (Tarbat) would overturn in eight days more than the Earl could advance in six weeks; yet he proved as backward as Seaforth or any other of the Clan. And though Redcastle, Coul, and others of the name of Mackenzie came, they fell not on final methods, but protested a great deal of affection for the cause."—*Mackay's Memoirs, pp.* 25 *and* 237.

* Life of General Mackay, by John Mackay of Rockfield, pp. 36-37.

in Inverness, until the Privy Council decided as to his ultimate disposal. With the view to conceal this step on the part of the Earl from the Clan and his other Jacobite friends, it was agreed that he should allow himself to be seized at one of his seats as if he were taken by surprise, by a party of horse under Major Mackay. He, however, disappointed the party sent out to seize him, in excuse of which, he and his mother, in letters to Mackay, pleaded the delicate state of his health, which, they urged, would suffer from imprisonment. The Earl can hardly be blamed for declining to place himself absolutely at the disposal of such a body as the Privy Council of Scotland then was—many of whom would not hesitate to have sacrificed him, if by so doing they saw a chance of obtaining a share of his extensive estates.

Mackay became so irritated at the deception practised upon him that he resolved to treat the Earl's vassals "with all the rigour of military execution," and sent him word that if he did not surrender forthwith according to promise, he should carry out his instructions from the Privy Council, enter his country with fire and sword, and seize all property belonging to himself or to his vassals as lawful prize; and, lest Seaforth should suspect that he had no intention of executing his terrible threat, he immediately ordered three Dutch Regiments from Aberdeen to Inverness, and decided upon leading a competent body of horse and foot in person from the garrison at Inverness, to take possession of Brahan Castle. He, at the same time, wrote instructing the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Reay, and the Laird of Balnagown, to send 1000 of their men, under Major Wishart, an experienced officer acquainted with the country, to quarter in the more remote districts of the Seaforth estates, should that extreme step become necessary. Having, however, a friendly disposition towards the followers of Seaforth, on account of their being "all Protestants and none of the most dangerous enemies," and being more anxious to get hold of the Earl's person than to ruin his friends, he caused information of his intentions to be sent to Seaforth's camp by some of his own party, as if from a feeling of friendship for him, the result being that, contrary to Mackay's expectations, Seaforth surrendered himself—thus relieving him from a disagreeable duty,* — and he was committed prisoner to the Castle of Inverness. Writing to the Privy Council about the state of the disaffected chiefs at the time, Mackay says, "I believe it shall fare so with the Earl of Seaforth, that is, that he shall haply submit when his country is ruined and spoyled, which is the character of a true Scotsman, *wyse behinde the hand.*† By warrant, dated 7th October 1690, the Privy Council directed Mackay "to transport the person of Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, with safety from Inverness to Edinburgh, in such way and manner as he should think fit." This was done, and on the 6th of November following, he was confined a prisoner within the Castle of Edinburgh, but, little more than a year afterwards, was liberated on the

* Though the General "was not immediately connected with the Seaforth family himself, some of his near relatives were, both by the ties of kindred and of ancient friendship. For these, and other reasons, it may be conceived what joy and thankfulness to Providence he felt for the result of this affair, which at once relieved him from a distressing dilemma, and promised to put a speedy period to his labours in Scotland." —*Mackay's Life of General Mackay.*

† Letters to the Privy Council, dated 1st September 1690.

7th January 1692, on finding caution to appear when called upon, and on condition that he would not go ten miles beyond Edinburgh. He appears not to have kept within these conditions, for he is shortly afterwards again in prison, but almost immediately makes his escape; is again apprehended on the 7th of May, the same year, at Pencaitland, and again kept confined in the Castle of Inverness, from which he is ultimately finally liberated on giving satisfactory security for his peaceable behaviour.*

The following is the order for his release:—"William R., Right trusty and right-well-beloved Councillors, &c., we greet you well. Whereas we are informed that Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, did surrender himself prisoner to the commander of our garrison at Inverness, and has thrown himself on our Royal mercy; it is our will and pleasure, and we hereby authorise and require you to set the said Earl of Seaforth at liberty, upon his finding bail and security to live peaceably under our Government and to compear before you when called. And that you order our Advocate not to insist in the process of treason waged against him, until our further pleasure be know therein. For doing whereof this shall be your warrant, so we bid you heartily farewell. Given at our Court at Kensington, the first day of March 1696-7, and of our reign the eighth year. By his Majesty's command. (Signed), "TULLIBARDINE."

During the remaining years of his life Seaforth appears to have lived mainly in France. His necessary absence from his country during the protraction of political irritation and, indeed, the exhausted state of his paternal revenues, would have rendered his residence abroad highly expedient, and we find accordingly discharges for feu-duties granted, viz.:—"I, Maister Alexander Mackenzie, lawful brother to the Marquis of Seaforth, grants me to have received from John Mathesone, all and hail the somme of seaven hundred and twentie merks Scots money, and that in complete payment of his duties and of the lands of both the Fernacks and Achnakerich, payable Martimass ninety (1690), dated 22d November 1694;" and another by "Isabel, Countess Dowager of Seaforth, in 1696, tested by 'Rorie Mackenzie, servitor to the Marquis of Seaforth.'" There is another original discharge by "me, Isabel, Countess Dowager of Seaforth, Lady Superior of the grounds, lands, and oyes under-written," to Kenneth Mackenzie of Achterdonell, dated at Fortrose, 15th November 1697. Signed, "Isobell Seaforth."† All this time it may be presumed Earl Kenneth was in retirement, and taking no personal part in the management of his estates for the remainder of his life.

His clansmen, however, seem to have been determined to protect his interest as much as lay in their power. A certain Sir John Dempster of Pitliver had advanced a large sum of money to Seaforth and his mother, the Countess Dowager, and obtained a decreet of Parliament to have the money refunded to him. The cash was not forthcoming, and Sir John obtained letters of horning and arrestment against the Earl and his mother, and employed several officers to execute them, but they returned the letters unexecuted, not finding *notum accessum* in the Earl's country, and they refused altogether to undertake the due execution of them, unless

* History of the Highland Clans, Records of the Privy Council, and Mackay's Memoirs.

† Allangrange Service, on which occasion the originals were produced.

they were assisted by some of the King's forces in the district. Sir John petitioned for this, and humbly craved their Lordships to allow him "a competent assistance of his Majesty's forces at Fort-William, Inverness, or where they are lying adjacent to the places where the said diligence is to be put in execution to support and protect the messengers" in the due execution of the legal diligence against the Earl and his mother, "by horning, poinding, arrestment, or otherways," and to recommend to the Governor at Fort-William or the commander of the forces at Inverness, to grant a suitable force for the purpose. The Lords of the Privy Council, having considered the petition, recommended Sir Thomas Livingstone, commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces, to order some of these officers already mentioned, to furnish the petition "with competent parties of his Majesty's forces" to support and protect the messengers in the due execution of the "legal diligence upon the said decreet of Parliament."* We have not learned the result, but it is not likely to have proved very profitable to Sir John Dempster.

Kenneth married Lady Frances Herbert, daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, an English nobleman, by whom he had issue, one son, William, and a daughter, Mary, who married John Careyl, Esq. He died at Paris in 1701, and was succeeded by his only son.

(To be Continued.)

THE HEATHER OF SCOTIA.

A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather,
The pride of old Scotia, the land of the brave!
To its praise let us blend our glad voices together,
It smiles on the free but it knows not the slave!

In beauty it blooms upon liberty's track,
Where valour and virtue hath chosen a home,
And where our forefathers triumphant rolled back
The tide of invasion, the legions of Rome!
A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather, &c.

Among it our light-hearted maidens so sweet,
With lovers whose bosoms are faithful and bold,
To soul-stirring numbers shake nimbly the feet,
Pour'd forth by the blythe sounding warpipe of old!
A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather, &c.

High o'er it the bright star of peace, fraught with fame,
A rich, golden light sheds on mountain and glen;
But sound the proud slogan in freedom's lov'd name,
And teem will the heather with noble-soul'd men!
A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather, &c.

The Scot though he reams on earth's loveliest shore,
This wish, ever-cherished, his manly breast fills,
Oh! when will kind Fate to its birth-place restore,
A heart throbbing wild for its dear heather hills?
A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather, &c.

EDINBURGH. ALEX. LOGAN.

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* For this document see "Antiquarian Notes," pp. 118-119.

FEDERATION OF CELTIC SOCIETIES.

THE recent movement in favour of the union of all Highland Societies owes its origin to two powerful desires that have arisen in the minds of Highland patriots. First there is an anxiety to ameliorate the condition of the people, secondly, there is a wish for better political organisation. Are these aims laudable? Are the objects sought of pressing importance? Are the means fixed upon adequate to the ends in view? What is the ultimate meaning and what would be the probable issue of the national federation desiderated? These are the questions which offer themselves to many at this juncture. To some this new patriotic cry is vanity and vexation of spirit. Things, we are told, are pretty well as they are, or they are so bad that there is no means of mending them; and there is no alternative but to let events take their swing, or to move off, bag and baggage, to some Utopia rendered charming by the kindly but deceptive haze that softens into beauty the rough places far away. So speak our oracles, and so they answer each other. When our authorities are contradictory the only resource left for us, if we would not walk over the cliffs, is to trust to the light of our own reason. Well, then, what are the facts of the case? The industrial facts are these, that strong families are barely able to supply themselves with the necessaries of life, that labour is a drug in the Highland market, unremunerative whether applied to the croft or exchanged for capital, inert and unskilled, because there is nothing either to quicken or to develop it. The social facts are even more distressing. Independence cowers in the chill of want. Commercial honesty disintegrates in the long struggle with despair. Neighbourliness darkens into feud under the shadow of self interest. A piece of common in the middle of a township forms a bone of contention for half the community. Men of the same kith and kin, members of the same clan, fellows whose fathers would have died for each other, are here at war and discord. Alliance, good-feeling, trust, are here supplanted by disunion, envy, and jealousy. Misery there is indeed, but there is that which is worse than misery—evil. We ask as the sons of those who held these mountains for two thousand years how these things are so. We ask it as the representatives of the clan system, as the offspring of those who never betrayed a friend or cringed before a foe, as the descendents of warriors who won for their allies their proudest honours, yet fought not for honours or for reward, but for loyalty and for duty. Dire agencies must have been at work to produce such terrible social deterioration, such utter commercial bankruptcy. The fault is not that of the people. There is good feeling among Highlanders from home, and there is comfort among many of them too. Nor is nature to blame. There are fat sheep and straight-backed cattle, and rich red trout and plenty of salmon north of the Tay. There are as smiling corn-fields too as ever waved between the mountains and Marathon or between Marathon and the sea. The passes of the Grampians are not steeper than the passes of Athos; and Skye and Mull and Tyree are not more rocky than the "foaming Cyclades." Freedom and reason have more to do with the

social weal than the contour of mountains. Freedom forsook the Greeks and straightway "all except their sun was set." Roman policy disintregated the political coherence of the East. What is destroying Highland union? Who is Pontius Pilate here? What are the decrees of Cæsar Augustus? Let him who will look around him and see. English law owes much to the Roman forum; has the lesson of provincial government been learned so faithfully too? When Pilate wants to do the Celts a favour does his clemency extend only to Tonal MacTavish, and does the favour consist in a slice of common which Pilate has no more right to than Tonal himself? And if this act of kindness foments social strife, is it not really a very cunning and effective piece of policy? If Tugal too is ready to doff his jacket when Tonal comes, is he not equally ready to doff his bonnet when Pilate appears? Here then is an important task to perform—to make Tugal keep on his jacket and his bonnet too. Independence and co-operation are the ends. Freedom and reasoning are the means. Here are planks for the platform of the Highland Sanhedrim.

But more important than Pilate is Cæsar Augustus. The wattle sword of the clown is comparatively harmless in the hands of a giant; but the gleaming brand of Damocles is dangerous in the grasp of an infant. Thus he who makes laws has more influence over the destinies of a people than he who enforces them. But there are times when Herod himself takes up the steel; then indeed may Israel tremble. Has such a time appeared in our history? Our fathers may have been stubborn and perhaps blind in their policy a hundred years ago. We are willing to grant they were; yet we are not ashamed of the part they acted. Hearts so true, devotion so absolute merited kindness, not persecution, the favour of kings, not their ban. If the policy of the Highlanders lacked intelligence, the policy that crushed them lacked not only intelligence but humanity. Well, what followed the '46? Proscription—people dared not use their own garb, confiscation—the clans' right in the soil was lost, treachery—the chiefs turned their backs on the clans, tyranny—action, thought, and feeling were suppressed, extirpation—the sword proceeded to hold what it had conqured, misery—every condition of reasonable comfort was reft away—in a word political chaos, social discord, and material ruin. Honour to whom houour is due. These, O, Cæsar! are thine.

Some of the causes which then arose have since resulted in gigantic issues. Their magnitude encompasses us on every side. They fetter and chain us with institutions rendered awful by time, sacred by the name of law, and terrible by the fasces of authority. What are we to do? Our political chains are so heavy that we cannot even shake them. Our friends from home cannot hear their clang. Some of us are asleep, drugged with the slave's virtue, contentment. Bankruptcy, contumely, misery, staring us in the face, the cruel goads of Herod at our backs, the jealousy and distrust of our race on either side—what is to be done? Shall we fling away the claymore, and fly every man as he is able? Never! We have shown our patience, now is the time to show our courage. There are no fetters so hard but steel will cut them, and reason is sharper than steel, and more cunning in overthrowing tyranny. Time was when the voice of reason was lost among the clangour of arms. It was so at Culloden; we suffer the consequences now. Let it be so no more. For a century the Highlanders

have groaned under a policy iniquitous in its principle, cruel in its administration, and disastrous in its issues. But that policy is one which would not have been inaugurated now although it is tolerated and even defended with all its blunders and shortcomings. The system of Government with which we have to deal is the most liberal and enlightened in the world, and what we need is patience so as to reason out and determine the remedies fitted to heal our infirmities, and courage so as to proclaim fearlessly what we believe and know to be true.

Urgent then is the need for a Highland Council. What we want is something like the Comitia Plebata of the Romans—a council to deliberate in great social and political questions, to recommend reforms to the Government, and to deal executively with Highland industry—in general, a council to devise means fitted to effect the political, social, and industrial amelioration of the people.

An institution such as is here desiderated would not enly meet the present exigencies of Highland necessity, but it would supply a practical answer to one of the most contested questions of the day. The strife between centralization and local government is only deepening. Does not the golden mean lie here? A council that is deliberative but not legislative reflects local needs without disintegrating national coherence.

Courage then! The dawn of a new epoch in Highland history is already brightening in the East. On the 20th day of this month delegates from all the Highland Societies in the United Kingdom will meet in Glasgow to deal with the question of Federation. Perhaps that day will witness the establishment of the new Highland Parliament. And if this glorious end should be accomplished Britain will be stronger, as a giant is stronger when the fetters are struck off from a confined limb, the Highlander will be happier, as every man is happier the more liberty he has to act according to the law of his being, magnificent possibilities will be created, momentous issues will be precipitated, and the conscience of Highland History and the demands of universal justice will, in a measure, be satisfied.

Courage then! The battle we fight is the battle not of the Highlands only; it is the battle of Great Britain, it is the battle of freedom, of truth, of reason, of humanity.

MACHAON.

"NETHER-LOCHABER," OF THE "INVERNESS COURIER," ON THE HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—The Rev. Alexander Stewart, F.S.A.S., the Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, writes in the following very flattering terms:—"Allow me to congratulate you on your History of the Mackenzies, which, when completed, will be one of the most interesting things of the kind in the language. Your last chapter is particularly good, interesting, and well written; and I am glad to see you speak out like a man and a Highlander of the right stamp in praise of the great Marquis of Montrose, certainly one of the very noblest characters in Scottish history."

FAIRIES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A BELIEF in fairies prevailed very much in the Highlands of old, nor at this day is it quite obliterated. The gently rising conical hills were assigned them as dwellings, and these were named sometimes Sin-shill, the habitation of a multitude, or Sitheanan—Sith, peace and dunan, a mound. This name was derived from the practice of the Druids, who were wont occasionally to retire to green eminences to administer justice, establish peace, and compose differences between parties. As that venerable order taught a Saoghal, or world beyond the present, their followers, when they were no more, fondly imagined that the seats where they exercised a virtue so beneficial to mankind were still inhabited by them in their disembodied state—and though inclined still to peace (hence named Daoine-Sithe, or men of peace), they have become not absolutely malevolent but peevish and repining, envying mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyment. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness—a tinsel grandeur which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality. Those grassy eminences where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities "by the light of the moon," are mostly by the sides of lakes and rivers, and by the skirts of these many are still afraid to pass after sunset.

About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Loch Con there is a place called Coire Shithean, or the cove of the men of peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence, and on the banks of the river Beauly there are many favourite spots for fairy homes. It is believed that if on Halloween any person alone goes round one of these little hillocks nine times towards the left a door will open by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, mortal men have been entertained in their secret recesses. These have been received into the most splendid apartments and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and delicious wines, and associated with their females, who surpass the daughters of men in beauty.

The *seemingly* happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity and in dancing to the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys or partakes of their dainties. By this indulgence he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of a Sithich, or man of peace, unless released by one possessed of the countervailing spell. They are supposed to be peculiarly anxious to strengthen their ranks by the acquisition of beautiful children, maidens, and wives, and to lose no opportunity of doing so by fair or foul means, as tradition abundantly has established, a year and a day being, however, allowed for a return to human society. The wife of a Lothian farmer had been snatched away by the fairies. During the year which followed she had repeatedly appeared on Sundays in the midst of her children combing their hair. On one of these occasions she was accosted by her husband, when she instructed him how to rescue her at the next Hallow-eve procession. The farmer conned his lesson carefully, and on the appointed day proceeded to a plot of furze to await the arrival of the procession. It came, but the ringing of the fairy bridles so confused them that the train

passed before he could recover himself sufficiently to use the intended spell. The unearthly laughter of the abductors and the passionate lamentations of his wife informed him that she was lost to him for ever. Another woman, as reported in Highland tradition, was conveyed in days of yore into the secret recesses of one of these Sithe Dunan. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had by some fatality become associated with the Shithichean. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend, and when the period was over she found herself again upon earth restored to the society of mortals. It is also said that when she examined the food which had been presented to her, and the ornaments with which she had been decorated, all of which had appeared so enticing to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment had been removed, the most worthless rubbish.

The following legendary tale is told in Strathglass, and is tinged with the colours of Celtic poetry and imagination. The story is of the same class with Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," and it shows how universal tales of this description once were, peopling alike the forests of Germany, the wildernesses of the New World, and the glens of Scotland. "Among the Braes of Strathglass is a small round knoll, overgrown with birch, and watered by the romantic river Glass. The spot goes under the name of Beatha Og, or young birch, and has long been celebrated as a chosen abode of the fairies. One New-Year's eve or Hogmanay *(vide* Burns or Jamieson's Dictionary), when the people of the vale were making merry with pipe and dance, two trusty swains went for some whisky, to assist in prolonging the festivities. On their way home, while they carried an anker, or ten gallons, in a cask slung over their shoulders in a woodie (a twisted bundle of birch twigs), they had occasion to pass through the Beatha Og, when suddenly they heard music proceeding as if from under the ground. They looked round, and observing an opening on the side of the hill, they boldly entered. In a twinkling our adventurous Highlanders found themselves among a set of happy looking beings—male and female—all dancing, many of the group being old acquaintances whom they had, years before, assisted to carry to the grave. Drink was offered them, and the foremost of the two partook of the unblest cheer. His companion, suspecting all was not right, refused to participate, and endeavoured to prevail on his friend to return home. Donald, however, seemed obstinately wedded to the dance, and the good things before him, and refused to stir. The other departed alone, and gave a narrative of the whole adventure to his neighbours at the wedding. They searched for him everywhere, listening at every point and tree; but instead of unearthly ministrelsy they heard only the waving of the silvery birches and the gentle rippling of the stream. Daylight came, and the search was renewed, but in vain.

"Years slipped away without bringing any tidings of the lost man, and the whole Strath mourned for him. At length, exactly seven years afterwards, on New-Year's eve, the people were again met to welcome in the coming year. The companion of the lost man walked forth in the direction of the Beatha Og, to grieve for the fate of his friend. As he strolled

pensively along, he started at hearing the sound of fairy music—the same that had before led him astray—and he made up to the spot. There was the same opening in the brae, and, entering it, he found the same merry party with his long lost friend dancing like a true Highlander. The mirth and hilarity of the party seemed ominous, and the man, therefore, pulled out his skeen-dhu, and, fastening it in Donald's coat, began to pull him away. Now, it is a well-known fact in fairy lore, that, amongst their other good qualities, steel and iron have the power of depriving fairies of all potency over the human person. Donald was, accordingly, extricated from the hands of the good folk, but not before he had expressed his surprise at the hastiness of his friend in wishing to leave so merry a party. Upon his arrival at home, the joy of his family may be easily conceived; nor was Donald's astonishment less at finding the stir that had been made about his absence. His girls had grown to be almost women; the roses on his wife's cheek had been nipt by time and grief, and several of his neighbours had died. Upon feeling the shoulder on which he carried the whisky he found that the woodie, by the weight of the cask pressing it for so long a period, had sunk down to the bone, and that some bread and cheese, which he took with him, had crumbled into dust. Yet the seven years of fairy bliss appeared short as a dream!"*

There is scarcely in all Scotland a tract of scenery so gorgeously and wildly—so magnificently—grand, and, at the same time, savage as the surroundings of Loch-Maree—so suited to be the home of fairy tribes. The ranges of mountains abound in the elements of the picturesque and awful—beginning in abrupt precipices or bluffs, and swells beside the clear, dark waters of the loch or at its bank, rising from the bed of the lake clothed to the very edge with the young birch and the long grasses from which peep the lily sedges and the meadow queen. Until of late years, and more particularly until last year, the wild territory embraced within its circuit was comparatively an unknown land to the tourist. Yet here nature can be contemplated in all its grandeur, and the traveller who ventures to explore these scenes will rarely fail to express his delight. Each islet and bay has a name suggestive of its character. Over these the mighty crags rise in ridges to the height of hundreds of yards, and throw their dark shadows over the still, dark waters below. Nothing can be grander than to stand upon the silent shore strewn with big masses of boulder stones, and gaze up to the pinnacles high overhead, where the hawk whistles shrilly as he poises himself for an instant ere he swoops down upon his prey, and the grey eagle floats majestically on his pinions through the clear blue of the still summer sky.

The wanderer who wishes to obtain a true idea of solitude has only to ascend one of those giants and look around him. There nature seems entirely dead. No sound will break upon his ears—upon a calm day—save the drowsy hum of the mountain bee rising like the tone of a distant fairy trumpet, and dying away o'er the golden moss-clad stones or purple heather, only to render the solitude more silent than before. But a calm day is not an every-day occurrence in those elevated spots. When the wind is strong wild feelings of vastness and loneliness fill the tourist's brain as he sits on some fragment gazing on the black cloud forms driving

* Carruthers' "Highland Note Book."

before the gathering storm, or listens to the booming and rushings of the weird tempest spirit amid the fissured crags, or as it leaps over the sharp ridged edges into the ravines below.

In addition to the attractions of nature the district is rife with historical reminiscences and the legendary and romantic tales and traditions of the long ago.

"What is the name of that rock?" said I to a young country girl on the lake shore, pointing to a projecting mass on the hill side, over which dashed a mountain stream fringed with the hazel and the birch where it fell, and rushing down a narrow valley like a rift in the side of Ben Slioch.

"I thought, sir, every one knew the king's fairy palace."

"Is he ever seen now-a-days?"

"Indeed, he's not, but the old people often saw him, and Mary Bàn's grandmother and my own knew a young married woman who was carried away to be head nurse to the young prince."

"Do you remember the circumstances?"

"I'll tell you how it happened, sir."

"Many years ago there lived over at Erradale a rich farmer called Ewen Mackenzie, who had one daughter, Mary, a most beautiful girl, and just as good as she was handsome, and as old Ewen was known to be well off. she was courted by many of the young men in the country side, rich and poor. But it was hard to please her father, and harder still to please Mary Laghach. At last came a wooer who pleased both, and the match was soon made—and Charlie Maclean was the happiest man far or near, and when the bride was taken to her husband's home there was so great rejoicing that old Rory Dall, who remembered the battle of Bel Rinnes, said he never saw or heard the like. Three days after going to her own house Mary disappeared. None knew whither she had gone or what had befallen her. She was searched for high and low by the neighbours, and poor Charlie, her husband, never ceased searching and mourning till he was almost out of his reason. At last, poor fellow, in his despair, he thought of taking counsel of an old wise man who had great skill of the Duine Sithe, and who lived at Gairloch. To him he went and asked him for tidings of his missing bride. 'If you came to me before,' said he, 'you'd have little trouble in finding her, but now I fear it's too late.'

"'Why is it too late? Only tell me where she is and who has her in keeping. You shall be well paid for it—for if I once knew I would like to see the mortal man who would keep her from me.'

"'Ochon,' said the fairy man, 'she is in no mortal hands. Your wife,' added he solemnly, 'was stolen to be the head nurse of the young prince of the fairies, who was born last month. It is now March and it will be May eve before you can have the chance of seeing her, and it all depends on yourself if you can bring her back. Meantime take this purse. It is but little, yet you must keep it secretly and carefully like the apple of your eye. It is full of the dust of a certain plant of great power. If you can throw that dust on your wife you will be able to get her back, but you must hold her fast in your arms whatever will be done to fear you so as to let her go. You may even see her before May eve, so you had better watch the *cas chreag* and the *leum uisge* many a time and often, and always alone.'

"Charlie Maclean, I need not tell you, watched long and sore through

all weathers day and night like a very *caraiseach madadh.* At last, though May eve had not come, he began to despair of ever seeing her and to have but little faith in the fairy man's purse and powder—but lo, and behold, he was soon convinced of their value and the truth of the old man's story. At sunrise, one morning as he was sitting on a crag opposite the Fairy Palace, he saw a beautiful rainbow spanning the glen and shining down on the palace and on the loch in front of it. Underneath this appeared something which, at first indistinct, gradually became more clear and substantial, until it assumed the appearance of a woman of surpassing beauty clothed in robes of heavenly blue, spotted all over with silver stars. The long golden hair fell over her shoulders till the ringlets twined round her feet, and her face and eyes were such that Charlie had never seen, even in a dream, any person so beautiful. Bewildered, he sat spell-bound, only half conscious he had seen her before—but the glamour of fairy wile was over him, and he could not recognise her person. The figure stood lightly on the water, as if to afford him a full view, gazing earnestly on him all the time. At length she advanced a few steps holding out her hands entreatingly, as if imploring his aid, and having remained stationary for a few moments, began to recede and gradually vanished amid the melting rays of the rainbow along with the morning vapours, but ere she finally disappeared beside the rock at the palace, casting a fond and sorrowful look to her husband. In an instant Charlie's recollection returned, and he cried in agony—'My wife, my wife, my darling Mary!' stretching out his arms unavailingly—but his beloved was gone, and he was doomed to watch and wearily wait for her return many a long night and day. But his confidence in the wise man had returned more strongly than ever, and he visited the Gairloch fiosaiche, carrying with him a good sum, and telling him if he succeeded by his aid in recovering his wife he would double the amount. 'Watch well and you will surely bring her back,' said the wise man. Charlie did watch well, and the day before May eve caught another glimpse of his wife as she stood below another rainbow over the lake, and looking far more beautiful than ever. This sight gave him more determination, and he set off in haste on another visit to his wise adviser. 'Now,' said his counsellor, 'to-morrow it will be impossible for you to see the fairy home without my help, but you shall have it. When you return take the path that leads to the mountains, and whatever you see or whatever occurs never show faint heart. All will come right.' As the sun went down Charlie took the path leading to the mountains. As he neared the western end of the lake he reached a boundary ditch where two lairds' lands met. He climbed the fence and jumped to reach the opposite land, but instead of alighting on the green turf he jumped on the back of an enormous black horse that seemed to rise out of the earth to meet him. He at once knew by the glaring eyes and snorting nostrils that the horse was none other than the Kelpie, and remembering the wise man's parting advice, he banished fear, and stooping forward fixed his hands in a firm grip of the flowing mane of his phantom steed, and thus holding prepared for the terrible ride he knew was before him. Away went the water-horse with a mighty rush like an arrow wind, now leaping and rearing and screaming and neighing wild yells—floundering and splashing through bogs and quagmires—rushing over fences, and

like lightning up the mountains, over crags, through burns and torrents, through ravine and glen, till after what appeared hours to Charlie, he suddenly stopped in a dark wet hollow, and rearing shook his rider to the ground, disappearing with a triumphant yell.

"Charlie sprung to his feet, and finding he was unhurt, looked around him. Over him were the giant mountains with their savage crests and wild ravines and yawning valleys. Up one of these, which he knew too well, for long had he watched it, he saw a noble road leading through the sloping wood and down it, and walking in it in a most stately and demure manner, a withered atomy of a man beautifully dressed, with a cocked hat on his head and a magnificant stand of pipes under his arm.

"'A happy May eve to you Charlie Maclean,' said the little man as he came up with a polite and dignified bow.

"'The same to you, sir, and many,' returned Charlie, 'may I ask where this road leads.'

"'Why, you goose, ought you not to know it leads to the Fairy Palace, seeing you have watched it long enough? Don't you be trying your tricks on travellers, my fine fellow. However, come on, I'll lead the way, no matter who pays the piper.'

"With that he tunes up his pipes and marched along the road, Charlie following. 'What tune do you like,' said he, turning round suddenly.

"'Oh! Cailleach Liath Rarsair,' answered Charlie, scarcely knowing what he said.

"'It's a capital tune,' said the atomy, and immediately striking it up played with such life and spirit that Charlie was so delighted as to feel able to fight the whole fairy court to rescue his wife.

"'Now,' said the little piper, as he finished the tune, 'I haven't time to play more, else I'd give you the prettiest pibroch ever was battered through a chanter, for I must be going. Look up; there is the palace afore your eyes. One you know bade me tell you to stand in the porch till the company comes out to the green. Your wife will be among them. A word to a sensible man is enough. You have the purse of dust in your pocket. Use it, I say, use it whenever you see your wife.' With that he struck up 'Charlie is my Darling,' and marched straight back down the road.

"The Fairy Palace was now showing bright in all its grandeur, and Charlie ran across the porch, and placing himself behind one of the large pillars, prepared to wait for the appearance of the company. He had not long to wait, for in a few minutes a troop of lords and ladies came forth to have a dance upon the green. Charlie's heart gave a great leap as he discovered his wife in their midst with the baby prince in her arms. He had emptied the purse into his hand, and now waited anxiously till she came opposite to him. Then, in an instant, he cast the dust on her head. The moment he did so a wild, angry, and terrible yell broke from the multitude and echoed through the passages and vaults of the palace. The child was snatched away, the bright throng disappeared, and Charlie Maclean and his wife, Mary, found themselves clasped in each other's arms at the foot of that rock that guards the entrance to the Fairy King's Palace. There was great joy when Mary was first taken home, but—it was little to her second home-coming."

TORQUIL.

GAELIC AND CORNISH.

In a short comparative study of the philological affinities of the Irish, Manx, Breton and Welsh languages, contributed to the *Gael* of November last, I spoke as follows :—"The careful consideration of such *word-growths* might enable us to determine some general laws, as to the special linguistic conditions under which, in these later ages, the several members of the great Celtic family have been marching on their several diverging ways; and any general linguistic laws, evolved on sure ground, in this one field of the great Aryan inquiry, could not fail to be also eminently useful in the wide domain" of general Aryan philology. In the same paper I ventured also to express the hope that some of our more prominent Celtic scholars would turn their attention to a field so full of the promise of rich results. I regret that none of my learned friends seems disposed to take the hint; and, therefore, by way of a beginning, and, as it were, to show the way to the *dii majores* on our little Scotch Olympus, I propose giving here the first results of a short holiday excursion into the by-ways of what remains to us of the Celtic literature of Cornwall. How much remains to us of that old literature, in what condition, and of what quality, needs not here be described. For, since the translation of Hovelacque into English, we have had a good many popular re-productions of that author's comprehensive summary on the subject. Neither, for the present, shall I touch on the pregnant topics of *word-growth* and comparative inflectional change. What I propose doing here is simply to inquire what words are still common to the surviving remains of the Cornish and to our own Scotch Gaelic. That question, narrow and simple as it seems to be, opens up a very wide inquiry. For what they still possess in common, putting aside all they could have borrowed from later neighbours, they must have got in common, and got only at the old fireside of the old Aryan mother. Our seemingly simple question thus broadens out into an inquiry which may thus be formulated: What is there still common to Gael and Kerne* of all that was their common patrimony, when in the dim primeval past the family first divided, and each member took his several way, to make new history, to encounter new and diverging fortunes, from new wants and experiences to evolve new thoughts and contrivance, and in strange lands, under foreign skies, to attune tongue aud ear to new name-sounds for the same? He who would successfully enter on this inquiry must carefully remember the warning just hinted at. He must put clearly to one side all such loan words as both members of the family could have borrowed from others, either on the westward march, or after settling in their new homes. If a Gaelic speaker, he must, before trimming his sails to the freshening breeze of his natural enthusiasm, not only look out for the false lights of Cornish wreckers, but, even before leaving what he

* The Bretons in France, who claim a connection with Cornwall within the historic period, speak of the Cornish as *Kernes*: and many of the oldest Breton ballads are set down by De la Villemarque as *Ies Kerhe: Dialecte de Cornouaille.* On this suggestion I venture to call the Cornish men *Kernes*, in the same way as we call ourselves *Gaels.* Of course I am aware of the wider and contemptuous sense in which the word is used by English authors.

fancies the *terra firma* of his mother-tongue, he must remember the strange pranks of that Will o' the Wisp who has so often led our would-be philologers a weary dance, not to solid supper, but to the duck-pond or the quagmire.

All words, therefore, of ecclesiastical origin, in which the Cornish remains are necessarily rich, it will be wise thus to put aside. For the medieval cleric was cosmopolite, and to him Latin was everywhere the technical speech of his order. And it must also be remembered that when the Cornish manuscripts were written, the language, as living speech, was already well nigh moribund. At the least, it is evident that English had then made the same inroads into Cornwall that it is making to-day into the Perthshire Highlands, where the spoken Gaelic of the people has a large admixture of English. It is not, indeed, to be forgotten that English is itself of Aryan origin, as well as Gaelic, and that, therefore, independently of this later process of mutual Anglo-Gaelic admixture or assimilation, the two languages have always, of linguistic right and by inheritance, had much in common. But neither, in this inquiry, can we safely forget that the two languages have long been in such relations to each other as are most favourable to mutual accommodation by the inflated currency of loan words. Our English in Scotland has long been borrowing from Gaelic not only idioms but words; witness the songs of Burns, who himself spoke no Gaelic. And if the stronger borrows from the weaker, need we wonder that very largely and for a long time Gaelic has been borrowing from English.

Keeping, then, as clear as can be of these two sources of error, let us see what still survives in common to Gael and Kerne of the old family inheritance. As they looked up to the blue sky, they both saw there, like the old Aryan father, and in common with the whole Aryan brotherhood, that great being whom they call respectively DIA and DU or DUY—the TU of our Saxon Tu-esday, the DEUS of the Roman, and the THEOS of the Greek. But when, in after times, Gael and Kerne came, in their several ways, to read in between the lines of that grand impression of the Unseen, the small print of more concrete and anthropomorphic ideas, suggested by the mastery and authority of one man over another, elaborating more or less consciously our notion of the LORD-ship of God, the Gael called him Tighearn and the Kerne, Arluit. The former name, we thus conclude, they both carried with them from the old Aryan home, the latter names they had learned, each for himself and in his own way, since parting with that home and with each other. The heaven of both is *nef*, their earth *tir* and *doer;* but the Cornish stars are *steren*, the sun *heuul*, and the moon *luir*. Both are practically at one in *biou* life, *enef* soul, *taran* thunder, *tan* fire, *tes* heat, *reu* frost, *iey* ice, *golou* light, *duv* black, *bliphen* year, *guaintoin* (green time) spring, *haf* summer, and *goyf* winter. The common heritage of the family is also more or less obvious in *den* and *gur* man, *benenrid* and *grueg* woman, *moroin* girl, *floh* lad, *bugel* herd, *ruy* king, and *gurhemin ruif* edict; nor will the Highland crofter have much difficulty in recognising a very special object of his affection in *mair* a petty officer.

And what a picture opens up to us of the old Aryan family, living together in patriarchal simplicity, when we find that, after untold ages, two

wanders from the old hearth, whose children's children have been strangers for countless generations, still to speak to us, through these old Cornish legends and our Gaelic Bibles, of all that concerns the family life, in a voice that is all unchanged. For if the Cornish father is a little disguised as *tat* and the mother as *mam*, yet what help of Grimm's laws does any of us need to hear a brother's tongue in such words as *teilu* family, *braud* brother, *fhuir* sister, *mab* son, *car* friend, and *altruan* foster-mother? Or does the voice turn strange, or suggest a feeling anywise foreign to our accustomed ideas, when it speaks of the head of the family as *pen-teilu*, and of the mother as *mam-teilu?* Similarly old Dlly Pendraeth, with whom died, a hundred years ago, the living Cornish tongue, would tell us Gaels how near we both keep to the old forms of speech which her ancestors and ours learned from the same father, when she called her head *pen*, her nose *trein* or *tron*, her chest *cluit*, her skin *croin*, her shoulder-blade *scuid*, her elbow *elin*, and her hand *lau*. Indeed, I think, I can even now form to myself a good picture of the worthy old crone, as chattering strange words which none around her understood, and with the nail (*euuin*) at the end of her long weird forefinger she touched and mournfully counted each staring rib (*asen*) in the side of her old nag (*marc*), which had come to such sad plight through lack of fat or blonec!

What says the Cornish language as to the social condition of the primitive patriarchal Celt? That he was a *helh-fhur* (*sealgair*) or hunter goes without saying. But, it is to be expected, his game was in large measure different from that of Ossian's heroes. The goat and the horse were known to him, for it is only from him that Gael and Kerne alike could learn to call these animals *gaur* and *marc*. He must have known something of agriculture, else how could these his descendants, more entirely sundered than are to-day the Antipodeans, agree to arm their plough with a *soc?* And there are other reasons for placing him in an age long posterior to that of stone; for though the Cornish *gof* seems to have been a Jack-of-all-trades, working indifferently in metal and wood, and sometimes even in clay, yet was there a Cornish *eure*, or gold-worker, and an *heirnior*, or iron-worker. When this iron-worker handled his furnace or his red hot metal clumsily, the result was a *losc* or burn, whose pain he eased with an ointment, called by him, as we still call it in the Highlands, *urat*. He had *haloin*, or salt, to his steak of goat's flesh; when age, sickness, or folly brought him to poverty he was *bochodoc;* when good he was, not *ma*, but *da;* when a quarreller he was a *strifor;* when a sinner he was *droch-oberor* or *drocger;* and when fairly mad he had *sach diaul*. If a spark from the anvil deprived him of sight, like his brother Gael, this Cornish craftsman was *dall;* if deaf he was *bothar;* if dumb, *af-lauar;* squinting, he was *cam;* and aweary, *guan* or *ainaich*. Rest and refreshment brought *nerth*, or strength, to his arm; when he spoke truth it was *guirion;* and when, as skilful mechanics sometimes will, he blew, not his bellows, but the horn of his own praise, his pride was *goth*. And finally, though even he could never dream of the crown, or *curun-ruy*, and scarce dared aspire to be a *pen-can(t)-gur*, or head of a hundred men, yet may it be suggested, as a curious question in philology, whether he did not sit among his fellows crowned with the first rude model of that universal symbol of modern Saxon respectability, which, whenever he got it, he wore and called a *hot!*

That the *flora*, as well as the *fauna*, of tribes wandering from a home so distant by ways so far apart, should be differently named, is only what is naturally to be expected, yet with both the plant is *les* and the bark *rusc*. And not less suggestive, in view of a similarly sharp contrast well known in Gaelic, as the result of the simplest literal change, is a class of words in which the change of one letter in Cornish makes a word mean something not merely different, but entirely the reverse, in Gaelic. Thus in Cornish *cuske* is sleep, in Gaelic *duisg* is awake.

Just two words in conclusion. Though the comparison in this paper is nominally between Gaelic and Cornish, yet to most readers it is unnecessary to explain that whatever is said of the former language may be understood as said also of Manx and Irish; while what is said of the latter may also be taken as more or less true of Welsh and Breton. And, for the sake of brevity and simplicity, as well as from a desire to avoid the appearance of what might seem akin to the *goth* of our friend the *heirnicr*, I have not allowed myself to indulge in references, however appropriately these might sometimes be made, to the classical tongues and the Sanskrit. The learned reader, as he proceeds, will mark such references and apply them for himself. To the general reader they would be only confusing.

DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D.

LOCHABER'S LONE STAR.

To Fassifern Cameron Stewart, Nether-Lochaber.

In bonnie Lochaber 'mong brown heather hills,
In bonnie Lochaber by clear flowing rills,
When Leven's dark waters glide on in their glee,
I know a wee cot that is dear, dear to me;
There sweet Fassifern in her loveliness dwells,
And bright is the home 'neath the grace of her spells,
Than flowerets or rills she is bonnier far,
I joy when I sing of Lochaber's lone star.

As tender and pure as the eye of the dawn,
As fair and as blythe as the light-leaping fawn;
O! surely her heart is the home of that love
Which springs in its beauty from fountains above.
Ye soft winds that blow o'er Lochaber's green braes,
O! let your sweet music be ever her praise;
Ye wild sweeping tempests when rolling in war,
Be ever your song of Lochaber's lone star.

Her merry voice sounds as the whispers of streams,
Its echo still haunts me, I hear it in dreams;
Her smile from my memory will never depart,
Its sunshine still clings with delight to my heart.
Ye angels of goodness! O! hear ye my prayer,
Guard ever your sister from sadness or care;
Let no blighting sorrows the happiness mar,
Of sweet Fassifern, my Lochaber's lone star.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

HACO, THE DANE, OR THE PRINCE'S WOOING.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF LOCH-MAREE, IN THREE PARTS.

By J. E. MUDDOCK, *author of "A Wingless Angel," "As the Shadows Fall," "Lovat, or Out in the* '45," *&c., &c.*

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PART I.—THE DREAM.

THE date is 1500, time the close of an August day, the scene Loch-Maree. The sun is sinking in the west, and shafts of golden fire lie athwart the bare and rugged mountains, lighting up their age worn sides, which seem to glow and burn, and so contrast well with the deep fissures and gorges which are steeped in purple shadow. The great mass of Ben Slioch rises up boldly, a very king of mountains. His splintered outlines are sharply defined in the pure, clear atmosphere, and his precipitous walls of rock shimmer in the yellow light. The lake is very calm, for not even a zephyr moves its bosom. The whole scene is one of peace and marvellous beauty. Beautiful it always is, but often its peace is broken by the barbarism of rival clans, who, sweeping down from the mountains like the lordly eagles, rend and tear each other with remorseless ferocity. Many a terrible deed of bloodshed and cruelty have those silent rocks witnessed, and often have their rifts and hollows echoed back the dispairing cry of some dying wretch, the victim of jealousy and feud. There is not a pass but has been a witness to acts of heroism and treachery, not a mountain but has resounded with the battle cry of warring clans. And if the loch could tell its tale many a ghastly secret it might disclose. Of midnight surprises, of fights to the death, of hacked and bleeding bodies that have slowly sunk into its dark depths, there to lie until that great day when the heavens shall roll up as a scroll, and the mountains dissolve away. But on this hot August afternoon the hand of tranquility seems to have touched all things. The eagles poised themselves on motionless wings in the stagnant air, an idle bee or two hums drowsily in the purple heather, and gaudy dragon flies, like winged jewels, hang on the nodding blue bells as if they too felt the dreamy influence of the dying day, and could give themselves up to delicious indolence.

Stretched on a soft carpet of green moss, on the south side of the loch, and near where the Loch-Maree hotel now stands, was a young man who also seemed to have caught something of the oscitant nature of the evening. In age he was about five-and-twenty. He was possessed of a singularly handsome face. His nostrils were straight and delicately chiselled, and his forehead high. His eyes were a clear blue, and a light moustache shaded his lip, while long golden curls hung in clusters over his shoulders. From his dress, and the refinement which seemed stamped on every feature, it was evident he was not a native of the district. The Highlanders of that wild region were rugged and stern like unto their own rocky mountains, but this man, though compact and well-formed, had none of these characteristics. His hands were white and soft, and the skin of his face and neck fair almost as a woman's. On his fingers were

two or three rings, and at his belt a long, thin dagger, in an elegantly embossed sheath, hung. The handle was studded with jewels that scintillated with every movement of his body.

This young man was Haco, a Danish prince, who had been sent from the Court of Denmark to Scotland on a special mission in connection with the Shetland Islands. Noble of birth, wealthy, and much beloved in his own country, his future seemed to promise unalloyed happiness. If there was a blemish in Haco's character it was a certain waywardness which often led him to do things in opposition to the wishes of his friends. He had come from his native country attended by only two or three faithful followers, and his mission being completed, they had urged him to return home. But he had turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, for reasons that will be presently disclosed. He was a keen sportsman, and passionately fond of the chase. He had heard that Ross-shire, and especially the neighbourhood of Loch Maree, abounded with wild deer, as well as wolves, and the temptation to hunt these animals was too strong to be resisted. And many a noble stag, and many a savage wolf had fallen before the unerring shot of his cross-bow.

One day while out hunting he lost his followers, and wandering down to the margin of the Loch to quench his thirst with a draught of the clear, pure water, he fell asleep amongst the heather. Suddenly he was awakened by the sound of voices, and looking up, he beheld two monks and a young lady. They were coming down to a boat which was lying on the strand, and in which they had no doubt crossed the Loch.

As Prince Haco gazed upon the young woman he rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming, for it seemed as if the being who stood before him was too radiant and beautiful to belong to the earth.

She was dressed in a pure white garment, that was girded with a golden zone at the waist. Her face was marvellous in its perfect beauty. Her skin, delicately tinged with pink on the cheeks, was clear and white as snow. A great wealth of blue black, glossy hair hung loosely about her shoulders and down her back, while her eyes were large, liquid, and dark as night. In age she was little more than eighteen. Her figure was perfect in its shape, and every curve and flowing outline displayed by her graceful and classical costume.

Struck with astonisnment no less than admiration Prince Haco stared at the beautiful girl who had so unexpectedly appeared before him, until she blushed scarlet and turned her face from his burning glances. The monks, in whose charge the young girl was, seemed annoyed at the manner in which the Prince gazed at her, and they were passing on to the boat without deigning to bestow further notice on him than a reproving and scornful scowl, when he rose suddenly, and, placing himself in their way, he removed his bonnet, and kneeling on one knee he addressed the elder and superior of the two monks. "Forgive me, holy father," he said, "forgive me if I have displeased you by my apparent rudeness, but a mortal may surely be pardoned for gazing on an angel."

"Thou speakst irreverently, my son," answered the monk, "our daughter here is but of mortal mould. She is only a woman who intends to devote her life to the church, and it is to be regretted if she has aroused thine admiration." "Should I not be less than man if I had

not been struck by such marvellous beauty as that which I now behold," cried the Prince, and then turning to the young woman said—"Fair lady, pardon and pity me, I am even as a wild deer in whose side the arrow quivers, for thy glances have deprived me of power and made me thy slave. Grant that thy slave then may have the honour of pressing his lips to that fair hand, and then let him learn thy name and who thou art."

The monk who had first spoken drew the girl towards him, and placing himself between her and the still kneeling Prince, he exclaimed angrily—"Thou art guilty of presumption and impertinence, churl, in daring to speak thus. Know that this lady dwelleth in the sanctity of the Church and that she is the bride of heaven. Stand aside and let us pass." Prince Haco rose suddenly to his feet, and drawing his tall handsome figure up to its full height, as a look of anger came into his face, he placed his hand upon the jewelled handle of his dagger, and exclamed, "An it were not for the presence of that lady, saucy monk, that word *churl* should cost thee thy life."

With a little cry of alarm the lady threw herself between the monk and the Prince, and putting up her little white hands in a pleading manner to the latter, she said in a sweetly musical voice—

"My fair sir, I pray that you will not quarrel. The good father meant no harm. He is my protector, and if he has said aught that has wounded your feelings, I pray you, for my sake, forgive him." The Prince caught one of the outstretched hands in his, and pressing his lips to it he said—

"For *thy sake*, fair lady, I would give my life. For a smile of those sweet lips and a look of those bright eyes I would do such deeds as man never did before. I am no churl, but in my veins runs pure and unsullied the royal blood of Denmark. I am Haco, the Danish Prince, and now in the name of the Holy Mother, I pray you, sweet lady, tell me your name."

The young girl drew back as though abashed, and clung to the arm of the monk, who answered and said—

Prince, I have heard of thee, and I am sorry that my hastiness led me to wound thy sensitiveness, but know that in this lady's veins runs blood as noble as thine own, for in her thou beholdst the Princess Thyra, a Princess of the Royal House of Ulster in Ireland."

"Haco, the Prince of Denmark greets Thyra, the Princess of Ulster," cried Haco as he once more bent his knee and pressed his lips to the fair hand of the girl. Then rising and turning to the monk, he asked—"But tell me father what brings the noble lady here?"

"She was sent by her father so that in the sanctity and peace of our island monastery she might, while being far removed from the turmoil and the strife which are shaking her own poor country, be taught humility and Christian meekness, and devote herself to the service of God."

"She is too young and too beautiful to withdraw from the world," Haco murmured as if to himself, although his words reached the ears of the monk and Princess. The latter blushed deeply, and she gave a quick burning glance at the manly face of the Prince, which did not escape his notice. But the monk reproved him, and said—

"Thy words are light and frivolous, my son. But we do but waste time in argument, for the day wanes and we must return."

"Where have you been to and whither are you going?" asked the Prince as if he had not noticed the reproof.

"We have been to one of our holy houses which is situated amongst yonder hills," and the monk pointed to the south. "We have some sick there, and the Princess makes a weekly visit so that she may comfort the feeble. But we are returning now to the monastery on the Isle Maree and must bid thee adieu."

"And may we not meet again, fair lady," pleaded the Prince as he respectfully drew on one side, and sighed heavily.

"Alas! it must not be," she returned softly, and for a moment their eyes met. Then, as she turned hers away, she blushed with confusion and passed down to the boat. Haco stood on the shore until the boat had disappeared amongst the islands, then, as he turned to go, he murmured "she has taken my heart with her."

He had for some time been residing at the house of a Chief of the Clan Mackenzie, who dwelt at the head of the loch, and as he turned his footsteps towards his dwelling he was unusually thoughtful. He was received by his followers with every manifestation of delight, for they had become uneasy at his absence. He mentioned nothing to them of his adventure, but for days he remained silent and reserved, which was such an unusual thing for him that it caused no little astonishment. Day after day he stole away alone, and went down to the spot where he had first beheld the Princess, in the hope that he might again see her, but he was always disappointed, until, unable to control himself longer, he one day procured a boat and rowed to the Isle Maree.

So sacred was the island considered that it was looked upon as almost sacrilege for a layman and a stranger to visit it. Even the warring clans respected the sanctity of the place, and while the din and shock of battle shook the surrounding country, this tiny island remained undisturbed.

It was a veritable garden of beauty. It was clothed with a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs. The monastery was a small, plainly built structure. And one portion was set aside for the use of about ten ladies who devoted their lives to religion and charity. There were about thirty monks in all, who were presided over by an aged Abbot—a man of singular simplicity and purity of life. A small garden, filled with fruit and flower trees, surrounded the building, and outside of this again a plot of ground was set aside for a burial place. In addition there was a sacred well whose waters possessed the most miraculous curative properties for all sorts of disease, but more particularly for insanity. In fact the remedy was so simple that the wonder was that any one should have been mad in those days, or being so that they should have remained in that condition longer than was necessary to go to the well, drink copiously of the potent spring, then be dragged three times round the island at the stern of a boat, whith a hair rope fastened under their armpits, and after undergoing this mild treatment they invariably recovered—or died, especially died. Close to this very wonderful well was a money tree, into which a coin was driven by the hand of every pilgrim to the island, and any one who

failed to make this monetary offering to the Tutelary Saint met with some terrible reverse or died before the year was out.

Haco marched boldly up to the monastery gate, and requested the porter to conduct him to the presence of the Father Superior. The Prince had little difficulty in obtaining an interview, for there was something commanding in his tone and presence. Nor did the Abbot seem greatly surprised when Haco told him that he had come to beg permission to woo the Princess Thyra.

"Thou art bold and impetuous," the Abbot answered, after listening patiently to the Prince, "and thou shouldst remember that it is not usual for a man, even though he be of royal blood, to seek a bride in the very shadow of the Church. It is true our daughter has not entered the Church nor broken all ties with the world, for she is only placed under our care until the political storms which now shake her father's throne have passed away. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the sanctity of the Church is around her, and it is our duty to protect her honour and her virtue."

"I come here in the character of one who desires to woo her for my wife," the Prince answered proudly. "I am of royal birth, and unstained honour, and would die to shield hers."

"That is nobly spoken," the Abbot returned, "and if I were quite sure that thou wert not mistaking passion for love I might be tempted to encourage thy wooing."

"Nay, why should you doubt me," Haco exclaimed, "my name and birth are a sufficient gurrantee that I am sincere, and to give you even better assurance I vow by the name of the Blessed Virgin Mary that if the Princess Thyra will wed me she shall be my wife."

As he spoke he raised his hand and placed it reverently on a small crucifix that stood upon the table. The Abbot was silent for a few minutes and then he said—"My son, I give thee my blessing."

Haco knelt, and the Holy Father placed his hand upon the Prince's head and murmured a short prayer.

"I thank you, father," the Prince answered as he rose, "and I beg, in acknowledgment of my gratitude, to bestow a thousand merks towards the support of this monastery."

In a few minutes from this Prince Haco had the pleasure of once more beholding the lady who had made so great an impression upon him. Nor was she less impressed with him. That interview led to others until they became plighted lovers.

At the moment that this story commences Prince Haco was waiting for a boat to arrive from the island to convey him back, so that he might spend an hour with his beloved Thyra, this being the time granted him by the Abbot at each interview. He had fallen into a half dream state in which his only thought was Princess Thyra. For some time the drowsy hum of a drowsy bee as it buzzed round his head was the only sound he heard, but presently he started up, for the plash of oars had broken the stillness. A boat, rowed by a stalwart monk, was nearing the shore, and when it touched the strand Prince Haco jumped in, and the monk pulled back to Isle Maree.

The golden light had given place to a deep, scarlet blush—so to speak,

that dyed the mountains and the bosom of the loch. Gradually the blush deepened, purple shadows mingled with the glowing red, and the great masses of mountains seemed to blend and grow one into the other, as they became indistinct and dark in the fading light of the dying day. Not a cloud was round the head of Ben Slioch which shimmered in the lingering glow that yet reddened the west.

As the Prince and the monk stepped from the boat on to the island there suddenly rose on the still air the sound of the sweet angelus—the evensong of the monks. It was strangely, and solemnly impressive amid the wild surroundings, and the grand old mountains seemed to echo back the psalm of praise as if they too were worshipping the great Creator.

Prince Haco removed his bonnet, and he and the monk knelt and reverently crossed themselves, until the voices died away and there was stillness again. The Prince continued to kneel for some time, but the monk rose and hurried towards the monastery. In a little while Haco started, for his quick ear had caught the sound of a light footstep, and in another moment he was pressing the Princess Thyra to his breast. She had come down to meet him, as she knew the hour he would arrive.

"My own beloved," he exclaimed, as he pressed his burning lips to hers, "what happiness it is for me to hold ycu this, and know that you are mine!"

"No less for me than you," she murmured sweetly low, "but Ah, Haco, will you always love me thus?"

"Always? yes as surely as yonder star now shines over Ben Slioch's peak. Aye, and I will be as faithful and as true to you as yon star is to its orbit. But why, my darling, should you doubt me?"

"I do not doubt, but the happiness seems so great that I have a sort of undefined fear that it cannot last."

"Nonsense, heart of mine, what can come to destroy our happiness? The future lies before us an unshaded vista. It is all light and beauty, and you and I, my sweet one, will walk together in perfect peace and perfect trust and perfect love."

"Oh, what a delicious dream!" she murmured.

"And why should our lives not be a dream, my Princess? Born to high estate, with riches and good friends and unclouded prospects, we can sup our full of happiness until it pleases God to take us." A shudder seemed to suddenly seize the Princess, and she clung closer to her lover. A slight breeze had passed over the loch and shook the trees on the island into a weird whisper as it were. "What is it that frightens you, my treasure?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered with a little laugh, "it was but a nervous feeling that seized me, and we thought that these ghostly trees, as they were stirred by the night wind, said when you spoke—'It shall not be.'"

Haco pressed his strong arm closer round the slender waist of the Princess, and answered—

"You are morbidly inclined, my darling. The night wind, and the murmuring waters, and the rustling trees speak to me only of love and peace. Yon star shines not not more brightly than shall our lives."

"Amen to that," the Princess returned, then leaning her little head upon his breast, she said, "I pray to the Blessed Virgin that nothing

may ever destroy our pleasant dream, and yet there are times when I have a half-nervous dread that Red Hector of the Hills will bring us trouble."

"Cease these fears, my darling," Haco cried with a forced merry laugh that belied the true state of his feelings, for at the mention of Red Hector's name the Prince's brow darkened, and he clenched his hands as if in passion.

"But you know how Red Hector has pressed me to become his bride," she answered, "and he is so wild and stern that I fear me he would resort to anything to gain his purpose."

"I fear him not," Haco returned with great firmness, "and if he should persecute you more I will slay him."

"Nay, Haco my own, I would not have you take his life," the Princess murmured as she threw her arms round her lover's neck and pressed her warm cheek to his. "Should he annoy me further I will tell the Abbot and seek his protection."

Whatever Haco's thoughts were he kept them to himself, and made no further remark on the subject, and when a happy and too short hour had passed the lovers separated, and the Prince blew a small silver whistle which hung round his neck. This was a signal for the monk to appear and row him across the loch.

When Haco reached the mainland, and close to the spot from whence he had started, he sprung lightly out, and wishing the boatman good-night, he bent his steps in the direction of his lodgings.

The moon was shining brilliantly, and the night was very still, save for a soft breeze that had risen within the last hour, and was just moving the heather and the trees into a weird rustle, that only served to heighten the effects of the stillness.

As the Prince trudged on he was suddenly startled by a sound that was not that of the wind, but which he knew to be an arrow that had whizzed past his ear, and was within a hair'sbreadth of striking him in the face. He was a bold and courageous youth, but he stopped and drew his long rapier that flashed ominously in the moonlight, and while he stood irresolutely, and undecided how to act, another arrow sped on its course and went through his bonnet. No longer hesitating, he grasped his rapier with a grip of iron and rushed towards a huge boulder that stood in his path, and from which direction the arrows had been shot. As he reached the rock, there suddenly rose up before him, like a spectre in the moonlight, a tall, powerful man, with coarse red hair that hung about his shoulders like a mat, and a beard that descended below his waist. His arms were bare, and were brawny and powerful, and covered with coarse fibrous hair that spoke of immense strength. In one hand he carried a bow that was still strung, and raising this above his head, he stood like a Hercules in the Prince's path, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed—

"Hold, Prince. You and I have an account to settle, and one of us must die to-night.

(To be Continued.)

WILLIAM, LORD CRECHTOUN, AT TAIN AND INVERNESS, A.D., 1483-1489.

By General A. Stewart-Allan, F.S.A. Scot., Etc.

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The residence of William, Lord Crechtoun, in the north of Scotland, during the latter years of the reign of King James the Third, is an historical episode, which has been hardly noticed by any of our historians, and very cursorily glanced at by the few writers who have alluded to the facts. It is, however, connected with an obscure, and indeed somewhat mysterious piece of family history, in which a Princess of the blood-royal of Scotland—a sister of the reigning sovereign—is closely mixed up in a discreditable manner; and the whole story may be considered one of incidents belonging to the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the time. It has also been hitherto treated with unaccountable brevity, as well as almost significant paucity of the circumstantial evidence relating to it. It is not pretended here to give a complete explanation of all the events which then occurred, and which now may be considered to have escaped from the range of full inquiry—at least to any satisfactory extent—for this essay can only be offered as a slight contribution to history, and a compilation from the best available authorities; with mention of the sources from which it is derived, and extracts, generally in the words of the writers referred to, as the grounds on which the statements and inferences are based.

Sir Wiliam Crechtoun of Frendraught, and of that Ilk, was eldest son and successor of James, second Lord Crechtoun, by his wife, Lady Janet de Dunbar, the Lady of Frendraught, and eldest daughter an co-heir of James, "Dominus de Frendrath," who appears as "Janeta de Dunbar, comitissa Moravie, et domina de Frendraught, &c.," on November 8, 1454. [Erroll Charter Chest]; and which lady—the heir-of-line of the Dunbars, Earls of Moray—survived her son—the subject of this paper—for several years, as she was living November 22, 1493, when she resigned the barony of Frendraught to her eldest grandson, James, and his heirs. ["Reg. Mag. Sigil.," lib. xiii., No. 71.] On the death of his father, James, before November 20, 1469, William succeeded him, as third Lord Crechtoun, and must have been married shortly afterwards to Marion of Livingston, a daughter (unnoticed by the Peerage writers) of Sir James Livingstone of Calendar, first Lord Livingstone—so created before August 30, 1458—["Reg. Mag. Sigil.," lib. v., No. 52] by Marion, his wife, who was still alive on June 4, 1478, but had deceased before October 19 following, when a decree was granted, by the Lords of Council, to "Marion, Lady of Crechtoun," as one of the executors of "*vmquhile* Marion, Lady Levinstoun." ["Acta Anditorum," p. 59; "Acta Dominorum Concilii," p. 15, fol. Edinburgh, 1839; edit. T. Thomson.] "Marioun, Lady Crechtoun, as executrix to hir modir," again appears on March 6, 1479, when declared entitled to paymeuts from lands pertaining to her late mother. ["Acta, Auditorum," p. 68, ut supru], and she may have lived several years subsequently, perhaps until about 1481, or even later. There is an action and cause, however, before the same Lords Auditors, on March 18, 1479, against "James of tuedy and Marion of Crechton, his spouse," which is puzzling to explain. ["Acta Audit.," p. 79.] These references appear to

have escaped the critical notice of Riddell, in his remarks upon the marriage under notice, and to which I have to acknowledge my obligations; though it is strange that he has given the dates of "20th October 1478," for October 22, and "8th of March, and 4th of July in the same year," for June 4, 1478, and March 18, 1479, which was the following year—citing Acta Dominorum Concilii, and Acta Auditorum.* The date of Marion, Lady Crechtoun's, death is not recorded, but she was certainly the first, if not only, wife of William, Lord Crechtoun, and mother of his son and heir, James, above-mentioned; who must have been of full age in the year 1492 and 1493, when he is found receiving grants of lands, as proved by the Records of the Great Seal, already referred to. It also appears from a process of October 23, 1493, that "James Crechtoun, the son and are of vmquhile William, sumtyme lord Crechtoun," without the concurrence of any tutor or curator, had previously assigned twenty-seven ounces of gold to a certain Sir Thomas Tod, Knight for the "wranguis detentioun," of which he now sought a remedy from the Lords of Council in Civil Causes, who postponed consideration of his complaint until February 12 following. ["Acta Dom. Conc.," ut supra, p. 311], which conclusively proves that James could not have been a son of the Princess Margaret, as hitherto asserted. An interesting fact also transpires from this marriage (as Riddell observes), which is, that Marion Livingstone had obviously been a peace-offering to reconcile the feuds and animosities of the great families of Crechtoun and Livingstone, previously, as is well-known, keen rivals for political power, during the troublous times in the reigns of Kings James II. and III. The notices of William, in the first years after his succession to the family title, are scanty, but the name of "dominus Crechtoun" appears as attending the following Parliaments of Scotland under James III., November 20, 1469—May 6, 1471—November 20, 1475—July 1, and October 4, 1476—April 6, 1478—March 1, and October 4, 1479, at Edinburgh, which is the last occasion on which his name is found in the Parliamentary rolls. ["Acta Parl. Scot.," vol. ii. pp. 93, 98, 108, 111, 115, 121, 122, 124.] There are also five references to "ye lord Crechtoune," from October 15, 1478, to June 13, 1480, amongst the Acts of the Lords of Council in Civil Causes, consisting chiefly of claims made against him for the repayment of sums of money, &c., which had been lent to him, by various persons, at different times. ["Acta Dom. Concil." ut supra, pp. 12, 14, 19, 44, 50.] Before the Lords Auditors of Causes and Complaints "ye lord Crechtoune" is found at various periods, between August 5, 1473, and October 1483, to answer charges of "skathis and danpnage" preferred against him, and other matters, in some of which, however, he was complainant. ["Acta Auditorum," ut supra, pp. 29 et seq., to 122.]

There is no positive reason for alleging that, up to October 1479, Lord Crechtoun had engaged in treasonable proceedings against his sovereign, nor does he appear to have been directly implicated in the first rebellion of Alexander, Duke of Albany; which took place in the above year, and was quickly suppressed by the decision and energy of the King, when Albany escaped to France. There is no doubt, however, that he was an active adherent of the Duke in his second rebellion and treasonable

* "Remarks on Scottish Peerage Law," &c., "By John Riddell, Esq., advocate. Edinburgh: T. Clark," 8vo., 1833, p. 194 note.

invasion of the kingdom, assisted by an English army, in July 1482; though the King was constrained, by a Parliament, assembled at Edinburgh, December 2 following, to pardon his brother, and even to create him Lieut.-General of the kingdom, this arrangement soon terminated. Albany was forced to resign his usurped office before March 1483, when James was restored to his free and full power, and the turbulent nobles resumed their loyalty for a time, though the most powerful of his late supporters were deprived of the offices and dignities which they abused to the purposes of conspiracy and rebellion. The Earl of Buchan, with Lord Crechtoun and Sir James Liddale of Halkerstoune, who appear to have been considered the most dangerous of the conspirators with England, were ordered to be banished fromthe realm for the space of three years. The disloyal Duke then retired into England, leaving an English garrison in his castle of Dunbar; and in the Parliament of June 27, he was finally forfeited, along with Sir James Liddale, for repeated acts of treason, and designs to dethrone King James III. By a solemn decree of the three estates of the realm, after he had failed to appear before them, though duly summoned by Rothesay herald, "Alexander, Duke of Albany, Earl of March, of Mar, and of Gariach, Lord of Annandale and of Man," was found guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, and his life, lands, offices, and all other possessions, declared to be forfeited to the crown.* His dishonoured career was prolonged, in exile, till 1485, when he died, at Paris, from the effects of a wound received in a tournament there. After his last escape to England, in April 1483, Albany had still remained busy concerting measures with his adherents, for a more formidable expedition against his native land; and his friend, Lord Crechtoun, "one of the most powerful and warlike of the Scottish barons"—according to Tytler—"engaged with the utmost ardour in concentrating his party in Scotland, and fortifying their castles for a determined resistance against their Sovereign." ["Hist. of Scotland," ii., 245, *et passim.*]

Lord Crechtoun, with a long list of his adherents, experienced a similar fate within a few months afterwards, while the treason of Angus Gray and other rebel lords remained unknown. The whole process of "forisfacture" of "Will. dom. Crechtoun," is recorded in the Acts of Parliament of Scotland, where it occupies several pages (ii., 154-161 incl., 164), and lasted from February 19 to 24; on which latter date he was sentenced by the Court of Parliament of Edinburgh, in the presence of the Sovereign, personally presiding there, to forfeit his life, lands, and all other possessions whatsoever he had of the Crown, in punishment of "dome," for the treasons and crimes committed by him "against the peace of the realm, and our lord, the King." It appeared in evidence that the Royal messenger-at-arms, Alexander Hepburn of Qhitsum, Sheriff of Edinburgh, because he could not apprehend William, Lord Crechtoun personally, passed with the letters of summons to the Castle of Crechtoun, on November 20, 1483, citing him to "comper" in person in the Parliament to be held at Edinburgh, on February 19 following, there to answer for his treasonable art, part, counsel, and assistance to Alexander, some time Duke of Albany, in his treasonable sending of Sir James of Liddale, formerly of Halkerstoun, into England, with treasonable writings and instructions; for receiving a pursuivant of the King of England, "call it blew-

* "Act Parl. Scot.," vol. ii., pp. 146-152, "Pinkerton," &c., *passim.*

mantle;"* and finally—after enumerating other treasonable acts—for "ye tressonable *stuffing* with men and wittale of ye Castell of Crechtoun, and for the tressonable consale and assistence gevin to the personis being in the said castell of Crechtoun in the tressonable halding of the said castell aganis our said lords writings and Acts of Parliament, efter our soveran lords grace to the said lord Crechtoun gevin and grantit efter the mony and divers crimes Rebellionis and trespasses contrar our soueran lord and his Realme be him comytit and done." ["Act Parl. Scot." ii., 260.] This was a most formidable indictment, and deserving all the penalties of the crime of high-treason, aggravated also by his previously having been pardoned for former numerous crimes of rebellion. It is therefore not surprising that he should have dreaded appearing for trial before his peers, and sought refuge in the remote parts of the north of Scotland, where he found sanctuary within the inviolable "girth of S. Duthach, at Tayn in Ross." Lord Crechtoun must have fled to Tain about the middle of the year 1483, probably immediately after hearing of the forfeiture of the Duke of Albany, in whose treasons he was so deeply implicated; and more especially after *stuffing*, that is garrisoning, his ancestral Castle of Crechtoun, near Edinburgh, and putting it in a state of defence against the royal troops, in behalf of his friend the Duke of Albany. From the Acts of Parliament, above referred to, it appears that the Sheriff of Edinburgh, being unable to apprehend Lord Crechtoun personally at his own castle, published the summons for treason at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, on December 7, 1483; and next endeavoured to serve it with the necessary legal formalities, according to the following account of the proceedings. "The 11 day of December 1483, I, William Cumyn, macer and Sheriff in that part, by our Sovereign lord specially constituted, by his letters directed to me, passed with the same, and the witness Symon Sperdor, messsenger, Thomas Scot, Johne Cowy, with others diverse, to the Market Cross of Aberdene; and in likewise the 18 day of the same month and year forsaid, I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, and Johne Cowy, Patric Prat, one of the Bailies of Banf, Patric Blith, and Patric Duncansoun, burgess of the same, to the market cross of Banff; and the 20 day of the same month and year I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Symon Sperdor, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, John of Cowy, with others diverse, to the market cross of Elgin; the 22 day of the said month and year, I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, John Cowy, Archbald Broun, and John Terres, with others diverse, to the market cross of Forres; the 23 day of the moneth and year foresaid, I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, Johne Cowy, William Caldor, and Alane Thomsoun, burgess of Narne, with others diverse, to the market cross of Narne; and the same 23 day I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, Johne Cowy, Alexander Fleming, Alexander Rede, and Johnne Patersoun, burgess of Inverness, to the market cross of the same; and because I cowth not get certain verification nor know-

* The earliest Pursuivant-at-arms—*Bluemantle*—recorded, is John Brice, gent, who was in office, under Richard VII., and "probably dispossessed," according to *Noble*, in "History of College of Arms," [4to, London, 1804; p. 93] probably the same.

ledge where to find nor apprehend personally William, Lord Crechtoun, I passed to all the boroughs forenamed, and at the market cross of the same, at days and before witnesses above expremit, I summoned peremtourly by open proclamatioun the same William, Lord Crechtoun, and moreover, the penult day of the month and year foresaid, I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, Johne Cowy, William Johnsoun, one of the Bailies of Thane, Thomas Rede, a Bailie of Cromarty, Mawnis Vans, burges of Invernes, and Alexander Sutherland, bruther and famuliar servitor to the said Lord Crechtoun, to the town of Thane in Ross, within the sheriffdom of Inverness foresaid, where the same Lord Crechtoun had his dwelling, as I was informed, in the Vicar's house of Thane; and at all the market crosses of the borowis before named, and vicar's house in Thane also foresaid, I summoned lawfully and peremptorily, in the name and authority of our Sovereign lord, the King, the said William, Lord Crechtoun, to compear personally before our forenamed Sovereign lord in his next Parliament, to be haldin at Edinburgh, on Thursday, the xix. day of the month of February next to come," &c. The foregoing notarial statement, though rather prolix, is interesting, both as showing the difficulties the "masar," or mace-bearer, acting as Sheriff-Substitute, and employed by the Sheriff of Edinburgh, had in serving the summons on Lord Crechtoun, in his distant place of concealment; and also the time he occupied in travelling northwards, through the different burghs of Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, and Inverness, until he finally succeeded in discovering the fugitive lord "in the town of Thane in Ross." All which arose from his inability to "get certane verificacioun nor knaulage quhar to fynd nor apprehend personaly William, lord Crechtoun;" although when he had at last traced him to his residence at Tain, he was only able to serve the summons at the vicar's house there, without doing so personally, or apprehending him. He concludes the report of his proceedings at Tain, by stating that "in all the above within executioun I made Intimacioun that whether the said lord Crechtoun compearit or nocht at day and place to him lymyt with continuacioun of dais, Our Soveran lord nevertheless Justice passand before wald procede; and also of our soverane lord's lettres to me direct in this matter as said Is. I gaif the copy to the foresaid Alexander Sutherland, quhilk Requirit me proof on the behalf of the said lord Crechtoun, at Thane, the penult day of december above written." ["Act. Parl. Scot." ii., 159-160.] The expressions used are slightly modernised, but otherwise these extracts are literally copied, without alteration—the contractions being merely completed to render the meaning plainer. From the different names of the witnesses given, we learn those of several burgesses of our northern towns, nearly four centuries ago—"Jonne Patersoun" and "Mawnis Vans" (Magnus Vaus?), of Inverness, "Thomas Rede, a bailze of Cromaty," and "William Johnsoun, one of the baillies of Thane." "William Caldor, at Narne," seems to have been the venerable Thane of Cawdor, or Calder, who flourished between the years 1467 and 1503, and was the last of the old race of Thanes, as well as of those who bore that ancient title in Scotland.*

(To be Continued.)

* Cosmo Innes. "The Book of the Thanes of Cawdor, 1236-1742." Spalding Club Edition. Edinburgh, 4to, 1859; *passim.*

DIRECTORY OF HIGHLAND AND CELTIC SOCIETIES.

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This Society publishes a volume of "Transactions" annually, a copy of which every Member of the Association receives gratis.

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The meetings are held at the Society's Rooms, No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi Terrace, at 8 P.M., on the Second Wednesday of every month, excepting July, August, and September. Highlanders are invited to attend.

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PROGRAMME FOR 1878-9.—Annual Meeting, 6th December 1878, at 8 P.M., in No. 5 St Andrew Square. After business, Essay by Mr Macmichael. Annual Social Meeting, 10th January 1879, in Masonic Hall—the Marquis of Stafford in the chair. Quarterly Meeting, 7th March 1879, at 8 P.M., in No. 5 St Andrew Square. After business, Essay.

The Association has opened Gaelic Music and Reading Classes in the Free Tron Church, Chambers Street, open to all Highlanders, every Tuesday, from 8 to 10 P.M. Mr D. Robertson conducts the singing, and Mr Alex. Mackay the Gaelic reading class.

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J. Munro

First Friday of each month set apart for reading MS. Magazine made up of original contributions supplied by the members during the month. This Periodical is afterwards circulated among the members. Second Friday—General business. Third Friday—Debates on Celtic subjects. Fourth Friday—Amusements; Gaelic and English songs, recitations, &c., varied by Highland dances, pipe music, and cognate subjects.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH GHLASCHU.

GLASGOW HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1878-9.

Chief—Cluny Macpherson of Cluny *Honorary Chieftain*—Duncan Sharp, Keppoch Hill
Chieftains—Messrs Duncan White and James Fraser
Secretary—J. G. Mackay, 158 Plantation Street *Treasurer*—John Munro

CUSPAIR.—September 3, 1878—"Eachdraidh nan Seanna Ghaidheal," by Mr Duncan White. October 1—"Innis Ghall," by Mr Norman Morrison. November 5—"Slainte," by Mr M. Macdonald. December 3—"An Gaidheal 's a' bhaile-mhor," by Mr Henry Whyte. January 7, 1878—"Saobh-chrabhadh am measg nan Gaidheal," by Mr J. G. Mackay. February 4—"Land Tenure in the Highlands," by Mr W. L. Bogle. March 4—"Tuathanachas am measg nan Gaidheal." by Mr C. A. Walker.

The ordinary meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month. Gaelic Concerts in the Assembly Rooms, 138 Bath Street, every Saturday evening from October to March inclusive, at 8 P.M.

GLASGOW SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Patron—His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, K.G.
President—John Mackay, C.E., Swansea
Vice-President—William Sutherland, F.E.I.S., Crosshill
Secretary—Angus Sutherland, 230 Argyle St. *Treasurer*—Angus Mackay, Garscube Road
Directors—Messrs James Matheson, Gilbert Mackintosh, Charles Fraser, John G. Mackay, and George Macleod

The ordinary meetings are held on the first Thursday of the months of January, February, March, April, October, November, and December.

GLASGOW COWAL SOCIETY.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1878-9.

Honorary President—The Most Noble the Marquis of Lorne
President—Colin Brown *Vice-President*—John Macfie

Directors—

D. Macgregor	J. Mackellar	Duncan Currie
Duncan Black	Peter Maclean	D. C. Maclean
John Maclean	M. Hunter, jun.	Captain Alex. Maclean

Treasurer—Duncan Whyte, 326 Duke Street
Secretary—James Mackellar, 433 New City Road

SYLLABUS, 1878-9.—September 27, 1878—Address, by the President. October 25—Mackinlay's Explorations in Australia, by Mr D. Whyte. November 29—Ossianic Poetry, and its allusions to Cowal Scenery, by Mr Archibald Brown. December 20—Railway Clearing House, by Mr D. Campbell. January 31, 1879—Druidism, by Mr Archibale Whyte. February 28—Poetry, by Mr D. D. Maclean. March 28—Depopulation of the Natives of Cowal during the present century, with a sketch of its Topography and Family Names, by Mr D. C. Maclean. April 25—General business meeting.

The ordinary meetings of the Society are held on the above dates, at 7.45 P.M., within the Religious Institution Rooms, 112 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

THE GLASGOW SHINTY ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1878-9.

President—Capt. James Menzies, 105th L.R.V.
Vice-President—J. G. Mackay, 158 Plantation Street (Ossian).
Secretary—Malcolm Leitch, 74 Parson Street (Inveraray)
Treasurer—Alexander Mackellar, 31 Raeberry Street (Cowal)

THE GREENOCK HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

Chief—The Most Noble the Marquis of Lorne.

Patrons.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Bute | Sir Michael R. Shaw Stewart, Baronet.
President—James Johnson Grieve. *Vice-President*—John Fleming.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

John Erskine	Walter Grieve	Hugh Mackay
John Cameron	Dr Macraild	

Directors.

J. G. Ross	S. Nicolson	John M. Campbell	R. Duncan
A. Sinclair	Graham Bremner	D. Campbell	James Mackenzie
D. Mackintosh	Archibald Cook	Kenneth Mackaskill	William Cook
John Campbell	R. Brown	J. Kerr	Neil Brown
John Thomson	Harry Buchanan		

Treasurer—James Brown.
Joint Secretaries—{ D. Mackenzie, 65 Nicolson Street, and N. Gillies.

THE LONDON HIGHLAND CAMANACHD CLUB.

Patron—The Right Hon. Lord Lovat
President—Right Hon. Lord Colin Campbell, M.P.
Chief—J. W. Malcolm of Poltalloch
Honorary Captain—Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.
Chieftain—Donald Grant, Great St Helen's, E.C.
Captain—J. Macdonald-Cameron, F.C.S., South Kensington, W.
Vice-Captain—Archibald Mactavish, Albany Street, Regent's Park, W.
Club-Bearer—A. Macrae-Chisholm, Old Broad Street, E.C.
Treasurer—Archibald Mackintosh, Orris Villa, Hammersmith, W.
Secretary—Alister Maclennan, Woburn Place, Russell Square, W.C.

Members meet for practice and play every alternate Saturday during the season at Wimbledon. The annual Club dinner takes place in December.

BIRMINGHAM CELTIC SOCIETY.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Chief—Jonathan Nicolson
Chieftains—A. R. Munro and A. Maclure
Treasurer—Angus Macgregor *Secretary*—D. Skinner, 127 Cattell Road

Members of Council—

D. Campbell	D. Macinnes	A. Macintyre
D. Macarthur	A. Macdonald	M. Macinnes

ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING, OBAN.

COMMITTEE.

The Marquis of Lorne, K.T., *President.*

Stewards.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Macdougall of Macdougall, *Convener*
Lieutenant-Colonel C. Greenhill Gardyne of Glenforsa
J. Campbell of Kilberry.
N. M. Macdonald of Dunach.
Colin C. Finlay, yr. of Castle Toward.

Secretary and Treasurer—J. Fraser Sim, Oban
Bankers—National Bank of Scotland, Oban
Buildings—Breadalbans Street, Oban

The Society hold one Social Meeting annually.

GLASGOW ISLAY ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS—SESSION, 1878-9.

Patrons.

John F. Campbell of Islay Colin Hay, Ardbeg, Islay
Kirkman Finlay. Dunlossit, Islay

Honorary Presidents.

Crawford Graham, Lagavulin, Islay	Duncan MacCallum, Glasgow
Rev. Robt. Blair, M.A., St Columba, Glasgow	L. Maclean, Islay House, Islay

Honorary Secretary—Duncan Macgregor, Glasgow

Directors.

Mal. Smith, *Chairman* Joseph Hill, *Vice-Chairman*

Arch. Sinclair	Duncan Macniven	N. Gilchrist	Arch. Macdougall
Neil Macarthur	Duncan Macleod	Jn. Cameron	Jas. Macmillan
Angus Macallister	John Ogilvie	Don. Macdougall	Donald Brown

John Love

Treasurer—Samuel Macfadyen, Glasgow
Secretary—Donald Martin, 239 New City Road, Glasgow
Assistant Secretary—Arch. Maccallum, Glasgow

GLASGOW CELTIC SOCIETY—INSTITUTED 1857.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1878.

Chief—The Earl of Dunmore
President—John Orr Ewing of Ballikinrain, M.P.
Vice-President—Duncan Smith, 115 St Vincent Street, Glasgow
Hon. Treasurer—John Elder, 151 Hope Street, Glasgow
Hon. Srcretary—George Rennie, 38 West George Street, Glasgow

Directors—

John Macmillan, 70 Mitchell Street, Glasgow	Dr Buchanan, 24 Westminster Terrace, Glasgow
John Elder, 151 Hope Street, Glasgow	Neil Sinclair, 42 Miller Street, Glasgow
James Dewar, Renfrew Court, Glasgow	George Rennie, 38 West George Street, Glasgow
Alex. Macneill, 20 Union Street, Glasgow	Colin Campbell, 8 Bothwell Street, Glasgow
Captain Menzies, 66 Bath Street, Glasgow	Duncan Macdougall, 302 Buchanan Street, Glasgow
James Fleming, 83 Jamaica Street, Glasgow	

GLASGOW PERTHSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1878.

Patron—Charles Stirling Home Drummond Moray of Blairdrummond and Abercairney

President—Peter Gardner, W.S. *Late President*—Charles Maclean

Directors—

John Hutchison	James Menzies	James Cleland Burns
R. M. Buchanan	Professor Ramsay	James Blair
William Macculloch	George Ogilvie	John Muir
A. M. Robertson	Laurence Robertson	William MacOnie

Secretary and Treasurer—George Gray, 72 Hutcheson Street, Glasgow

GLASGOW NORTHERN HIGHLAND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Patron ——— *Vice-Patron*—George Sutherland of Forse

President—George Munro, Elmbank Crescent *Ex-President*—John Matheson, yr. of Cordale.

Ordinary Directors—

George Macleod, 69 Ingram Street	Alexander Mackay, 20 Union Street
George Munro, 25 Elmbank Crescent	George Macbeth, 29 Clyde Place
Cluny Macpherson, 135 St Vincent Street	John Bannerman, British Linen Bank, Queen St.
James Fraser, 41 North Albion Street	William Sinclair, 199 St Vincent Street
Robert Murray, 41 North Albion Street	Kenneth Macleod, Ingram Street
George Sinclair, 199 St Vincent Street	John Macmillan, 70 Mitchell Street

Treasurer—George Sinclair, 199 St Vincent Street

Secretary—Martin Mackay, 89 West Regent Street

The Directors meet quarterly on the second Wednesday of January, April, July, and October in each year. The objects of the Society are entirely of a Benevolent character.

FINGAL LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS—(FARDACH FHINN).

OFFICE-BEARERS.

D. Macpherson, D.G.W.C.T.	D. Nicolson, W.S.
D. Macinnes, W.C.T.	J. Macphail, W.T.

Meets every Friday in the St Clair Hall, 25 Robertson Street, at 8 P.M. All business conducted in Gaelic.

COMUNN TIR NAM BEANN, GLASGOW.

D. Macpherson, *President*	J. Nicholson, *Secretary*
D. Macinnes, *Vice-President*	J. Macphail, *Treasurer*

Directors—A. Campbell, J. Macfadyen, J. Macphail, J. Campbell, and A. Macfadyen.

Gaelic Concerts held every Saturday in the Hall, 56 Carrick Street, from September to March inclusive, at 8 P.M.—D. Macpherson, Chairman.

GLASGOW ARGYLLSHIRE SOCIETY—INSTITUTED IN 1851.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

President—James Alexander Campbell of Strcathro

Treasurer—Colin Campbell, 8 Bothwell Street, Glasgow

Ordinary Directors—

Lachlan Cowan	Alexander C. Hunter	John Macmillan
Samuel Dow, junr.	Donald Ross	Neil Sinclair
Rev. Robert Blair	John B. Wright	And. Galbraith

The above are also Trustees.

Secretary—Duncan Macdougall, Solicitor, 302 Buchanan Street, Glasgow

The objects of the Society are to offer pecuniary relief to its Ordinary Members and their Families, and other persons connected with the County of Argyll by birth, marriage, or otherwise, who may be in necessitous circumstances; and also to give assistance—in such way as may be considered proper—in the promotion and extension of education among poor children connected with Argyllshire, whether resident there or in Glasgow. Annual Contribution by Ordinary Members—Three Guineas.

[We propose publishing the Directory of Celtic Societies annually in future, and we shall esteem it a favour if the above Societies, and others who have not this year supplied us with the necessary information, will kindly aid us in making the next one more perfect and complete.]

WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M.I.S., ON TEACHING GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

In his official report to the Education Department, Mr Jolly writes as follows :—

Gaelic has gained large attention of late, and is a subject of great importance, involving as it does the question of the right use in schools of the daily language of 300,000 of our people. Having given it some study, I would briefly state the conclusions at which I have arrived regarding it :—

1. In Highland schools, we ought to read English first, as the language of trade, commerce, current literature, and general intercourse, necessary for success in life, and desired universally by Highlanders themselves. There are some theoretic grounds for learning to read the native tongue before a foreign one, but the question in this case is one of what is most expedient, and in the end most successful, in regard to both languages, in the short school-life of Highland children ; and the idea of reading Gaelic first is only entertained by a few enthusiasts. English being foreign and more difficult, it could not be acquired to any purpose if one or two years of the five or six of school life were first devoted to another language. If school time is short enough for English-speaking children, with all their advantages, to gain even a meagre power over it, why allow less time to a Gaelic child to learn it, to whom it is a foreign tongue? But by beginning with English, Gaelic may be read with ease in a short time, when a child is able to read English, for he has merely to apply the power of reading which he has acquired to the language he knows and uses. So that the end of the enthusiasts would itself be gained by the more rational method, while increased power over English would also be obtained.

2. Gaelic should be used orally in the teaching of English from the first, in order to get at and train the intelligence of Gaelic children, and to make the teaching of English more thorough. Of the wisdom of this course in all possible cases, there cannot be one moment's doubt, for it is an application of the universal educational axiom of teaching the unknown through and by the known, and it is especially necessary in the present case. This should be done, not only in regard to words, but in regard to the matter of the lessons. In the case of infant-school lessons to purely Gaelic speaking children, Gaelic would require to be used exclusively at first, if the work is to be in any way intelligent. But in all cases care should be taken to use English more and more, so as to give the children increasing power over it, the amount of English used being, of course, determined by the extent of their knowledge of it. There is a tendency with many Highland teachers to use Gaelic too much, on account, no doubt, of the greater ease and pleasure of using it. This retards progress, however, and should be guarded against. Even those who wish Gaelic "stamped out" (and there are not a few Highlanders who have strong views on this point), could best effect their object by a judicious cultivation of Gaelic in teaching English, so as to train the intelligence through it ; because the more English is intelligently understood and used by Gaelic children, the sooner will it become the general speech of the people, and the sooner, therefore, will Gaelic die. So that both the friends and enemies of Gaelic have an interest in using it for training intelligence.

3. The importance of Gaelic literature as an instrument of education and culture to the Gaelic people should be recognised in the teaching of Gaelic children. It is in and by the mother tongue of a people alone, with its thousand memories of home and youth, play and friendship, nature and religion, and with its countless avenues to the deeper feelings, that the education of the heart and the higher nature can be truly carried on ; it is by it alone that sentiment, feeling, devotion, and even the higher intellect can be really trained. And the mother tongue becomes a stronger instrument of culture when it contains a good and generous literature. Our school education should look beyond the little time spent within school walls to the after education of the man, and give him the power of pursuing this, by the use of the literature that appeals to and is best able to penetrate and mould his nature and touch its deeper springs. No foreign literature, however splendid, can do this. It must be done through the language of home, youth, love, and daily life, if there is a literature in that tongue. And such a literature exists in Gaelic, able to perform this higher function to the Highlander, abundant, varied, and powerful, full of fine sentiment, pleasant humour, lyrical beauty, deep feeling, practical wisdom, and natural life.

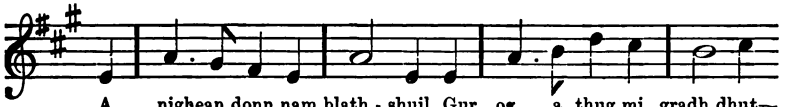
In a closing paragraph, Mr Jolly says that this question in no way touches

the other question of the desirability or otherwise of Gaelic dying out as a spoken tougue, which in many ways would be an advantage to the people:—

The teaching of it intelligently would not retard that certain issue of national life one single hour—it would undoubtedly hasten it. But while Gaelic is spoken, while it is the hourly language of nearly half-a-million of our people, and while it is used by many more, it would seem to be but simple justice, if not higher wisdom, to recognise this fact, and to act upon it in our schools.

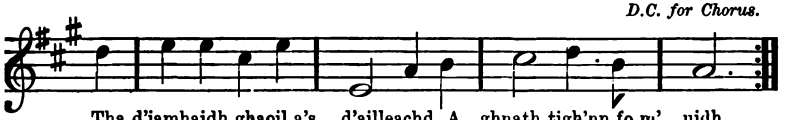
HO-RO MO NIGH'N DONN BHOIDHEACH.

In moderate time.



A nighean donn nam blath - shuil, Gur og a thug mi gradh dhut—
Chorus—Ho - ro mo nigh'n donn bhoidheach, Hi ri mo nigh'n donn bhoidheach,

D.C. for Chorus.



Tha d'iamhaidh ghaoil a's d'ailleachd, A ghnath tigh'nn fo m' uidh.
Mo chaileag laghach bhoidheach, Co phosainn ach thu ?

KEY A.

:s, | d :-.t, | l, :s, | d : — | s, :s, | d :-.r | f : m | r :— | m

D.C. for Chorus.

:f | s :s | m :s | s, :— | d :r | m :— | f :-.r | d:— | —||

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal,
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
Cha chaochail mo run.
Ho-ro, &c.

'N uair bha mi ann ad lathair,
Bu shona bha mo laithean;—
A' sealbhachadh do mhanrain,
A's aille do ghnuis.
Ho-ro, &c.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda
Na h-oigh a's caoimhe nadur;
I suairce, ceanail, baigheil,
Lan grais agus muirn.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ach riamh o 'n dh' fhag mi t' fhianuis,
Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh
Le iarguin do ruin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ge lurach air a' chabhsair
Na mnathan oga Gallda,
A righ! gur beag mo gheall-s'
Air bhi' sealltainn 'n an gnuis.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach Shamhraidh,
An gleann fad' o shuil.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
Bheir mise sgriob do 'n ghleann ud,
'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
Gu h-annsail, am flur.
Ho-ro, &c.

NOTE.—"Ho-ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach" is so well known throughout the Highlands that it is unnecessary to say anything in its praise in now presenting it to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*. W. M'K.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXXVIII. DECEMBER 1878. VOL. IV.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

[CONTINUED.]

XVII. WILLIAM, Fifth EARL OF SEAFORTH and Sixth LORD MACKENZIE OF KINTAIL, known among the Highlanders as "William Dubh." He does not appear at any time to have assumed the title of Marquis. He succeeded at a most important era in the history of Scotland, just when the country was divided on the great question of union with England, which, in spite of the fears of most of the Highland chiefs and nobles of Scotland, turned out in the end so beneficial to both. He would, no doubt, during his residence with his exiled parents in France, have imbibed strong Jacobite feelings. We have been able to obtain but little information of William's proceedings during the first few years of his rule. He appears to have continued abroad, for on the 23d of May 1709 an order appears addressed to the forester at Letterewe signed by the Earl's mother, the Dowager "Frances Seaforth." On the 22d of June 1713 she addresses a letter to Colin Mackenzie of Kincraig, in which she says—"I find my son William is fully inclined to do justice to all. Within fifteen days he will be at Brahan."* It also is signed "Frances Seaforth."

At this time a great majority of the southern nobles were ready to break out into open rebellion, while the Highland chiefs were almost to a man prepared for a rising. This soon became apparent to the Government. Bodies of armed Highlanders were seen moving about in several districts in the North. A party appeared in the neighbourhood of Inverness which was, however, soon dispersed by the garrison. The Government became alarmed, and the lords justices sent a large number of half-pay officers, chiefly from the Scottish regiments, to officer the militia, under command of Major-General Whitham, commander-in-chief at the time in Scotland. These proceedings alarmed the Jacobites, most of whom returned to their homes. The Duke of Gordon was confined in Edinburgh Castle, and the Marquis of Huntly and Lord Drummond in their respective residences. The latter fled to the Highlands and offered bail for his good behaviour.

* Original produced at Allangrange Service in 1829.

Captain Campbell of Glendaruel, who had obtained a commission from the late Administration to raise an independent company of Highlanders, was apprehended at Inverlochy and sent prisoner to Edinburgh. Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat was also seized and committed to the same place, and a proclamation was issued offering a reward of £100,000 sterling for the apprehension of the Chevalier should he land or attempt to land in great Britain. King George, on his arrival, threw himself entirely into the arms of the Whigs, who alone shared his favours. A spirit of the most violent discontent was excited throughout the whole kingdom, and the populace, led on by the Jacobite leaders, raised tumults in different parts of the King's dominions. The Chevalier, taking advantage of this excitement, issued his manifesto to the chief nobility, especially to the Dukes of Shrewsbury, Marlborough, and Argyll, who handed them to the Secretaries of State.

The King dissolved Parliament in the month of January 1715, and issued an extraordinary proclamation calling together a new Parliament. The Whigs were successful both in England and Scotland, but particularly so in the latter, where a majority of the peers, and forty out of the forty-five members then returned to the Commons, were in favour of the King's Government. The principal struggle was in the county of Inverness, between Mackenzie of Prestonhall strongly supported by Glengarry and the other Jacobite chiefs, and Forbes of Culloden, brother of the celebrated President, who carried the election through the influence of Brigadier-General Grant and the friends of Lord Lovat.

The Earl of Mar, who had rendered himself extremely unpopular among the Jacobite chiefs, afterwards rewarded some of his former favourites by advocating the repeal of the Union. He was again made Secretary of State for Scotland in 1713, but was unceremoniously dismissed from office by George I., and vowed revenge. He afterwards found his way north to Fife, and subsequently to the Braes of Mar. On the 19th of August 1715, he despatched letters to the principal Jacobites, among whom was Lord Seaforth, inviting them to attend a grand hunting match at Braemar on the 27th of the same month. This was a ruse meant to cover his intention to raise the standard of rebellion, and that the Jacobites were let into the secret is evident from the fact that as early as the 6th of August those in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood were aware of his intentions to come to Scotland. Under pretence of attending this grand match a considerable number of noblemen and gentlemen arrived at Aboyne about the appointed time, among whom were the Marquis of Huntly, eldest son of the Duke of Gordon; the Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole; the Earls of Nithsdale, Marischal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwarth, Seaforth, Linlithgow, and others; the Viscounts Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormont; Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvie, and Nairne; and about twenty-six gentlemen of influence in the Highlands, among whom were Generals Hamilton and Gordon, Glengarry, Campbell of Glendaruel, and the lairds of Auchterhouse and Auldbar.* Mar made a stirring address, expressing regret for his past conduct in favouring the

* History of the Highland Clans; Rae, p. 189; Annals of King George, pp. 15-16.

Union, and, now that his eyes were opened, promising to do all in his power to retrieve the past and make his countrymen again a free people. He produced a commission from James appointing him Lieutenant-General and Commander of all the Jacobite forces in Scotland, informed the meeting that he was supplied with money, and that an arrangement had been made by which he would be enabled to pay regularly any forces that might be raised, so that no gentleman who should join his standard with his followers would be put to any expense, and the country would be entirely relieved of the expenses of conducting the war; after which the meeting unanimously resolved to take up arms to establish the Chevalier on the Scottish throne. They then took the oath of fidelity to the Earl as representative of James VIII. and to each other, and separated, each going home promising to raise his vassals and be in readiness to join Mar whenever they were summoned to do so. They had scarcely arrived at their respective destinations when they were called upon to meet the Earl at Aboyne on the 3d of September following, where, with only sixty followers, Mar proclaimed the Chevalier at Castletown in Braemar, after which he proceeded to Kirkmichael, where, on the 6th of September, he raised his standard in presence of a force of 2000 men, mostly consisting of horse. When in course of erection the ball on the top of the pole fell off. This, which was regarded by the Highlanders as a bad omen, cast a gloom over the proceedings of the day.

Meanwhile Colonel Sir Hector Munro, who had served as Captain of the Earl of Orkney's Regiment with reputation in the wars of Queen Anne, raised his followers, who, with a body of Rosses, amounted to about 600 men. With these, in November 1715, he encamped at Alness, and on the 6th of October following he was joined by the Earl of Sutherland, accompanied by his son, Lord Strathnaver, and by Lord Reay, with an additional force of 600, in the interest of the Whig Government, and to cover their own districts and check the movements of the Western clans in effecting a junction with the Earl of Mar, whom Earl William and Sir Donald Macdonald had publicly espoused, as already stated, at the pretended hunting match in Braemar. This meeting at Alness had the effect of keeping Seaforth in the North. If the Earl and his mother's clans had advanced a month earlier the Duke of Argyll could not have dared to make head against Mar's united forces, who might have pushed an army across the Forth sufficient to have paralyzed any exertion that might have been made to have preserved a shadow of the existing Government in Scotland. It may be said that if Dundee had lived to have held the commission of Mar, such a junction would not have been necessary to effect, which amounts to no more than that the life of Dundee would have been tantamount to a restoration of the Stewarts. Mar was not trained in the camp, nor did he possess the military genius of a Dundee. Had Montrose a moiety of his force things would have been otherwise. Mar, trusting to Seaforth's reinforcement, was inactive, and Seaforth was for a time kept in by the collocation of Sutherland's levies, till he was also joined by 700 Macdonalds and detachments from other names, amounting, with his own followers, to 3000 men, with which he instantly attacked the Earl of Sutherland, who fled with his mixed army precipitately to Bonar-Bridge, where they dispersed. A party of Grants on their

way to join them, on being informed of Sutherland's retreat, thought it prudent to retrace their steps. Seaforth, thus relieved, levied considerable fines on Munro's territories, which were fully retaliated in his absence with the Jacobite army, to join which he now set out; and Sir John Mackenzie of Coul, whom he had ordered to occupy Inverness, was, after a gallant resistance, forced by Lord Lovat, at the head of a mixed body of Frasers and Grants, to retreat with his garrison to Ross-shire. "Whether he followed his chief to Perth does not appear; but on Seaforth's arrival that Mar seems for the first time to have resolved on the passage of the Firth—a movement which led to the Battle of Sheriffmuir—is evident and conclusive as to the different features given to the whole campaign by the Whig camp at Alness, however creditable to the noble Earl and his mother's confederates. But it is not our present province to enter on a military review of the conduct of either army preceding this consequential conflict, or to decide to which party the victory, claimed by both parties, properly belonged; suffice it to say that above 3000 of Seaforth's men formed a considerable part of the second line, and seem from the general account on that subject to have done their duty."* A great many of Seaforth's followers were slain, among whom were four gentlemen who appear to have signally distinguished themselves. These were John Mackenzie of Hilton, who commanded a company of the Mackenzies, John Mackenzie of Applecross, John of Conchra, and John of Achtertyre. Their prowess on the field has been commemorated by one of their followers, John MacRae, who escaped and returned home, in an excellent Gaelic poem, known as "Latha Blàr an t-Siorra," or the "Day of Sheriffmuir," and which we shall preserve elsewhere. The fate of these renowned warriors was keenly regretted by their Highland countrymen, and they are still remembered and distinguished among them as "Ceithear Ianan na h-Alba," or the "Four Johns of Scotland."

During the previous troubles Islandonain Castle got into the hands of the King's troops, but some time before Sheriffmuir it was again secured by the following stratagem:—A neighbouring tenant applied to the Governor for some of the garrison to cut his corn, as he feared from the appearance of the sky and the croaking of ravens that a heavy storm was impending, and that nothing but a sudden separation of his crop from the ground could save his family from starvation. The Governor readily yielded to his solicitations and sent the garrison of Government soldiers then in the castle to his aid, who, on their return, discovered the ruse too late; for the Kintail men were by this time reaping the spoils, and had possession of the castle. "The oldest inhabitant of the parish remembers to have seen the Kintail men under arms, dancing on the leaden roof, just as they were setting out for the Battle of Sheriffmuir, where this resolute band was cut to pieces."†

Inverness continued meanwhile in possession of the Mackenzies, under command of the Governor, Sir John Mackenzie of Coul, and George Mackenzie of Gruinard. Macdonald of Keppoch was on his march to support Sir John at Inverness, and Lord Lovat, learning this, gathered his men together, and on the 7th of November decided to throw himself

* Bennetsfield MS. † Old Statistical Account of Kintail, 1792.

across the river Ness and place his forces directly between Keppoch and the Governor. Sir John, on discovering the movement of Lovat, resolved to make a sally out of the garrison and place the enemy between him and the advancing Keppoch, where he could attack him with advantage, but Keppoch became alarmed and returned home through Glen-Urquhart, whereupon Lord Lovat marched straight upon Inverness, and took up a position about a mile to the west of the town. The authorities were summoned to send out the garrison and the Governor, or the town would be burned and the inhabitants put to the sword. Preparations were made for the attack, but Sir John Mackenzie, considering any further defence hopeless, on the 10th of November collected together all the boats he could find, and at high water safely effected his escape from the town, when Lovat marched in without opposition. His Lordship advised the Earl of Sutherland of his possession of Inverness, and on the 15th November the latter, leaving Colonel Robert Munro of Fowlis as Governor of Inverness, went with his followers, accompanied by Lord Lovat with some of his men, to Brahan Castle, and compelled the responsible men of the Clan Mackenzie who were not in the South with the Earl of Seaforth, to come under an obligation for their peaceable behaviour, and to return the arms previously taken from the Munroes by Lord Seaforth at Alness; to release the prisoners in their possession, and promise not to assist Lord Seaforth directly or indirectly in his efforts against the Government; that they would grant to the Earl of Sutherland any sum of money he might require from them upon due notice for the use of the Government; and, finally, that Brahan Castle, the principal residence of the Earl of Seaforth, should be turned into a garrison for his Majesty King George.

Seaforth returned home from Sheriffmuir, and again collected his men near Brahan, but the Earl of Sutherland, with a large number of his own men, Lord Reay's, the Munroes, Rosses, Culloden's men, and the Frasers, marched to meet him and encamped at Beauly, within a few miles of Seaforth's camp, and prepared to give him battle, "which, when my Lord Seaforth saw, he thought it convenient to capitulate, own the King's authority, disperse his men, and propose the mediation of these Government friends for his pardon. Upon his submission the King was graciously pleased to send down orders that upon giving up his arms and coming into Inverness, he might expect his pardon; yet upon the Pretender's Anvil at Perth and my Lord Huntly's suggestions to him that now was the time for them to appear for their King and country, and that what honour they lost at Dunblane might yet be regained; but while he thus insinuated to my Lord Seaforth, he privately found that my Lord Seaforth had by being an early suitor for the King's pardon, by promising to lay down his arms, and owning the King's authority, claimed in a great measure to an assurance of his life and fortune, which he thought proper for himself to purchase at the rate of disappointing Seaforth, with hopes of standing by the good old cause, till Seaforth, with that vain hopes, lost the King's favour that was promised him; which Huntly embraced by taking the very first opportunity of deserting the Pretender's cause, and surrendering himself upon terms made with him of safety to his life and fortune. This sounded so sweet to him that he

sleeped so secure as never to dream of any preservation for a great many good gentlemen that made choice to stand by him and serve under him, than many other worthy nobles who would die or banish rather than not show their personal bravery, and all other friendly offices to their adherents."*

In February 1716, hopeless of attaining his object, the unfortunate son of James II. left Scotland, the land of his forefathers, never to visit it again, and Earl William followed him to the common resort of the exiled Jacobites of the time. On the 7th of the following May an act of attainder was passed against the Earl and other chiefs of the Jacobite party. Their estates were forfeited, though practically in many cases, and especially in that of the Earl of Seaforth, it was found extremely difficult to carry the forfeiture into effect, as we shall presently see. The Master of Sinclair is responsible for the base and unfounded allegation that the Earl of Seaforth, the Marquis of Huntly, and other Jacobites, were in treaty with the Government to deliver up the Chevalier to the Duke of Argyll, that they might procure better terms for themselves than they could otherwise expect. "This odious charge, which is not corroborated by any other writer, must be looked upon as highly improbable."† If any proof of the untruthfulness of this charge is necessary it will be found in the fact that Earl William returned afterwards to the Island of Lews, and re-embodied his vassals there under an experienced officer, Campbell of Ormundel, who had served with distinction in the Russian army, and it was not until a large Government force was sent over against him, which he found it impossible successfully to oppose, that he recrossed to the mainland and escaped to France.

Among the "gentlemen prisoners" taken to the Castle of Stirling on the day after the Battle of Sheriffmuir we find the following in a list published in "Patten's Rebellion"—Kenneth Mackenzie, nephew to Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coul; John Maclean, adjutant to Colonel Mackenzie's Regiment; Colin Mackenzie of Kildin, captain of Fairburn's Regiment; Hugh MacRaw, Donald MacRaw, and Christopher MacRae.

The war declared against Spain in December 1718 again revived the hopes of the Jacobites, who, in accordance with a stipulation between the British Government and the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, had previously, with the Chevalier and the Duke of Ormond at their head, been ordered out of France. They repaired to Madrid where they held conferences with Cardinal Alberoni, and concerted an invasion of Great Britain. On the 10th of March 1719 a fleet, consisting of ten men-of-war and twenty-one transports, having on board five thousand men, a large quantity of ammunition, and thirty thousand muskets, sailed from Cadiz under the command of the Duke of Ormond, with instructions to join the rest of the expedition at Corunna, and to make a descent at once upon England, Scotland, and Ireland. The sorry fate of this expedition is well-known. Only two frigates reached its destination, the rest having been dispersed and disabled off Cape Finisterre by a violent storm which lasted about twelve days. The two ships which survived the storm and reached Scotland had on board the Earl of Seaforth and Earl

* Lord Lovat's Account of the Taking of Inverness. Patten's Rebellion.
† Fullarton's Highland Clans, p. 471.

Marischal, the Marquis of Tullibardine, some field officers, three hundred Spaniards, and arms and ammunition for two thousand men. They entered Lochalsh about the middle of May. They effected a landing in Kintail and were joined by a body of Seaforth's vassals, and a party of Macgregors under command of the famous Rob Roy; but the other Jacobite chiefs, remembering their previous disappointments and misfortunes, stood aloof until the whole of Ormond's forces should arrive. General Wightman, who was stationed at Inverness, hearing of their arrival, marched to meet them with 2000 Dutch troops and a detachment of the garrison at Inverness. Seaforth's forces and their allies took possession of the pass of Glenshiel, but on the approach of the Government forces they retired to the pass of Strachell, which they decided to defend at all hazards. They were here engaged by General Wightman, who, after a smart skirmish of about three hours' duration, and after inflicting some loss upon the Highlanders, drove them from one eminence to another till night came on, when the Highlanders, their chief having been seriously wounded, and giving up all hopes of a successful resistance, retired during the night to the mountains, carrying Seaforth along with them; and the Spaniards, next morning, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.* Seaforth, Marischal, and Tullibardine, with the other principal officers, managed to effect their escape to the Western Isles, from which they afterwards found their way to the continent. Rob Roy was placed in ambush with the view of attacking the Royal troops in the rear, and it is recorded that having more zeal than prudence, he attacked the rear of the enemy's column before they had become engaged in front; his small party was routed, and the intention of placing the King's troops between two fires was thus defeated.† General Wightman sent a detachment to Islandonain Castle, which he ordered to be blown up and demolished.

Wightman advanced from the Highland Capital by Loch-Ness, and a modern writer pertinently asks "Why he was allowed to pass by such a route without opposition? It is alleged that Marischal and Tullibardine had interrupted the movements of the invaders by ill-timed altercations about command, but we are provoked to observe that some extraordinary interposition seems evident to frustrate every scheme towards forwarding the cause of the ill-fated house of Stuart. Had the Chevalier St George arrived earlier, as he might have done; had William Earl of Seaforth joined the Earl of Mar some time before, as he ought to have done; and strengthened as Mar would then have been, had he boldly advanced on Stirling, as it appears he would have done, Argyll's force would have been annihilated and James VIII. proclaimed at the Cross of Edinburgh. Well did the brave Highlanders indignantly demand, 'What did you

* The Spaniards kept their powder magazine and balls behind the manse, but after the Battle of Glenshiel they set fire to it lest it should fall into the hands of the King's troops. These balls are still gathered up by sportsmen, and are found in great abundance upon the glebe.—*Old Statistical Account of Kintail.*

† *New Statistical Account of Glenshiel*, by the Rev. John Macrae, who gives a minute description of the scenes of the battle, and informs us that in constructing the parliamentary road which runs through the Glen a few years ago, several bullets and pieces of musket barrels were found; and the green mounds which cover the graves of the slain, and the ruins of a rude breast-work, which the Highlanders constructed on the crest of the hill to cover their position, still mark the scene of the conflict.

call us to arms for? Was it to run away? What did our own King come for? Was it to see us butchered by hangmen?' There was a fatuity that accompanied all their undertakings which neutralised intrepidity, devotedness, and bravery; which the annals of no other people can exhibit, and paltry jealousies which stultified exertions, which, independently of political results, astonished Europe at large."*

An Act of Parliament for disarming the Highlanders was passed in 1716, but in some cases to very little purpose, for some of the most disaffected clans were better armed than ever, though by the Act the collectors of taxes were allowed to pay for the arms given in, none were delivered except those which were broken, old, and unfit for use, and these were valued at prices far above what they were really worth. Not only so, but a lively trade in old arms was carried on with Holland and other continental countries, and these arms were sold to the commissioners as Highland weapons, at exorbitant prices. General Wade also found in the possession of the Highlanders a large quantity of arms which they obtained from the Spaniards who took part in the Battle of Glenshiel, and he computed that those Highlanders opposed to the Government possessed at this time no less than five or six thousand arms of various kinds.

Wade arrived in Inverness on the 10th of August 1725, and in virtue of another Act passed in the same year, he was empowered to proceed to the Highlands and to summon the clans to deliver up their arms, and carry several other recommendations of his own into effect. On his arrival he immediately proceeded to business, went to Brahan Castle, and called on the Mackenzies to deliver up their weapons. He took those presented to him on the word of Murchison, factor on the estate, and by the representation of Tarbat, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Cromarty, and Sir Colin Mackenzie of Coul, at the head of a large deputation of the clan, he compromised his more rigid instructions and accepted a selection of worn-out and worthless arms, and at the same time promised that if the clan exhibited a willing disposition to comply with the orders of the Government he would use his influence in the following Parliament to procure a remission for their chief and his followers; and we find, to quote our last-named authority, that "through his means, and the action of other minions of Court (Tarbat was then in power), Seaforth received a simple pardon by letters patent in 1726, for himself and clan, whose submission was recognised in the sham form of delivering their arms, a matter of the less consequence as few of that generation were to have an opportunity of wielding them again in the same cause."

(To be Continued.)

THE fourth part of Sinclair's "Oranaiche," recently issued, is in every way quite up to its predecessors. The next part will complete the work in accordance with the original intention of the Publishers.

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* Bennetsfield MS.

HACO, THE DANE, OR THE PRINCE'S WOOING.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF LOCH-MAREE, IN THREE PARTS.

By J. E. MUDDOCK, *author of "A Wingless Angel," "As the Shadows Fall," "Lovat, or Out in the '45," &c., &c.*

——o——

PART II.—THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

IN the strange and wild looking man who had so suddenly appeared before him, as if he had risen out of the very bowels of the earth, Haco recognised "Red Hector of the Hills."

This man was giant-like in his proportions, and his powerful physique, massive chest, and broad shoulders presented a marked contrast to the slim, graceful figure of the Prince.

Hector was as wild in nature as he was in appearance. He was chief of a small yet savage clan, which, disdaining allegiance to the more powerful clans, was constantly at war. Hector's whole life had been passed amidst scenes of rapine and bloodshed. He was as bloodthirsty as the wolf, as cunning as the fox, as subtle as the serpent. He carried his life in his hands, for all men, save those of his own clan, were against him. He warred for what he was pleased to term his "rights." From his earliest age he had been taught that power, wealth, and influence were his birthright, but that this birthright had been stolen from him. By whom it was not very clear, but at all events it was his special mission to acquire these things either by fair means or foul. His name had come to be a name of terror throughout Ross-shire, and even at the present day, many an auld wife stills the crying of a fractious bairn by telling it that if it does not cease she will call in Red Hector. Ferocious, merciless, and bloodthirsty, no wonder that he had come to be feared, for there was something wolfish in his nature, and the wolves that prowled about the mountains, and sneaked through the glens and valleys in search of prey were not more hated than he. There was one singular trait, however, in his character, and which in a large measure compensated for his otherwise fierce and cruel instincts. This was nothing less than an unswerving gentleness and kindness to women and children.

"I wage war with men," he was fond of saying, "and not with bairns and women."

The result of this was that not a few women of the district had given him shelter and food when he had been sorely pressed by his enemies, and oftentimes those enemies were the husbands of the very women who were protecting him.

Soon after the Princess Thyra had come to dwell on Isle Maree, Hector had met her one day in company with some of the monks as they were returning from one of the religious houses which stood in Glen Docherty. Hector gazed upon the fair face of the Princess until he became, as it were, entranced. She and the monks saw him, as he stood beneath the shadow of an overhanging rock, and his coarse and wild appearance alarmed her so that they quickened their pace and hurried

away. Hector did not offer to follow them, but he continued to gaze after the beautiful girl until she disappeared. Then he wandered away slowly to the hills. He was thoughtful and silent, and from that moment a change came over him. The face of the Princess haunted him. He could never shut it out, and he began to dream that it was within the region of possibility she might yet be his, and at no distant date. Day after day he waited in the same spot in the hope that he might again meet her, but he waited in vain. Then a strange restlessness stole over him, and unable longer to control his feelings he determined, in spite of the superstitious awe with which he, in common with all the Highlanders, regarded Isle Maree, to visit the island and endeavour to obtain an interview with the woman who—so to speak—had enchanted him.

He went down to the edge of the loch opposite the island, and with that unflinching boldness which was part of his nature, he plunged into the dark waters and swam to the island. Dripping and exhausted after his hazardous feat—for it was a long distance, and the season being winter the water was terribly cold—he landed, much to the astonishment and alarm of some of the monks who were busy in the garden of the monastery. But to assure them of his peaceful intentions, Red Hector devoutly bowed his knee and crossed himself. Then he drank of the water of the holy well, and as a still more convincing proof of the peacefulness of his mission, he drew a coin from his pouch and drove it into the money-tree. This done, he approached one of the monks, who, from certain indications in his dress, was superior to the rest, and removing his bonnet from his massive head, which was covered with coarse, red hair, he bowed low, and said—

"Holy father, the unusual manner which I have taken to visit you need cause you no alarm. I was unable to obtain a boat, and moved by burning impatience I trusted myself to the waters. I come alone, therefore is my mission peace."

"Thou art welcome, my son," the monk replied, as he folded his arms upon his breast, "as are all those who come to our sanctuary with good intent. But what brings thee here in so unusual a manner?"

"What should bring me, father, save bright eyes and ruddy lips! What should induce me to risk my life in the treacherous waters of the loch save love!"

"Love!" the monk echoed in surprise, while his brow darkened with a frown.

"Aye, even love. Dost think that my heart is stone? Rugged and wild I am in appearance; that I know, but I am not without feeling, not yet dead to the influence of beauty and gentleness."

The monk seemed annoyed and confused, but after a pause he answered, "But why comest thou here to tell *me* this?"

"Art thou so dull that thou canst not guess that I come to woo one whose home is here—even the Princess Thyra."

The monk started and looked at his colleagues, then turning to the bold Hector, who stood shivering in the cold wind, he said, "Surely thou art mad, my son, to dream of one who is so far above thee."

"Far above me!" Hector cried in a wrathful tone. "Love recognises no degrees of rank or station, it levels all."

"Grant you that that is true," answered the monk. "Thou shouldst not forget that the Princess is wedded to the Church, or at least until such times as her father chooses to appoint her a husband."

"What care I for her father," Hector exclaimed, as the passion glow mounted into his swarthy face, for he could not bear to be thwarted, and his self-possession was leaving him. "I have looked into her face, and henceforth she and she only can be my light. Give me an opportunity to woo her, but even though you should oppose me I tell you this, and the vow of Red Hector was never yet broken—I will possess her."

"Thou art saucy and insolent," the monk answered, "and let me tell thee that the Princess Thyra is not for the likes of thee."

At this moment the Princess crossed the garden as she was on her way to the little chapel. As he caught sight of her form, Hector was moving towards her without noticing the monk's words, but the monk caught him by the arm and held him back. Almost foaming with rage, the Highlander raised his ponderous fist to strike the holy man, but quick as thought the monk drew a small crucifix from his bosom, and holding it above Hector's head, he exclaimed—

"Away, thou man of crime and sin, or, by this symbol of holiness and truth, thou shalt be cursed."

Hector recoiled in horror. Like all the Highlanders, he was very superstitious, and the thought of being placed under a ban filled him with a dreadful fear. In a few moments, however, he partly recovered himself. The wolf had come back into his nature again, and all the gentleness had died out. He drew his gaunt, powerful figure up, and while his keen eyes flashed fire, he exclaimed—

"The sanctity of this holy isle protects thee from my wrath, but thy insolence and churlishness shall not go unpunished; and I swear at every hazard to possess the Princess Thyra."

Without another word he turned on his heel, and stalking down to the water, he plunged in without a moment's hesitation, and swam away.

From the moment that Red Hector left the island he was a changed man, and his whole thought was of the Princess Thyra. Twice after that he met her on the mainland in company with the monks as they returned from their weekly visits to the religious houses which had been established in the neighbouring glens. On each occasion he took the opportunity to declare his love in the most impassioned language. But the Princess turned a deaf ear to him, and told him that it would be perfectly useless for him to hope that he could ever gain her hand. In time he learned that she was betrothed to Prince Haco, and then the man's nature seemed to become more savage, and he swore the most terrible oath that he would be revenged on his rival.

The Prince was warned against Red Hector, but he paid little heed to the warnings, for he did not think it likely that this man would dare to lift his hand against a scion of the Royal House of Denmark. As time passed and nothing was heard or seen of Hector, Haco had almost forgotten him, until at last they stood face to face on that night when the Prince returned from his interview with the Princess.

As the Prince looked upon the powerful savage before him, a momentary fear caused a shudder to pass over his frame, for he saw that a combat

with such a foe would be all to his disadvantage. But Haco was naturally a brave man, and the fear gave place to contempt and scorn.

"Say, fellow," he cried, "what do you mean by this outrage, and why do you try to make a target of my body for your arrows?"

A withering smile wreathed itself around Hector's cruel mouth as he made answer—

"Canst thou ask such a question as that, seeing that thou hast just left the woman who is dearer to me than my own life," he retorted fiercely.

"And thinkest thou that she would deign to notice such a savage wolf as thou art?" Haco asked scornfully. "Move from my path and let me pass. Her very name is polluted by being uttered by thy foul lips."

"By the moon that shines in yonder heavens, these words shall cost thee thy life," Hector cried, as like a tiger springing on its prey he sprang at Haco's throat.

In point of physique no two men could have been more in opposition than Haco and Hector, but what the Prince lacked in stature and build, he made up by litheness and agility. His rapier was knocked from his hand by the ugly rush of his antagonist who had drawn his dirk and was trying to lunge it into Haco's heart. The Prince saw the weapon gleam in the moonlight. He knew that this half savage man was pitiless, and that only the dumb stones and rocks and the whispering trees were there to witness the death struggle. Help there was none. It was man to man, and the fight would only end when one or both were lying stark and dead. Suddenly there came before the mental vision of the Prince the fair and pitiful face of her who was far dearer to him than life. And as he thought of her and the desolation into which she would be plunged if he were slain, he seemed to be filled with almost superhuman strength—a strength that was begotten by the energy of desperation, if not of despair. He had seized the wrist of his foe, and held him with a tenacious grip that the other could not shake off. With all his mighty strength Hector was unwieldy and clumsy, whereas the Prince had been taught the art of fence, and he felt that could he but possess himself of his fallen weapon he could without difficulty place his foe *hors de combat.*

Locked in a deadly embrace the two men struggled like savage animals, and in trying to get a better hold of his agile foe, Hector dropped his dirk.

They were on equal terms now—each man was unarmed—and there is little doubt that in the end Hector would have succeeded, by mere brute force, in crushing the life out of his antagonist. But suddenly as they reeled to and fro they both fell, Hector being uppermost. His strong hands were round the Prince's throat, when the Prince cried—

"Coward! dastardly coward! Would you destroy a defenceless and unarmed man?"

For a moment Red Hector paused as if weighing the words in his brain. Then he rose, much to the other's surprise, and while his eyes flashed and his lip quivered with passion, he answered—

"Coward to your teeth. I am no coward, and I scorn to take advantage of you. Hector of the Hills never yet struck an unarmed man. Rise and take up your sword." As he spoke he picked up his dirk, and

grasping it savagely, he stood on his guard and waited for the Prince to regain his feet.

Struck by this manly and almost noble trait in Hector's character, Haco as he rose said—

"I gladly withdraw the epithet. You are no coward, but indeed a brave man; and instead of being enemies, we should be friends. I fear thee not, and yet I say that we should not fight but part in peace."

Hector's face was scarlet with passion, and his eyes gleamed like a wild cat's.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, "why do you waste words? I hate you," he hissed between his clenched teeth—"hate you," he repeated, with strong vehemence, "for you are my rival. Take up your sword, or by the God who made us, I will strike you down where you stand."

"Can we not settle this matter any other way but by fighting?" Haco asked, still anxious to avoid bloodshed.

"No," growled Hector, "only one of us shall ever leave this spot again alive."

Without another word the Prince stooped and picked up his rapier. Not the shadow of a fear agitated him now. He felt on terms of equality with his powerful foe, for he was a master in the use of the sword. He cast one look up to the heavens. Perhaps a hasty prayer was passing through his brain. The stars and moon were shining brilliantly. The water of the loch was lapping the shore with a musical plash, and the night wind stirred the trees into a strange and weird melody. Turning his eyes from above, the Prince gave one hurried look across the dark waters to where the holy isle lay steeped in purple shadow, and in whose peaceful sanctuary his beloved perhaps slept and dreamed of him. Inaudibly he breathed her name, and the thought of her gave him a lion's heart.

"On thy guard," he cried, as he grasped the handle of his rapier with a grip of steel.

"Victory to him who draws first blood," growled Hector, as warily he crept towards his antagonist, and watching his opportunity to spring. For some moments the two men moved round and round each other like watchful tigers. Then, with the quickness of thought, the Prince made a sudden lunge, but the other sprang aside, and in an instant he got under the Prince's guard, and aimed a terrific blow at his heart. He missed his aim, however, but the dirk went through the fleshy part of the Prince's arm, and first blood was drawn.

"Victory to him who draws first blood," Hector had said, and now as the Prince remembered the ominous words they seemed to have a fatal significance. But he lost none of his courage. He knew too well now that it was a fight to the death. He staggered for a moment, but quickly recovering himself, and though the warm blood was spurting from the wound, he darted forward and gashed the Highlander in the neck.

"Blood for blood," he cried exultingly.

Both men were now thoroughly aroused, and for some minutes it was thrust and parry, parry and thrust. Twice did the Prince succeed in wounding his foe, and once again the Highlander's dirk drank the royal blood of Haco. But neither man was mortally wounded, and the sight

of the blood which covered them both only served to arouse them to more desperate efforts. The fight became furious. The ground beneath their feet was soaked with gore, and trampled into a pool. Each of the combatants was desperately wounded and bleeding profusely; and at last, seizing an opportunity, when for a moment the Prince was off his guard, Hector flew at him and both went down together. For a brief second the Highlander's dirk flashed and gleamed in the moon's rays, and then it descended and was sheathed in Haco's body.

The unfortunate Prince gave vent to a gurgling gasp, his body quivered; then all was still. Hector drew his weapon from the wound, and wiped it on his plaid. Then he rose to his feet and listened. Not a sound was to be heard save the wash of the waters, and the sighing of the wind in the trees. The Prince was motionless, as motionless as the rocky boulders that were strewn around. The Highlander spurned the body with his foot, and then with a grunt of satisfaction he walked hastily away, and was lost in the darkness of the night.

(To be Continued.)

A HIGHLAND EXILE'S DEATH.

'Twas in the far Canadian wilds, where Frazer's waters flow,
And foot of man the solitude can scarce be said to know
(Save when, like shadow through the glades, the wary Indian strays
With stealthy step, which snapping twig nor rustling leaf betrays):
That, as the glow of day began in gloom of eve to melt,
Two hunter forms beside a third in heartfelt sorrow knelt.

All three were clad in backwood guise, in trophies of the chase;
Each was of rugged, well-knit frame, and weather-beaten face;
Each showed the spare but sinewy strength begot of woodland toil,
While features hard and piercing eye spoke sons of Scotland's soil
Who long had left the glens o'erhung by proud Ben Aven's crest
To seek a freeman's dwelling 'mid the forests of the West.

Lithsome-limbed and supple-sinewed, shoulder-broad and brisket deep,
Such they were as tyrants banish, but true statesmen love to keep;
Such as glen and strath and corrie in the glorious mountain land
Rear (or reared, the while I knew it—'neath the gallant Gordon's hand);
Such as changed in hue their tartans, as they stemmed the battle's flood,
With the life-stream of the foeman, and their own blue Highland blood!
Such they were as women worship, not for features' sake alone,
Not for stalwart form and stately, muscle hard, and bendless bone
(Though for these they stood unequalled), but for fearless heart and true,
Kindly glance, and dauntless bearing, worn beneath the bonnet blue:
Such as ever made the staunchest serried ranks of France to reel,
Nodding plume and waving tartan charging with the Highland steel.

Oh! ye gallant sons of Albyn! Oh! ye clansmen of the North!
Cursed the memory of the traitors who sent you from Scotland forth;
Thrice accursed short-sighted statesmen who could give to alien men
Power to drive you from your dwellings in each hero-nursing glen!
Had *you* stayed the foe might threaten, diplomats succeed or fail—
Britain still could count on Scotland's "*Clann nan Gaidheal 'n guaillibh cheil*."
. . . . . .

Now, alas! where look we for them? Almost vainly in the land
Where they mustered at the beckon of Jane Maxwell's lily hand!*

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* The Duchess of Gordon, who raised the 92d Regiment.

If we ask for Highland soldiers, neught but memories give reply !
Why should this be? Ah ! let every mountain echo answer "Why?"
. . . . . .

Memories only ! God we thank thee that such memories yet remain
Treasured in our Nation's annals, should they never live again !
Better heritage I deem it than a Howard's titled blood,
To be kindred to those heroes slumb'ring 'neath the foreign sod !
Better to be named Macgregor than Plantagenet or Guelph !
Nobler patriarchal Cluny, than the tawdry Prince of Pelf !
. . . . . .

Leveson-Gower ! shout thy slogan ! scatter golden bribes abroad
Through the straths where gallant clansmen once in many a band abode !
Whence at slightest note of danger to our Highland land and thee
Claymores would have flashed in thousands 'gainst the common enemy !
Leveson-Gower, read the lesson largely writ in many a glen—
Desert straths with deer for tenants, and a lack of Highland men !
Slouching keepers found in plenty—somewhat skilled indeed in killing,—
But the Cockney's *tip* is relished better than Victoria's shilling !

Live a father to thy people ! love them better than thyself !
Surely thou of all men living may'st make sacrifice of pelf.
What to thee a banker's balance if it cost thee love of men !
Fill thy straths with Highland manhood, people thickly every glen !
So thy name shall live immortal, writ in Love's unfading lines
On the page of Scotland's story—ever green as Scotland's pines.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Fading as the sunlight faded, Donald's life-light waned apace :
Death's grey shadow fell (yet softly) on his ruddy manhood's face !
Thus he spoke (the words—O read them, as he spoke, with bated breath—
For a hardly-broken silence best befits thy presence, Death !
Only ear of love can gather murmured words from panting breast
Soon to hush in that long silence which God calls his promised rest !)
"Hector ! thou wert ever strongest of us three that left our home,
Far from bonnie Scotland's heather, in a foreign land to roam ;
Therefore, carry home my message—nay, now weep not, be a man !
Loving hearts await its hearing in our home in fair Stratha'an !
Tell my mother that she tarries for my coming home again,
In yon dear ben-sheltered clachan where we parted, all in vain :
Hector's smile will greet her welcome, Evan's coming make her glad,
But, though Donald be not with them, she must not be therefore sad.
Tell her that no open foeman made her boy disgrace his name ;
Tell her lurking treason's weapon may bring death but never shame !
Tell her that I died in honour, and in peace with God and man
(Here he lisped his childhood's prayer :—sunset oft resembles dawn !)
. . . . . .

Tell her to be kind to Maggie—Maggie Gordon of the Dee,—
Whose fair face (God so has willed it) I shall never live to see !
Bear my blessing to the maiden, had I lived, I would have wed,
But a plighted troth must never bind the living to the dead !
Tell dear Maggie that her tokens lie with me where I repose,
Death's strong hand that reft my life, could not dissever me from those !
Tell the minister I parted, strong in faith on Him I love,
Christ, whose mercy he encouraged my young heart to seek and prove.
He'll be pleased, I know : his counsels often guided me in youth.
Now I look to meet him yonder, where abides the God of Truth :
Now the Master will receive me dying, for He died for me.
Kiss me, brothers !—Now 'tis daybreak, daybreak of Eternity.
Lay me 'neath the oak-trees' shadow, though they grow here in the West,
They recal the birk-trees' murmur in Strathaven:"—then came rest.

A. MACGREGOR ROSE.

NOTE.—Every one who loves the Highlands and Highlanders will rejoice to know that His Grace the Duke of Sutherland is adopting the course indicated as the true and worthy one in the above lines (which were written some time ago), and that he is showing a noble example to all Highland chiefs. In a few years there will be no lack of ready soldiers in Sutherland.—A. M. R.

MARY MORRISON.

MANY years since, there lived on a small farm at the foot of the famous Coolin Hills, a middle-aged man, Donald Morrison. His land not being well adapted for growing corn, he devoted his attention to the rearing and breeding of cattle. Being exceedingly prudent, careful, and of inexpensive habits, he was looked upon by his poorer neighbours as a rich man. He married somewhat late in life, a middle-aged woman, who, like himself, had saved some little money. They had only one child, a daughter, Mary, who grew up a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, the very reverse to her parents in disposition. She was as frank and open-handed as they were reserved and penurious. Donald, though totally uneducated himself, was shrewd enough to see the benefits of having his daughter well taught—in fact the old man's one ambition was to see his child well married, and "living like a lady," as he expressed it. Accordingly, he spared no expense in giving her the best education the district afforded. At the time of our story tea was only lately introduced into the Highlands, and was only taken as a luxury even by the higher classes. The art of making and serving out tea to company was therefore looked upon as an essential part of a young lady's education, and a sure sign of culture and good breeding. Donald, anxious that his daughter should possess this new accomplishment, went to Broadford and waited upon the factor's wife, who was an English lady, and, of course, well versed in this as well as other ladylike qualities, and begged her, as a great favour, to take Mary under her charge for a few weeks, and initiate her into the mystery of tea-making, he to supply tea and sugar for the purpose. The lady kindly consented, and after a short stay in the factor's house Mary returned home, much improved by her intercourse with the English lady. Donald was so pleased that he laid in a stock of the then expensive article, and invited his friends at stated intervals to partake of the new beverage, and the old man felt well repaid while watching the grace and ladylike ease with which his daughter did the honours of the tea table. To give the finishing polish Donald determined upon sending Mary to a boarding school at Oban, kept by a maiden lady of the name of Curry. Here Mary soon became a favourite with teachers and pupils, and grew into a most beautiful and accomplished young woman. She had been in Oban about eighteen months when the following occurrence which influenced her whole after life took place:—

One fine afternoon she and a few of the other eldest pupils were allowed to go for a walk to the sea side, near the ruins of Dunolly Castle. While amusing themselves about the old walls they came upon a quiet secluded little creek, with a clean pebbly beach, quite the place to invite a plunge in the clear sea below. No sooner did one suggest this than all agreed. The bottom a few feet out was full of treacherous deep holes. Two of the girls were soon in. One of them more daring than her companion went too far, at once lost her footing, and sank. The other screamed, and drew Mary's attention to them. Half-dressed as she was she jumped in to save the drowning girl, who grasped her so tightly

that she was unable to help her or save her own life. They both sank apparently to rise no more. At that moment a shout was heard from the top of the bank above them. The next moment a young man rushed and dived into the spot where he saw the girls sink, and in a few moments had them on shore, where he used every means to restore animation. He soon had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success, and immediately sent some of the girls to Oban for aid, while he, with the help of the others, continued to attend to the sufferers. Rubbing and drying Mary's head and face, she slowly opened her eyes, surveyed him from head to foot, and, observing that he was wet all over, she comprehended the situation. She gazed into his face with such a look of heartfelt thanks—a look into which her whole soul seemed to be concentrated. It reached and penetrated into the young man's heart, and left an impression there that years could not efface. Miss Curry was soon on the scene with a conveyance. She acknowledged the bravery of the young man, and invited him to call at her house next day, that she might in a more formal manner thank him for saving the lives of her pupils. He did so, and found Mary recovered sufficiently to meet him, while the other girl was not so well, although out of danger. In course of conversation he informed them that his name was Robert Grahame, and that he was mate of a schooner belonging to Greenock, which had put into the bay the day before to repair some slight damage she received on a sunken rock coming through the sound of Mull, and he fortunately happened to be strolling near the ruins at the time the accident took place. While taking leave of them he asked permission to call again to enquire for the young ladies he had been the means of saving, should he happen to be that way. Miss Curry, as he thought rather dryly, gave her consent. Looking into Mary's face at parting, her piercing glance sent another thrill to his heart. If he had known and understood the lines written by a young Skyeman in a Gaelic song to his Lowland sweetheart, who had no Gaelic, while he had but a scanty knowledge of English, the words might well express his feelings:—

Gu ro mise an toiseach narach,
S' gun a Ghailig aic ach gann
Ach bha canain aig a suilean
A thubhairt rium gu'n duil a chall.

Young Grahame had served his time on board one of the ships belonging to Pollock & Gilmour, a firm which had a number of ships employed in the timber trade between Greenock and North America. From the first day he went to sea he was noted for his attention to duty and obedience to authority. He always carried with him a few useful and practical books, in the study of which he generally spent his leisure hours when most of his shipmates wasted their health and money in folly on shore. By his steady habits and intelligence he was early promoted to the post of first mate of the vessel he still sailed in. Grahame was now about twenty-three years of age—the only child and sole support of a widowed mother. After his visit to Oban Mary was never out of his mind. He was fully convinced that she was the daughter of some powerful Highland chief far above his position in life. He knew and felt that he sincerely loved her, and, like a plucky tar as he was, he thus reasoned with him-

self—"She is too pure and noble ever to be brought down to my level, I must then raise myself up to hers. She is too young to marry for a few years yet, and for her sake I will forthwith set about the elevating process, even should I never see her again. I shall be proud of any effort I may attempt worthy of her exalted mind and position." The impression left on his heart by her last look was doubtless a powerful incentive to his noble resolution. He at once so arranged, with his mother's consent, that instead of going to sea that winter he should place himself under a master who kept classes to teach navigation to young seamen, and prepare them to take charge of foreign-going ships. Such was Grahame's diligence that at the end of the session he was considered superior to many who already had command. In the spring of the year his late owner, Councillor Maccallum, of Greenock, gave him command of a handy barque, which was then loading for New York. On his return, in due course, his owner was so well pleased with his conduct, both as a seaman and his aptness for transacting business, that he presented him with a valuable gold watch and appendages, and promoted him to the command of a larger vessel, a new full-rigged ship, called the Glencairn, as fine a ship as the port could boast of, and one which many older and more experienced captains would be proud to command. Grahame had now made up his mind to visit Oban and see Mary privately, for he longed to inform her of his new and improved prospects. For this purpose he asked and obtained leave for a few days, while the ship was being got ready for sea. Arriving at Oban, to his great disappointment, he found that Mary had gone home a few weeks before. Miss Curry was cold and distant, and refused him Mary's address. He returned and began his preparations to sail, and getting the Glencairn out to the Tail-of-the-Bank. In a couple of days he weighed anchor, a fresh breeze blew, but in a few hours a dead calm succeeded. The tide set in strongly from the south. At night-fall a hazy darkness settled upon the sea. Captain Grahame became apprehensive. They were not far enough south to clear the Island of Iona and the back of Mull. His fears proved only too well founded, the noble ship grazed on a sunken rock, but, fortunately, the sea being calm, she sustained but little damage. The men living on the coast, seeing the ship in danger, came out in their boats to aid him, and they succeeded in getting her off. Grahame, wishing to ascertain the extent of damage done before proceeding further on his voyage, with the aid of the natives, got her round to Tobermory harbour. Here he found, on examination, that the damage consisted of the tearing and stripping off some sheathing which his own carpenters could repair in a day or two. In the evening Grahame walked to the north of the village to obtain a view of the surrounding scene. Returning to the village, when about half way back, he observed a figure walking on slowly and pensively before him. He instantly stood still and looked intently at the object. What was it that should have set his heart abeating so fast? There, undoubtedly, was the never-to-be-forgotten form of Mary so deeply engraved upon his heart. He walked quicker, half doubting the instincts of his anxious heart. The figure before him, hearing the sounds of footsteps behind, half turned round as if for the purpose of stepping aside. Seeing him she involuntary stood still where she was, grasping at the side

of the bank to keep her from falling. Poor girl, she had been thinking of him and wondering where he might be at that very moment. Grahame rushed forward, clasped his fainting Mary in his strong arms, and carried her to a green grassy spot, a little off the path they had been walking on, laid her gently down against a heather-covered bank, his arm supporting her shoulders. She soon recovered, and Grahame had now the joyful assurance that every throb of that dear heart of hers beat only for himself. He gently lifted her head to enquire as to what fortunate circumstance he owed the happiness of so unexpectedly meeting her there. Her only answer was to cling to him closer, as if afraid some evil destiny would again separate them. He pressed her the closer to him, and whispered his great love in her ear, to which she responded by nestling the more confidingly in his bosom. He again asked what had brought her to Tobermory. Pure, young, and inexperienced—now that the first breach was made in the natural barrier of her maidenly reserve—she told him the simple truth, substantially as follows:—"A young gentleman farmer belonging to Lorn, a distant relative of Miss Curry's, paid them a visit at Oban. He was seemingly smitten by her charms, took Miss Curry into his confidence, and besought her influence in his favour with her young pupil. When her teacher spoke to Mary about this young gentleman, she was astonished to find that she felt no interest whatever in his professions of love for her. Miss Curry enlarged on his position and means, urging the wisdom and prudence of accepting him as her husband should he make the offer. Mary would not give her hand without her heart, and her heart was already given to her sailor lad. Her teacher had suspected as much, but never dreamed that a sentimental and romantic notion of that kind could weigh a feather's weight in the scale, when a well-known wealthy young man was put in the other. Mary's persistence in refusing the young farmer as her lover turned her teacher's usual kindness into something akin to contempt for her stupidity. The girl's position became anything but comfortable. She at last told Miss Curry that she meant to go home. Miss Curry wrote to Mary's father, giving the history of her refusal of a match, which many young women of the best families would be proud to accept. She also hinted the apparent reason of the refusal. On Mary's arrival at home both father and mother made her more miserable than before. Still, she stood firm in her resolve. It was, however, very hard on such a mind as her's, who, from infancy, had been noted for her deference to the wishes of her parents. To stand proof against their judgment now grieved her much. She dreaded the idea of the possibility of giving way to them on a matter so important to her future happiness. She regretted coming home, and wished for a situation of some kind suited to her acquirements, and be set free from the reproaches continually dinned into her ears. As if in response to her wishes word came from the factor's wife at Broadford that a lady in Tobermory wanted a young person as governess for her two daughters. Mary applied for the situation, and in due course received an answer offering the place, and wishing her to enter on her duties as soon as possible."

Grahame, on learning this, became alarmed lest in his absence she might be prevailed upon to obey her parents and friends. If he could only get her to consent to their being married now and keep her situation

till his return, he would then see that no one would have it in his power to annoy her as his wife. So he urged her to become his wife before he left, and thus put it out of the power of any one to compel her to marry another.

Mary did not know what to say. She felt she had an eloquent advocate within her own bosom to plead her lover's cause, yet she was not totally blind to the questionable prudence of the step urged upon her. She would willingly entrust herself to his keeping, and bear any hardship for his sake, but she knew her parents would not consent, even if there was time to consult them. Besides, if they got married where they were it could not be long kept a secret, and would only result in more trouble. This suggested the idea of Gretna Green to Grahame. He told her that he expected to be home in four or five months at the longest, and if they went to a distance no one would know anything about it. So well did he plead his cause that before they reached the town she had given her consent. She knew nothing of Gretna Green or of its famous marriages. All she knew about marriage was, that it was usually done in the parents' house in Skye or at the manse, by the parish minister. It was arranged that she was to meet him next forenoon, at a point a few miles south of the town, where he would have a boat ready to take her to the mainland. True to her promise, she was at the place appointed in good time, where she was received by her lover. They immediately set off, and so favourable was the wind, that early next morning they landed at Troon in Ayrshire, from which town they started in a hired chaise for Gretna Green. The boatmen were to await their return. Arriving at Springfield, near Gretna, they were soon married, and re-entering their conveyance made all haste back. To their great annoyance a violent gale, accompanied by heavy rain, sprung up during the night. It was well on in the morning before they arrived at Troon, and the boatmen refused to venture out to sea with an open boat in such weather. There was nothing for the young couple but to make themselves as comfortable as possible during their forced stay in the place. They decided upon going to the best inn, and the boatmen made themselves happy with the aid of refreshments provided by Grahame. Towards evening of the next day the wind lowered sufficiently to induce the men to try it. Though still rather high it was favourable, and they sailed, running at great speed. Arriving at Mull, Captain Grahame found the Glencairn ready for sea, his chief mate having pushed on the repairs in his absence. The young husband at the next interview with his wife, noticing that she took particular interest in an antique seal attached to his watch, undid and gave it to her, as a keepsake until his return, along with a sum of money, which she was very unwilling to take, but he insisted, saying, that if she did not need it he would take it back when he returned. He promised to write to her at her present address when he arrived out, she, at the same time, promising to keep their marriage strictly secret until he returned and took her home as his wedded wife. The ship sailed next morning with a favourable fresh breeze, which soon carried her out to the open sea.

The young wife had to smother her feelings in the presence of others as best she could; thoughts of the step she had taken

preyed on her mind, not that she regretted connecting her destiny with the man of her choice, but the dread of it oozing out before the return of her husband. Thus a couple of months wore away; every blast of wind she heard made her so nervous that the people of the house noticed it. Her health had given way so much that the lady advised her to go home for a few weeks, and to return when she got stronger. Much against her inclination she went. When her parents saw her emaciated and altered condition, so much did disappointed ambition rankle in their breasts that it killed much of the natural smypathy and tenderness usually existing in the bosoms of most mothers for their ailing and suffering offspring. If her mother had shown that sympathy and motherly tenderness which the poor child so earnestly desired and so much needed, it is more than probable she would have taken her into her confidence at once, but when she found that every effort she made to enlist the maternal feelings in her favour, she was repelled by the too common and senseless expression of "You'r well served for your folly," her grief and trouble fell back with double force upon her already over burdened heart. Let the worldly and strong-minded mother beware she does not drive a sensitive and virtuous child to ruin by such unnatural conduct, and although the rigidly prudent may not approve of Mary's actions, she was blessed with a strong and abiding principle that carried her, pure and unspotted, through all her difficulties to the end. She occasionally went out in the gloaming for fresh air; her only companion in these walks being the seal her husband had given her, and often, when too dark to see it, she would kiss it for him. At length her mother began to suspect something particular was the matter, and Mary, when taxed about it, did not deny that she was soon to become a mother. When questioned as to the paternity of the child she invariably replied that he was her husband, but who or what he was she would not upon any account disclose. In strict faithfulness to her promise she, perhaps foolishly, withheld all further information. Her old and now distracted father upbraided her for the disgrace brought upon him by bringing a nameless child into the world. He had the mortification of seeing all his fine castles in the air tumbling down about his ears. If Mary's position was uncomfortable before it now became unbearable. That she was insensible to the awkwardness of her situation herself no one who knew her could suppose. She could not help it now. She had to bear it as best she could. I have no intention, nor indeed can I describe the tortures her sensitive heart suffered. The only gleam of sunshine which now and again illumed the darkness of her despair was the estimation in which she held the worth and merits of her husband; her soul would rise at times above her sufferings with the consoling assurance that he was worth all that trouble and more, and that he would dispel all the darkness when he came home. Time came and went that a letter should reach her. Neighbouring gossips began to whisper suspicious hints about old Donald's grand lady of a daughter, which, when they reached his ears, made him forget any remnant of paternal feeling he yet felt for her. She now avoided meeting him whenever she could, and only wished she was away among strangers rather than bear the looks and cruel taunts of her parents.

At this time a boat came from Fort-William with timber for a

house that was being built in the place. Mary watched the men from her window as they unloaded the cargo. One evening after the craft was taken out to anchor right opposite the house, she observed two of the men coming ashore in their small boat for water, and while filling their casks at the well she slipped down to where they were. She found out that they were to start for home about two in the morning. She offered them a pound note for her passage. They agreed to send the small boat for her before they sailed. Mary quietly employed the intervening hours in packing up her clothing, with which, and all her money, she went down to meet the men at the appointed hour. They soon had her on board and away, hours before any one was astir in her father's house. On the morning of the second day they passed through the Sound of Mull, and rounding the Island of Lismore Mary overheard some of the crew mentioning old Dunolly Castle. She asked if they were near it, and one of them pointing in its direction, the sight of it, ever so dim, awakened thoughts and memories in her mind deeply interesting to her. She soon, however, lost sight of its outlines as the little vessel stretched along in the direction of Ballachulish and the historic Glencoe. Towards evening they landed at Fort-William. Mary went to one of the inns for the night, intending in the morning to seek out some quiet retreated village where she might rest for a week or two, and think over what she was to do. Before retiring to rest she understood there was a man at the inn who had driven with a party that day from Fort-Augustus and was going back the next day empty. Mary sought him out, and arranged for a sum of money to be carried in the conveyance to that place. In early morning they started. Arriving near the little village the chaise stopped. Mary had to alight and carry her luggage, the driver knowing that if he drove her to the inn he would have to give up to his employer the fare she paid him. Stiff and fatigued with the long drive, Mary walked along to the scattered houses. Passing some she observed standing at the door of a neat cottage, a kindly-faced, elderly, lady-like woman; she went up to her and asked if she could direct her to a respectable quiet family where she could have a room for a few weeks, the rent for which she was prepared to pay in advance if the place suited. The good lady looked earnestly and feelingly in Mary's face, observing she was weak and wearied, scarcely able with her burden to stand where she was. She kindly asked the stranger to step in and rest herself. The lady was a Mrs Cameron, the widow of an officer of the 93d Highlanders who had been killed in battle, and, though a native of the North of England, she made choice of the country of her late husband to live in with her family, all of whom were now, except two daughters, grown up to womanhood, who kept their mother in comparative comfort by their industry as dressmakers, aided by a small allowance from Government on account of her husband's services. Mary's heart warmed to the kind and motherly woman; her looks of sympathy and pity had such an effect upon her that she told her some of her history, and the cause of her being a wanderer from her own home as she saw her, while her artless candour and pleading looks at once won the heart of the noble-minded woman. She felt it would be a crime to send the young creature away unprotected and inexperienced, as

she evidently was, to more misery among strangers who might not understand her case, nor care what became of her. The lady then went in where her daughters were at work, told them of the stranger and her position, and that, if they agreed, she meant to give her a room for a few weeks. They at once consented, and when Mrs Cameron told Mary she might stay with them her heart filled, she rose from her seat, and flinging her arms round the neck of the compassionate lady, as if she were her mother, she sobbed out her almost silent thanks. She was introduced to the daughters, and, after getting some refreshment, was chatting away with them as if they were old friends. She was not long there when the kindness and attention she received from this loving family in a great measure renewed her strength of mind and body, and, being a good and ready hand at the needle, she very soon made herself useful and aided them with their work. In about three months after her coming there she was delivered of a fine healthy boy, who was called Robert, after his father. Naturally her anxiety about her husband was increased by the birth of her child. She got one of the sisters to write to Greenock enquiring if any word had been received of the Glencairn, to which a reply came that all hope of the vessel's safety had been given up. This was hard on the young mother, but she made every effort to bear the distress calmly for the sake of her infant. Her kind friend, Mrs Cameron, proved a judicious adviser in this crisis, having had experienced the same heavy bereavement herself.

All this time Mary had not heard from Skye, or how her parents had acted on her flight becoming known. If ever the consequences of unnatural harshness and unfeeling conduct recoiled back upon its authors it was in the case of old Donald Morrison and his wife. After every search and enquiry were made in vain for their daughter, it was concluded she had made away with herself. No one imagined that the Fort-William boat had anything to do with her departure. All the neighbours had called the old couple murderers to their faces. The now lonely pair felt so disgusted with themselves and all around them, that in their old age they resolved to turn all their effects into cash and emigrate to America. In three months time they were on their way to the new world. They had plenty of means to keep them in comfort there or at home—more indeed than hundreds who left Skye before and since, would consider a fortune to start the world afresh with. But in their case, sincere worshipers of Mammon as they were, their gold gave them no happiness. There was a worm gnawing at their hearts that would not die while life and memory lasted. Their daughter knew nothing of these movements, she needed no addition to her grief. When Mary got strong she devoted all the time she could spare from the cares of her infant to helping her young friends in their labours when pressed for time. Both mother and daughters became so fond of her and her child that they would not willingly part with her. The eldest sister had occasion to visit Inverness. She there met a lady from Skye who told her the melancholy fate of a young woman she knew, who was supposed to have committed suicide, and that her parents had gone to Canada. Miss Cameron, although she suspected who the young person was, did not say she knew anything of her whereabouts. On her return home she told Mary what she heard,

which made her cling the more earnestly to her boy as the only one now left of her kin, and so far as the health of her child and the kindness of her friends could make her happy, she was so. But the void in her affectionate heart, caused by the loss of her husband, nothing on earth could fill. At times, when tracing the lineaments of the father's face in that of his child, she would burst out into tears about the cruelty of the fate that sundered them; then she would check herself for murmuring against the over-ruling of a wise though hidden Providence.

She remained at Fort-Augustus for three years, when Mrs Cameron told her that her eldest daughter was going to get married, and that her husband was going to stay with them in the house, and would require the room she occupied. This was a fresh blow to poor Mary, who looked up to and loved her friend more than a mother. It was grievous to them all to part; the daughters learned to love her as a sister. Mrs Cameron, with her usual motherly forethought, had previously written to a lady of her acquaintance residing in Badenoch, an officer's widow like herself, knowing she wanted an educated person as attendant and companion, recommending a young friend of her's. The lady agreed to engage Mary on Mrs Cameron's testimonials of fitness and character. At the same time her friend found a person to take charge of the boy, where his mother could see him at stated times. Mary parted with her child and her friends with a heavy heart, and entered upon her new duties, which she found on a few weeks experience to be all she could wish for. She soon became a favourite with the lady, having found her not only attentive and faithful, but much superior in culture and acquirements to most persons aspiring to such a position as Mary now held in the family. She was there about seven months, when the lady's son, an officer in the Guards, came home on leave of absence. Mary could not avoid coming in contact with him at times. She was grieved to notice that he paid her rather too free and particular attention. She took no notice of it at first, but seeing her coldness had no deterring effect upon him, she complained to his mother about it, which occasioned a stormy quarrel between mother and son. The result was that Mary at once gave up her place, went for her boy, and with him made her way to Inverness, from there took passage in a sloop to Leith, and from there made her way to Glasgow, where she took lodgings, meantime looking out for a situation. For three months she could not hear of a place to suit her. This enforced idleness drained away most of the money she brought with her. She had heard of a place as upper nurse in a family in Ayrshire. She went there and was engaged. The wages were but small, but she took it in the hopes that something better would soon turn up. She had to put her boy out to board again with a woman in Saltcoats, a little town on the sea side. She was but a month or so in the place when her boy took the measles, which turned out to be a severe case. She saw him as often as she could, and spent nearly all the little means she had left on medical attendance and medicine. The lady had been informed of the motive of her frequent visits to Saltcoats, and the nature of the child's disease, and discharged poor Mary from her situation for fear she might carry the infection to her own children.

(To be Continued.)

AN SEILLEAN AGUS A' CHUILEAG.

——o——

Air maduinn chiùin 's a' chèitean thláth,
Gach doir' us crann us gleann fo bhlàth,
Bha 'n smeòrach agus eoin nan spéur,
Le 'n luinneig bhinn ac' air gach géig,
Na laoigh 's na h-uain a' leum le fònn,
A' ruagail mu gach preas us tòm,
Us braon de'n driùchd air bhàrr gach feòirn',
A' dealradh air an cinn mar òr.

Bha cuileag sgiathach fhaoin gun chéill,
'Ga cluiche féin ri blàths na gréin',
I 'null 'sa nall, i sios us suas,
Gun dragh, gun chùram, no gun ghruaim.
Bha' seillean stiallach, ciallach, còir,
A' falbh a chomhachadh a lòin,
Ghlaodh a' chuileag "ciod e 'n sgéula?"
'S labhair iad mar so ri 'chéile.

A' CHUILEAG.

"Nach ann ort 'tha 'n drip an còmhnuidh?
Fuirich tiota leam ag còmhradh,
Ciod an toirbh' 'tha dhuit 's an t-saoghal,
'Ga do mharbhedh féin le saothair?
Bho mhoch gu dubh, bho bheinn gu tràigh,
Cha 'n fhàg thu cluaran, dris, no ròs,
Nach toir thu greiseag air an deoth'l."

"Seall thu mis' an so cho éibhinn,
'Danns' an gathan caoin na gréine;
'S cha 'n 'eil mi uair no tràth gun lòn,
Ged nach 'eil mil agam an stòr;
Ma thig am fuachd, 's an geamhradh gann,
Cha dean mi ullachadh roimh 'n àm,
Thigeadh uair us àm na h-éiginn,
Cha ghabh mi dragh dheth gus an fheudar."

AN SEILLEAN.

"A chreutair amaidich gun ghò,
Gur beag' tha' ghliocas 'n a do ghloìr;
Ged' tha thu 'n diugh 's do chupan làn,
Cha mhair an saibhreas sin ach geàrr:
Thig doinionn shearbh us geamhradh garbh,
A bheir do sholasan air falbh,
Cha 'n fhaigh thu blàths air feadh nan gleann,
Cha tog a' ghrian ach fann a ceann."

"Gach ròs' tha' sgeadachadh nam bruach,
Rheir reòdhtachd fhuar air falbh an gruag;
Cha chluinn thu smeòrach air gach géig,
Cha 'n fhaic thu uain a' ruith 's a' leum;
Bidh mis' an sìn gu seasgair blath,
'S a' bhothan bheag a dhealbh mo lamh;
Cha bhi mi 'n taing aon neach fo'n ghréin
A' sealbhachadh mo shaoithreach féin."

"Bidh tus an sin 'n a d' dheòiridh truagh,
A' dol mu'n cuairt gun dreach gun tuar,
'S tu leis a ghort a' faotainn bhais,
An tuill 's an uinneagan an sas,
Thu air an déiric anns gach ait',
Gun mhath dhuit féin, gun tlachd do chach,
Sin an doigh a chleachd do shinnsir,
'S doigh nach dean an sliochd a dhiobradh."

A' CHUILEAG.

"Bu tric do shaothair féin gun bhuaidh,
Ged' tha thu 'n diugh a' deanamh uaill,
A'm bothan beag a dhealbh do lamh,
'S e air a leagadh sios gu lar;
A' mhil, a choisinn thu gu cruaidh
A' falbh a' dranndan mu gach bruaich,
Aig cach a' stigh gu h-ait 'g a h-ol,
Is tusa' muigh gun tigh, gun lon."

"Ach 's lionmhor iad 'tha dheth do sheors',
'Tha 'deanamh uaill a meud an stoir,
Bho 'n saothair ghoirt cha ghabh iad tamh,
A' carnadh suas gun fhios co dha;
Bu tric do shinnsir féin ri fuaim,
An cuid 's an ionmhas 'g a thoirt uath;
Ri rùsgadh ghath 's a tarruinn lann,
'S an tigh 'g a leagadh sios mu'n ceann."

"Ach mheas mi féin—'s e sin mo ghnaths—
Na 'm faighinn idir cosg an traith,
Gu 'm b' fhearr dhomh subhachas us ceol,
An ùine bheag a bhios mi beo,
No ged a gheibhinn saibhlean lan,
Gun fhois gun sìochaint air an sgath,
Oir 's e mo dhochas us mo chreud,
Gu'm faigh gach latha lon da féin."

AN SEILLEAN.

"Ah! 's duillich leam nach tusa h-aon
'Tha 'beathachadh air plaosgan faoin,
'Tha 'gabhail fasgaidh fo gach sgleo,
Le beatha dhiomhanaich mar cheo,

An ùin' a' ruith gun mhath gun fheum,
Cha 'n fhag iad cliù no ainm 'n an déigh,
'S cha d' thug iad géill do'n duine ghlic
A dhearbh nach deanair gniomh fo 'n lic."

"Tha mise mar a bha thu 'g radh,
Bho mhoch gu dubh, bho bheinn gu traigh,
Ach 's iomadh ros a ni mi 'dheoth'l
Bho 'm bheil a' mhil an déigh a h-ol;
Gidheadh cha 'n fhas mo mhisneach fann,
A' saothrachadh bho am gu am,
Oir chreid mi riamh—'s i sin an fhìrinn—
Gu 'n tig toradh math á dìchioll."

"Cha robh mi riamh 'n am' thróm air cach
Cha mho a bhraid no ghoid mo lamh,
'S cha bhi mo lon ri m' bheo an éis,
Ma dh' fhagar agam mo chuid féin,
Ach ma thig namhaid orm gu teann,
Ma spùinneas e mi féin 's mo chlann,
Cha d' chuir e comhdach riamh mu cheann,
Am fear nach tarrnuinn ris mo lann."

"Is beag no mór g'am bi ar neart,
Ma ni sinn leis an ni 'tha ceart,
Ar buadhan biodh iad lag no treun,
Ma chuireas sinn iad sin gu feum,
Cha tuig thu mar a dh' fhasas carn,
Le clach a thilgeadh ann a ghnath,
'S e braonaibh faoin' a lion an cuan,
Is duslach min gach beinn mu 'n cuairt."

"Dùisg suas ma ta us tog ort greann,
Bi saothreach fhad 's a gheibh thu 'n t-am;
Tha samhradh caomh a' falbh 'n a dheann,
Tha 'n geamhradh gnù a' tarruinn teann,
Ma mheallar thu an so le bréig,
Bi cinnteach 'n uair a thig an t-eug,
Gu 'm bi do chliù 's do dhuais da réir
Bho 'n Ti 'thug beatha do gach cré."

Thug iad greis mar sin air comhradh,
Ged nach robh iad tric a' cordadh,
'S mar a thachair dhuinn gu leir,
Bha iad car dion 'n am barail féin;
Ach le dùrachd geanail spéiseil,
Ghabh iad latha math de chéile,
Dh' fhalbh an seillean coir us srann aig',
'S theann a' chuileag fhaoin ri dannsa.

N. MACLEOID.

THE GAELIC NAMES OF TREES, SHRUBS, PLANTS, &c.*

By Charles Fergusson.

THE subject of the Gaelic names of the trees and plants that grow around us is a very important and interesting one, but unfortunately, I must say, a very much neglected one by the present race of Highlanders. Our ancestors had a Gaelic name, not only for all the trees and plants that grew in their own country, but also for many foreign plants. Yet there are very few of the present generation who know anything at all about those Gaelic names, except perhaps a few of the very common ones, such as *Darach, Beithe, Giuthas, Calltuinn.*

The principal reason for this is, that the Highlanders of the present day have not to pay so much attention to, or depend so much upon, the plants of their own country as their ancestors did who depended almost entirely on their own vegetable substances for their medicinal, manufacturing, and other purposes. A great many of those Gaelic names are already lost, and many more will be so in a few years if some steps are not taken to preserve them, for though, certainly, we have many of them already in print, scattered through such works as Alex. Macdonald's (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair) Vocabulary, Lightfoot's Flora Scotica, the Gaelic Bible, and the Dictionaries, yet the great majority of the Gaelic names are not in print, but only preserved amongst the old people, and will soon be forgotten unless speedily collected. So far as I am aware there is not yet a single work on this important subject; therefore I have chosen it as the subject of the following paper, in which I will give the Gaelic name, and a short account of the various uses to which our ancestors put each, beginning with a few of our common trees and going down to the smaller plants, trusting it will awaken an interest in the subject, and be the beginning of an effort to collect all the Gaelic names possible ere it be too late. In studying the Gaelic names of plants, even the most careless observer cannot fail being struck with the fine taste and intimate acquaintance with the various peculiarities and different properties of plants, displayed by our ancestors in giving the Gaelic names to plants. This I think is one of the strongest proofs we have that our ancestors were keen observers of nature—an advanced and cultivated race—and not the rude savages which some people delight to represent them. In reading the works of our best Gaelic bards, from Ossian downwards, we cannot help also being struck with their acquaintance with the names and various peculiarities of plants.

Without further remarks in the way of introduction, I will proceed to give an account of some of our Highland trees, shrubs, and plants.

Alder.—Latin, *Alnus Glutinosa;* Gaelic, *Fearna.* This well-known tree is a native of the Highlands, where it grows to perfection all over the country by the side of streams, and in wet marshy places. It seems in former times to have grown even more abundantly, and that in places where now not a tree of this or any other kind is to be found. This is proved by the many names of places derived from this tree, such as Glen

* Read before Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Fernate—*Gleann Fearn-aite*—in Athole; *Fearnan* in Breadalbane; *Fearn* in Ross-shire; *Fernaig* in Lochalsh, &c. In a suitable situation the alder will grow to a great size. There is mention made in the account of the parish of Kenmore, in the "New Statistical Account of Scotland," of an alder tree growing in the park of Taymouth Castle, the circumference of which, in 1844, was 12 feet 8 inches. The wood of this tree resembles mahogany so much that it is generally known as "Scotch Mahogany." It is very red and rather brittle, but very durable, especially under water. Lightfoot, the learned author of the "Flora Scotica," mentions that, when he accompanied Pennant on his famous Tour in 1772, the Highlanders then used alder very much for making chairs and other articles of furniture, which were very handsome and of the colour of mahogany. He mentions that it was much used by them for carving into bowls, spoons, &c,, and also for the very curious use of making heels for women's shoes. It was once very much used, and in some parts of the Highlands it is still commonly used, for dyeing a beautiful black colour. By boiling the bark or young twigs with copperas it gives a very durable colour, and supplies the black stripes in home-made tartan. A decoction of the leaves was counted an excellent remedy for burnings and inflammations, and the fresh leaves laid upon swellings are said to dissolve them and stay the inflammation. The old Highlanders used to put fresh alder leaves to the soles of their feet when they were much fatigued with long journeys or in hot weather, as they allayed the heat and refreshed them very much. Our ancestors were sharp enough to discover the curious fact that the alder wood splits best from the root, whereas all other trees split best from the top, which gave rise to the old Gaelic saying, "Gach fiodh o na bharr, 's an fhearna o' na bhun."

Apple and Crab Apple.—Latin, *Pyrus Màlus;* Gaelic, *Ubhal, Ubhal-fiadhaich.* The crab apple is a native of the Highlands, where it grows in woods and by river sides, to a height of about twenty feet. Of course the cultivated apple of gardens and orchards is just an improved variety of the same, which by ages of care and cultivation has been brought to its present perfection. The fruit of the crab is small and very bitter, but its juice is much used for rubbing to sprains, cramps, &c., and the bark is used by the Highlanders for dying wool of a light yellowish colour. The apple was cultivated at a very early date in Britain, as it is often mentioned by our earliest writers. Logan says that from a passage in Ossian it is clear that the ancient Highlanders were well acquainted with the apple. Pliny says that the apple trees of Britain bore excellent fruit, and Solinus writes that Moray and the north-eastern part of Scotland abounded with apples in the third century. Buchanan says that Moray, which, of course, in his day included Inverness-shire, surpassed all the other parts of Scotland for excellent fruit trees. The monks paid great attention to the cultivation of the apple, and they always had gardens and orchards attached to their monasteries, near the ruins of which some very old apple trees are still found growing and bearing good crops of fruit, for instance, the old apple tree a few yards north from Beauly Priory. We read that the monks of Iona had very fine orchards in the ninth century, but they were destroyed and the trees cut down by the Norwegian invaders. King David I., about 1140, spent much of his

spare time in training and grafting fruit trees. It is a very great mistake indeed that the apple is not cultivated more now in the Highlands, for from the suitable soil in many places, and also from the great shelter afforded by the hills and woods, in many of the glens and straths, it would grow to perfection where at present there is not a single tree. Indeed it is entirely neglected except in gentlemen's gardens. The present Highlanders have not such a high opinion of the apple as Solomon had—"Mar chrann-ubhall am measg chrann na coille, is amhuill mo rùnsa am measg nan òganach; fo sgàile mhainnaich mi, agus shuidh mi sios agus bha a thoradh milis do m' bhlas" (Song of Solomon ii. 3). Almost all the Gaelic bards, in singing the praises of their lady-loves, compare them to the sweet-smelling apple:—

"Bu tu m' ubhall, a's m' ùbhlan,
'S bu tu m'ùr ròs an gàradh."

"Iseabail òg
An òr-fhuilt bhuidhe—
Do ghruaidh mar ròs
'S do phòg mar ubhal."

"Tha do phog mar ùbhlan gàraidh,
'S tha do bhràighe mar an neònan."

The well-known fact that the largest and finest apples always grow on the young wood at the top of the tree gave rise to the old Gaelic proverb—"Bithidh 'n t-ubhal is fearr, air a mheangan is airde." The crab apple is the badge of the Clan Lamond.

Apricote.—Latin, *Armeniaca Vulgaris;* Gaelic, *Apricoc.* The apricote is a native of the Levant, but was introduced into Britain in 1548. This excellent fruit, which was once much grown by the monks, is very seldom to be found now in the Highlands, though common enough in gardens in the Lowlands of Scotland. Alexander Macdonald *(Mac Mhaighstir Alastair)* mentions it in his Gaelic list of fruit trees, and Logan, in his "Scottish Gael," says that it thrives very well as far north as Dunrobin. By giving it the shelter of a wall facing the south, it will thrive and ripen its fruit in most of the low straths of the Highlands.

Ash.—Latin, *Fraxinus Excelsior;* Gaelic, *Uinnseann.* The ash is a native of the Highlands, where, in a suitable situation, it will grow to a height of nearly 100 feet. This useful tree, so well-known to everybody, is noted for its smooth silvery bark when young, and for its graceful fern-like leaves, which come out late in spring, and are the first to fall in autumn, and of which horses and sheep are very fond. The ash will adapt itself to any situation, and will flourish according to the richness of the soil, and the amount of shelter it receives, wherever it happens to spring up, from a seed carried by the wind or by birds. We have it in the Highlands in every stage—from the stunted bush of a few feet high, which grows in the cleft of some high rock, or by the side of some burn high up amongst the hills, to the noble tree of a hundred feet high, which grows in our straths, and of which I may give the following example from my native district of Athole. It is described by the Rev. Thomas Buchanan in his account of the parish of Logierait, in "the New Statis-

tical Account of Scotland" (1844). He says—"There is a remarkable ash tree in the innkeeper's garden, near the village of Logierait. It measures at the ground 53½ feet in circumference; at three feet from the ground, 40 feet; and at eleven feet from the ground, 22 feet. The height is 60 feet; but the upper part of the stem appears to have been carried away. The height is said to have been at one time nearly 90 feet. The trunk is hollow from the base, and can contain a large party. This venerable stem is surmounted by a profusion of foliage, which, even at the advanced age of the tree, attracts the eye at a distance to its uncommon proportions. An old man at the age of 100 is at present in the habit of taking his seat daily within the hollow formed by its three surviving sides—no unsuitable companion to the venerable relic." In the same work, in the accounts of the parishes of Kenmore and Weem, mention is made of an ash in the park of Taymouth Castle, 18 feet in circumference, and other two on the lawn at Castle Menzies, 16 feet. The wood of the ash, which is hard and very tough, was much used by the old Highlanders for making agricultural implements, handles for axes, &c. Besides those peaceful uses to which they put the ash, they also used it for warlike purposes, by making bows of it when yew could not be had, and also for making handles for their spears and long Lochaber axes. The Highlanders have many curious old superstitions about the ash, one of which is also common in some parts or the Lowlands, viz.:—That the oak and the ash fortell whether it is to be a wet or a dry season, by whichever of them comes first into leaf—if the ash comes first into leaf, it is to be a very wet summer; but very dry if the oak comes first. Another curious old superstition is still lingering in some parts of the Highlands about the virtue of the sap for newly-born children, and as Lightfoot mentions it as common in the Highlands and Islands when he travelled there with Pennant, in 1772, I may give it in his words. He says:—"In many parts of the Highlands, at the birth of a child, the nurse or midwife, from what motive I know not, puts the end of a green stick of ash into the fire, and, while it is burning, receives into a spoon the sap or juice which oozes out at the other end, and administers this as the first spoonful of liquors to the new-born babe." Another old Highland belief is that a decoction of the tender tops or leaves of the ash taken inwardly, and rubbed outwardly to the wound, is a certain cure for the bite of an adder or serpent, and that an adder has such an antipathy to the ash that if it is encompassed with ash leaves and twigs, it will rather go through fire than through the ash.

"Theid an nathair troimh an teine dhearg,
Mu'n teid i troimh dhuilleach an ùinnsinn."

In fact, the adders were supposed to regard the ash amongst the forest trees as they did the M'Ivors among the Highland clans! Every Highlander knows the old saying about the M'Ivors and the adders—

Latha na Feill'-Brìde
Their an nathair anns an tom—
"Cha bhi mise ri Nic-Iomhair
'S cha bhi Nic-Iomhair rium!

Mhionnaich mise do Chlann Iomhair
'S mhionnaich Clann Iomhair dhomhsa;
Nach bean mise do Chlann Iomhair,
'S nach bean Clann Iomhair dhomhsa!"

As a proof of the many uses to which the wood of the ash may be put, I may quote Isaiah xliv. 14—"Suidhichidh e crann-uinsinn, agus altruimidh an t' uisge e. An sinn bithidh e aig duine chum a losgadh; agus gabhaidh e dheth, agus garaidh se e féin: seadh cuiridh e teine ris, agus deasaichidh e aran. Cuid dheth loisgidh e 'san teine, le cuid eile dheth deasaichidh agus ithidh e feoil; rostaidh e biadh agus sasuichear e: an sin garaidh se a féin agus their e—Aha rinn mi mo gharadh, dh' aithnich mi an teine. Agus do 'n chuid eile dheth ni e dia, eadhon dealbh snaidhte dha fein; cromaidh e sios dha agus bheir e aoradh dha; agus ni e urnuigh ris agus their e—Teasairg mi oir is tu mo dhia." The ash is the badge of the Clan Menzies.

Aspen.—Latin, *Populus Tremula;* Gaelic, *Critheann.* The aspen, which grows to a height of about fifty feet, is a native of the Highlands, where it grows in great abundance all over the country, in most places on the banks of streams. It is very rapid in the growth, consequently its wood is not of much value, being very soft, but white and smooth. This wood was much used by the Highlanders for making pack-saddles, wood cans, milk pails, &c. The great peculiarity about the aspen, and which has made it the object of many curious old superstitions, is the ever trembling motion of its leaves, which gave rise to its Gaelic name, "Critheann," or "trembling." The cause of this is that leaves which are round or slightly heart-shaped, have very long slender stalks, so that they quiver and shake with every breath of wind, and the leaves being hard and dry, give a peculiar rustling sound. There is a common belief among the Highlanders that the Saviour's cross was made of the wood of the aspen, and that ever since then the leaves of this tree cannot rest, but are for ever trembling! In the Bible, wherever we find the poplar mentioned in the English, it is always translated Critheann or Crithich in Gaelic, as in Genesis xxx. 27, and Hosea iv. 13. As the aspen is a variety of the poplar, it may be correct enough to translate poplar "critheann," but Alex. Macdonald *(Mac Mhaighstir Alastair)*, gives us another name for the poplar, *Crann Pobhuill.*

Bay, or Laurel Bay.—Latin, *Laxrus noblis;* Gaelic, *Laibhreas.* This beautiful evergreen tree, the emblem of victory among the ancients, is a native of Italy, but was introduced into Britain in 1561. It would likely be some time after that, however, before it was much planted in the Highlands, where it grows and thrives very well now in all the low straths and glens. *Laibhreas* is the Gaelic name I have found for it in over a dozen different books, but in the Bible, where it is only once mentioned (Psalms xxxvii. 35), it is translated *Ur-chraobh-uaine.* There are a great many old superstitions connected with the bay, only one of which I will give in the words of an old writer—"that neither witch nor devil, thunder nor lightning, will hurt a man where a bay tree is!" If such be the case it is truly a valuable tree. The laurel bay is the badge of the Clan Maclaren, and from it they take the motto which they bear above their crest

—"*Bi se Mac an t' slaurie,*" meaning that they are the sons of victory, of which the laurel is the emblem.

BEECH.—Latin, *Fagus Sylvatica ;* Gaelic, *Faidh-bhile.* This tall and graceful tree needs no description, as it is well-known to everybody. It is a native of the Highlands, and grows to a height of about eighty feet. It is a very hardy tree, and grows in the glens all over the Highlands, where, in favourable situations, it attains an immenee size. Very large beech trees are found at Dunkeld and in the pass of Killiecrankie, where, to judge from their size, some of those beeches probably afforded shelter to many a wounded soldier on the 17th July, 1689, when "Bonnie Dundee" fought and fell on the field of Raonruarie. Mention is also made in the New Statistical Account of two beech trees at Castle Menzies, one 17 and the other 19 feet in circumference, also one at Taymouth Castle, 22 feet. Of the beech an old writer says:—"The mast or seeds of this tree will yield a good oil for lamps; they are a food for mice and squirrels, and swine are very fond of them, but the fat of those which feed on them is soft and boils away, unless hardened before they are killed by other food. The wood is brittle, very fissile, durable under water, but not in the open air. It is the best of all woods for fuel, and it is sometimes used for making axes, bowls, sword scabbards," &c. As the leaves of the beech are very cooling, they were used by the Highlanders as a poultice, to be applied to any swellings to lessen and allay the heat. They were also used in some parts when dry for stuffing mattresses instead of straw, to which they are much superior for that purpose, as they will continue fresh for many years, and not get musty and hard as straw does.

BLACK BEECH.—Latin, *Fagus sylvatica atro-rubens ;* Gaelic, *Faidh-bhile dubh.* This sombre and mournful-looking tree is just a variety of the common beech, and has mostly the same nature, only that it does not grow quite so tall. The black beech is to be found with foliage of every shade, from a brownish-green to a blood-red, and almost even to jet black —the two latter forming a very fine contrast to the light green of the common beech, or the white flowers of the hawthorn or the mountain ash, and is therefore a very striking object in a landscape. There are some very large trees of this kind in the Highlands, such as at Guisachan, in Strathglass, where they have a very rich dark colour.

BIRCH.—Latin, *Betula alba ;* Gaelic, *Beithe.* I need not say that the birch is a native of the Highlands, where it is the most common of all our forest trees, and its graceful habit adds to the beauty of almost every glen and strath in the land of the Gael. It is still much used in many ways, but was much more so by the old Highlanders, who turned it into almost endless uses. The wood was once much used by them for making arrows for the men and spinning wheels for the women—both being articles once indispensable in the Highlands, although now things of the past. The wood is still much used in the Highlands by turners, as it is the best possible wood for their work, and it is also much used for making bobbins. As Lightfoot mentions many of the uses to which the Highlanders put birch, I may give them in his words:—"Various are the economical uses," he says, "of this tree. The Highlanders use the bark to tan their leather and to make ropes. The outer rind, which they call '*Mèilleag,*' they sometimes burn instead of candles. The inner bark,

before the invention of paper, was used to write upon. The wood was formerly used by the Highlanders for making their arrows, but is now converted to better purposes, being used by the wheelwrights for ploughs, carts, and most of the rustic implements; by the turners for trenchers, ladles, &c., the knotty excrescences affording a beautiful veined wood; and by the cooper for hoops. The leaves are a fodder for sheep and goats, and are used by the Highlanders for dyeing a yellow colour. The catkins are a favourite food of small birds, especially the sisken, and the pliant twigs are well-known to answer the purposes of cleanliness and *correction!* There is yet another use to which this tree is applicable, and which I will beg leave strongly to recommend to my Highland friends. The vernal sap is well known to have a saccharine quality capable of making sugar, and a wholesome diuretic wine. This tree is always at hand, and the method of making the wine is simple and easy. I shall subjoin the receipt—'In the beginning of March when the sap is rising, and before the leaves shoot out, bore holes in the bodies of the larger trees and put fossets therein, made of elder sticks with the pith taken out, and then put any vessels under to receive the liquor. If the tree be large you may tap it in four or five places at a time without hurting it, and thus from several trees you may gain several gallons of juice in a day. If you have not enough in one day bottle up close what you have till you get a sufficient quantity for your purpose, but the sooner it is used the better. Boil the sap as long as any scum rises, skimming it all the time. To every gallon of liquor put four pounds of sugar, and boil it afterwards half-an-hour, skimming it well; then put it into an open tub to cool, and when cold run it into your cask; when it has done working bung it up close, and keep it three months. Then either bottle it off or draw it out of the cask after it is a year old. This is a generous and agreeable liquor, and would be a happy substitute in the room of the poisonous whisky.'" So says Lightfoot. Another writer says—"In those parts of the Highlands of Scotland where pine is not to be had, the birch is a timber for all uses. The stronger stems are the rafters of the cabin, wattles of the boughs are the walls and the doors, even the chests and boxes are of this rude basket work. To the Highlander it forms his spade, his plough, and if he have one, his cart, and his harness; and when other materials are used the cordage is still withies of twisted birch. These ropes are far more durable than ropes of hemp, and the only preparation is to bark the twig and twist it while green."

Warty or Knotty Birch.—Latin, *Betula Verrucosa;* Gaelic, *Beithe Carraigeach, Beithe Dubh-chasach.* This tree, though very much resembling the common birch, is quite a distinct variety, and was always treated as such by the old Highlanders, which is another strong proof of how keenly our ancestors studied nature, and how quick they were to discover even the slightest peculiarity or difference in the habit or nature of any tree or plant, and the nicety and taste with which they gave the Gaelic name descriptive of any such peculiarity. It is a native of the Highlands, where it generally grows larger and stronger than the common birch. It was always used by the old Highlanders for any particular work where extra strength or durability was required. Owing to its dark bark and its gnarled and knotty stem it is not such a graceful tree as the common birch, but the wood is of a better quality. *(To be Continued.)*

PRINCE CHARLES AT CULLODEN.

——o——

THE following letter appeared in a recent issue of the *Inverness Courier.* It is curious and worthy of preservation :—

The statements which I made on the occasion of the opening of our College, that Abbot Leith was a faithful adherent of Prince Charles, and was with him at the battle of Culloden, were, I think, not altogether without fair historical foundation. They were based in the first place upon two ancient manuscripts, as yet inedited, formerly belonging to our old Scottish Abbey of St James's at Ratisbon in Bavaria, and now safely lodged in the Archives of this Monastery ; and, secondly, upon the testimony of the old tradition of the Abbey of Ratisbon, over which Abbot Leith presided after the battle of Culloden. This tradition has been handed down to us by Dom. Anselom Robertson, the last Scottish Monk of St James's, who is now a Professor in this College. He received his information from Prior Deasson, who in his turn had it from Dom. Ildefonsus Kennedy, the annalist of the Abbey, a contemporary of Abbot Leith, and the writer of one of the two manuscripts which lie before me.

That Prince Charles should have had his chaplain with him in the momentous battle of Culloden, in which he was about to stake his fortunes is natural enough, whilst the circumstance that this incident has not been more fully recorded, may be accounted for by the fact that Dom. Gall Leith disguised himself as a soldier, and might thus have easily escaped special observation. A brief sketch of the life of this soldier monk may interest some of your readers.

Robert Leith, in religion known as Dom. Gall Leith, the son of Alexander Leith, was born in December 26, 1706, at Collithy, and when twelve years old was sent with eight other youths from Scotland to the ancient and famous Scotch Benedictine Abbey at Ratisbon. In 1726 he became a monk of the Order of St Benedict, in 1728 completed his philosophical studies, entered upon divinity 1731, and was sent to Salzburg to prosecute the study of Canon Law. He then paid a visit to Rome, returning to St James's 1737, where he remained director of the College till September of 1740, when he crossed the seas as a missionary, and once more set foot on his native land : "*in mense Septembris perrexit missionarius in Scotiam.*" The old monastic chronicle says—"He was a man of singular cast, and was endowed with exceeding good natural parts ; he had an unrelenting application. As master in speculative sciences he teached philosophy and theology with honour, and was an able orator. He had a penetrating head, an honest heart." Such a man was not likely to stand listlessly with his hands hanging at his sides in times of peril and excitement. From 1740 till 1747 he shared in the religious and political sufferings which afflicted Scotland. He became chaplain and private confessor to Prince Charles. The annalist tells us—"In the troubles of 1745 he served Prince Charles as priest and soldier, by which last (he dryly adds) he received a wound in his foot for his pains." The *Edinburgh Review* (January 1864) in an article, entitled "Scottish Religious Houses Abroad," remarks in speaking of the Abbots of Ratisbon—"The next Abbot was

F. Leith, who accompanied Charles Edward in the affair of '45 into England, being associated with three other priests as chaplains to the expedition" (p. 183). After the battle of Culloden it was no longer safe for him to remain in the country. "*Anno* 1747 *coactus est relinquere Patriam ob tumultos bellicosos.*" Moreover, worn out both in mind and body by the incredible fatigues he had been through, he needed rest, and betook himself to the Benedictine country house of Erfurt, in Germany. No sooner had he recovered a little from his fatigues than he returned again to the mission in Scotland. But such a man, guilty of the double crime of being a priest and a Royalist, could not elude the vigilant eye of the "Butcher Duke." On arriving in port he was apprehended on board ship by orders of the Duke of Cumberland, and transferred to a man-of-war, and thus carried to London. There, with two other priests, he was thrown into prison for four months, and then set at liberty by the Minister of the day. The rest of his life was spent in comparative tranquillity. Three years he lived in Wales at Battington Hall, acting as chaplain to the Duke of Powis. Whilst there he received news of his election to the Abbacy of St James's, which he governed till his death in 1775.

By way of confirming what I said at our festal board, I may here add that after Prince Charles escaped to France the Abbots of St James's were continually in correspondence with the Royal House of Stuart up to the death of Cardinal York. Unfortunately, nearly the whole of this interesting correspondence was burnt in 1804 in the country house of Stralfeld, in Bavaria. One precious letter, written by Cardinal York to the Abbot of St James's, alone escaped the flames, and may now be seen at Blair's College, Aberdeenshire.

In conclusion, allow me to add that I shall be happy to allow those who wish it free access to any documents we may possess of interest, and that it will always be our aim and pleasure to promote as widely as possible the cause of literature and learning, even in however slender a degree that may be.—I am, yours truly,

JEROME VAUGHAN, O.S.B.

ST BENEDICT'S MONASTERY AND COLLEGE, FORT-AUGUSTUS.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The first article by the Rev. Donald Masson, M.D., M.A., on "Our Gaelic Bible," will appear in our next.

THE *HIGHLANDER* NEWSPAPER.—Next month we shall discuss the causes which led to the present unfortunate position of the *Highlander*. We are in a position to state that it certainly was not the want of proper support by Highlanders. The circulation was large, and with good management the paper might have been made one of the best weekly newspaper properties in Scotland.

Literature.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS: VOLUME VII.*, 1877-78. *Printed for the Society.

WE always peruse the Transactions of the Gaelic Society with pleasure and profit. The volume now under notice is in every respect highly creditable. All the papers are good—some of them really excellent, and most of the speeches re-produced are well worth recording in this form. The first paper is by the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, B.A., Strathbraan, and is entitled "George Buchanan on the Customs and Languages of the Celts." It is very interesting and will well repay perusal. The session of 1877-8 is commenced by an introductory address in Gaelic, by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, and is reproduced in full. It is a "Comhradh" between Murchadh Ban and Coinneach Ciobair. Coinneach found his way to Inverness and describes what he there saw. He, of course, met the *Ard-Albannach* and the *Ceilteach*, and gives the following description of them :—

C.—"Chunnaic mi an dithis, agus ochan! Is iad bha daimheil suairce, coir. Bha 'n t-Ard-Albannach direach anns an riochd sin a smuainich mi a bhiodh e, laidir, calma, treun, le bhreacan-an-fheile, agus 'bhonait leathainn. Ach bha mi gu tur air mo mhealladh, a' thaobh a' bheachd a ghabh mi, mu'm fac mi e, air a' Cheilteach. Bha dùil agam gu'n robh e 'na spealpair caol, ard, dubh, le ite geoidh a'n cùl a chluais—cas, peasanach 'na labhairt, agus rud-eigin cosmhuil ris na sgonn-bhalaich sin a chithear na'n cleirich ann an tamh-ionadaibh nan sligheau-iaruinn! Ach! Ochan! is mi a bha air mo mhealladh, seadh, gu tur air mo mhealladh, a Mhurachaidh."

M.—"Bha thu air do mhealladh 'n ad 'bharail d'a rireadh, a Choinnich."

C.—"Cha robh mac mathar riamh ni's mo air a mhealladh! Chaidh mi 'ga fhaicinn, agus ma chaidh, chomhluich mi duine ro ghrinn agus aoidheil, duine garbh, tiugh, sultmhor, ruighteach, geanail, agus ceart co eu-cosmhuil ris a' chléireach, chaol, ghobach, dhubh sin, a bha 'san amharc agam, 'sa tha Creag-Phadruig eu-cosmhuil ri Beinn Neabhais. Chuir sinn uine mhor seachad cuideachd, agus bu lionmhor na nithe Gaidhealach air an d'thug sinn lamh. Cha bheag an sochair d'an Chomunn so gu'm bheil an t-Ard-Albannach agus an Ceilteach aig an uilinn aca, agus cha bheag a bhuannachd do'n Ghaidhealtachd gu'm bheil iad a' dol a mach air an cuairtibh air feadh gach gleann, eilean, agus garbh-chrioch 'nar tir."

"Leaves from my Celtic Portfolio"—two papers contributed by William Mackenzie, secretary of the Society—are really valuable contributions, and such as the Transactions of the Society ought generally to be devoted to. In these papers Mr Mackenzie presents us with what he calls "Fragments from his Celtic Repositories." They are certainly fragments such as ought not to be lost, and Mr Mackenzie has done good service in placing them at the disposal of the Society, and, so securing a permanent place for them in the Transactions. The fragments are curious, and would,

by themselves, be worth the whole annual subscription to the Society. The next paper, by Charles Fergusson, on "The Gaelic names of Trees, Shrubs, and Plants," is a most valuable one, and deserves to be more widely known. It has been our intention to reproduce most, if not the whole, of it in the *Celtic Magazine*, and the first part of it will be found in this issue. The essay on "The Highland Garb," by J. G. Mackay, contains interesting information about the Highland dress, and some valuable notes on Clan Tartans, but we think Mr Mackay has devoted more time and space to those who assert that the Highland dress is a modern invention, than they really deserve; for no one with any pretence to the most artificial knowledge of Celtic matters, will for a moment believe in the modern theory. Mr Mackay's paper, however, will be useful in placing facts, already well-known to Celtic students, at the disposal of members of the Society not so well posted up, and so enable them to answer the ignorant and dogmatic assertions of the sneering Southron, as well as of the more contemptible creature—the degenerate Highlander. The paper on the "Celtic Poetry of Scotland," by Angus Macphail, is fairly well written, though the style is samewhat tall, and exhibits an amount of ability—or rather what may, perhaps, with more exactness, be described as a kind of precocious genius—which, with care and a little more economical use of the first personal pronoun and less self-assertiveness, is sure to do good service in the Celtic field. Some very good translations are given, as also specimens of Gaelic vowel rhymes and alliterations, the most peculiar perhaps being that appropriated from Logan's introduction to Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." Mr Macphail says that "the ruling feet in Gaelic metres are the anapaest, trochee, and iambus, and, as a general rule, hypercatelectic," and after giving a specimen of a certain peculiar style of versification, he informs us that the metre is "the anapaestic monometer hypercatalectic, alternating with the pure anapaestic monometer." This is, no doubt, learned and perhaps, to some, interesting, but we really think it might be put in such a way as to enable persons like ourselves, whose education has been to some extent neglected, to spell and pronounce, to say nothing about understanding it. On the whole the paper is worthy of careful perusal. It will be seen that the author is most anxious to introduce harmony among Celtic students, and this is how he does it:—

> **Gaelic poetry, whose richest treasure is its wealth of lyrics, many of whose authors are nameless, has seen its best days. It is not likely that a Celtic genius will ever more use the ancient Celtic speech as the vehicle of his thoughts. Highlanders have not respected themselves; and the world, literary as well as social, has not respected them. No periodical written entirely in Gaelic can live, even in these days when Celticism is in the air. Its literature is in the hands of literary *parvenus*, who make capital out of the enthusiasm which the revival of Celtic feeling has created, so long as it lasts. Celtic scholarship is at a discount; and the best educated Celts live in bitter hostility and jealousy to one another. If Celtic genius has not contributed much to our national literature, Celtic industry may yet advance materially the science of philology.**

Dr Maclauchlan supplies a paper on "Celtic Literature" of a very different character to the one last referred to. It was published in our pages at the time, and the reader has already judged for himself of its great interest and value. The contribution on the "Election of Chiefs and the Land Laws," by John Mackay of Benreay, is capitally written,

and is conclusive against the modern claim of the right to *elect* chiefs of clans. Mr Mackay says, and says correctly:—

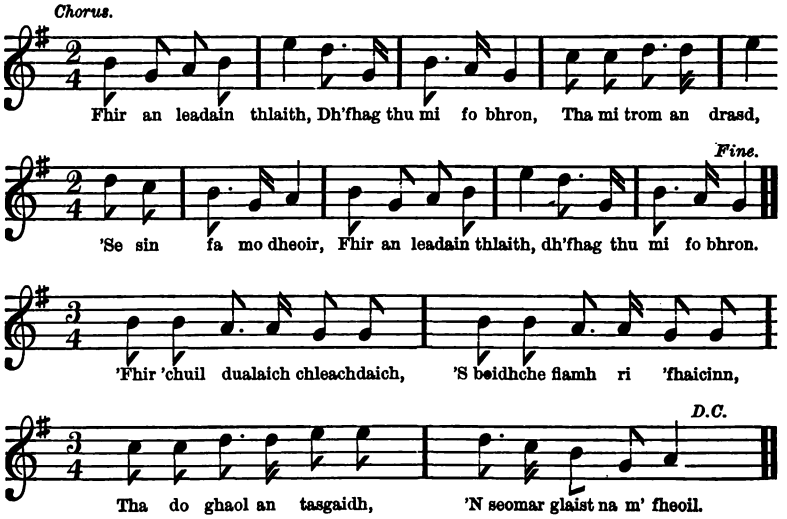
> It is generally allowed by those who have studied the subject, that under Celtic sway, the law of succession in the Highlands, if not all over Scotland, was according to what is known as the law of Tanistry. This system implied descent from a common ancestor; but when a vacancy occurred in the leadership, selected a man arrived at an age fit for war and council, in preference to the infant son (or heir-male if a minor) of the preceding chief. The succession was thus to a certain extent regulated by the law of expediency, and not strictly confined to the nearest male blood, the object being to have a chief of full age, able to advise in council and lead the clansmen in time of war. The chief, therefore, never being a minor, the quarrels, intrigues, and bloodshed for his guardianship, as it was called, which became so marked under the feudal system, were avoided; but there was no *election* of chiefs in the modern sense of that word, for the succession was confined to members of the chief's family. Thus, if a chief died, leaving his eldest son under age, one of the deceased chief's brothers would succeed as leader of the clan, and, failing a brother, the nearest male relative who had the confidence of the majority. It was a question in the first place of consanguinity, and not an election in the democratic or republican sense, as some people would have us believe, nowadays.

Again—

> Great stress has been laid by advocates of the elective system on the fact that two of the Chiefs of the Macdonalds were deposed, and other chiefs appointed in their place. These were the cases of Clanranald and Keppoch. Clanranald's case was in 1544. He was arbitrary and harsh; and what I may call a revolt of his Clan took place. To preserve his estate and authority, he got the assistance of his friend Lord Lovat and the Clan Fraser to help him to subdue his refractory clansmen, and bring them back to obedience. A battle took place. He was killed with a great many of the followers on both sides. The hereditary chief being thus slain, the next in succession became head of the Clan. In Keppoch's case, the revolution was effected more easily. He was considered to have become unworthy of the allegiance of the Clan, was deposed, and the next in succession, as a matter of course, became chief. These, however, were exceptional cases; and it would be just as correct to say that the succession to the throne of Great Britain is elective because a revolution took place in 1689, by which one king was deposed and another chosen in his place, as it would be to say that such was the mode of electing a Highland chief from the instances I have given, or any similar instance.

Mr Mackay puts very clearly his views on the Land Laws. He maintains that the people have no rights whatever in the soil. In this we entirely differ from him, but such a case as he puts—and puts well—demands a very different answer to mere assertion or abuse. A full account of the great Celtic demonstration in favour of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., at Inverness in April last is given. It was at the time more fully reported in a supplement to the *Celtic Magazine* than anywhere else, and further reference to it here is therefore unnecessary. The paper by William Mackenzie, secretary, on "Bliadhna nan Caorach," is a remarkable and valuable contribution to the history of the Highland Clearances. No mere quotation from this paper would give an idea of its interest and value, and we can only recommend those who take an interest in such questions to peruse the paper in the Transactions, a copy of which each member of the Society receives gratis. This is the largest and most valuable volume hitherto published by the Society. It is highly creditable to the Secretary, not only on account of his own valuable contributions to its pages, but also for the unusual promptitude with which he managed, as convener of the publishing committee, to get it through the press; for the general excellence of the papers obtained by him from the other contributors, and for the printing and general get-up of the volume. The typography is everything that could be desired, and the public owe the Gaelic Society a debt of gratitude for such a publication.

FEAR AN LEADAIN THLAITH.



KEY G.

Chorus.

| m . d : r . m | l : s ., d | m ., r : d | f . f : s ., s | l

Fine.

| s . f : m ., d | r : m . d | r . m : l | s ., d : m ., r | d ||

| m . m : r ., r : d . d | m . m : r ., r : d . d

D.C.

| f . f : s ., s : l . l | s ., f : m . d : r ||

Tha do ghruaigh mar shuthain,
An garaidh nan ubhall,
'S binne leam na chuthag,
Uirighill do bheoil.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

An toiseach a' Gheamhraidh,
'S ann a ghabh mi geall ort,
Shaoil leam gu'm bu leam thu,
'S cha do theann thu'm choir.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

Fhir an leadainn laghaich,
'S tu mo ruin 's mo raghain,
Na'n sguireadh tu thaghal
'S an taigh am bi 'a t-ol.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

Fhir an leadain chraobhaich,
'S og a rinn thu m' aomadh,
Thug thu mi bho 'm dhaoine
Fhuair mo shaethair og.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

An gair' a rinn mi 'n uiridh,
Chuir mo cheum an truimead,
'S mis a tha gu duilich,
'S muladach mo cheol.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

NOTE.—"Fear an leadain thlaith" is a highly popular song in the West Highlands, and is well worthy of publication here. I am not aware that the air has appeared elsewhere in print.—W. M'K.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXXIX. JANUARY 1879. VOL. IV.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

—o—

[CONTINUED.]

GENERAL Wade made a report to the Government, from which we extract the part which refers to Seaforth's followers:—"The Laird of the Mackenzies, and other chiefs of the clans and tribes, tenants to the late Earl of Seaforth, came to me in a body, to the number of about fifty, and assured me that both they and their followers were ready to pay a dutiful obedience to your Majesty's commands, by a peaceable surrender of their arms; and if your Majesty would be graciously pleased to procure them an indemnity for the rents that had been misplaced for the time past, they would for the future become faithfnl subjects to your Majesty, and pay them to your Majesty's receiver for the use of the public. I assured them of your Majesty's gracious intentions towards them, and that they might rely on your Majesty's bounty and clemency, provided they would merit it by their future good conduct and peaceable behaviour; that I had your Majesty's commands to send the first summons to the country they inhabited; which would soon give them an opportunity of showing the sincerity of their promises, and of having the merit to set the example to the rest of the Highlands, who in their turns were to be summoned to deliver up their arms, pursuant to the Disarming Act; that they might choose the place they themselves thought most convenient to surrender their arms; and that I would answer, that neither their persons nor their property should be molested by your Majesty's troops. They desired they might be permitted to deliver up their arms at the Castle of Brahan, the principal seat of their late superior, who, they said, had promoted and encouraged them to this their submission; but begged that none of the Highland companies might be present; for, as they had always been reputed the bravest, as well as the most numerous of the northern clans, they thought it more consistent with their honour to resign their arms to your Majesty's veteran troops; to which I readily consented.

"Summonses were accordingly sent to the several clans and tribes, the inhabitants of 18 parishes, who were vassals or tenants of the late

Earl of Seaforth, to bring or send in all their arms and warlike weapons to the Castle of Brahan, on or before the 28th of August.

"On the 25th of August I went to the Castle of Brahan with a detachment of 200 of the regular troops, and was met there by the chiefs of the several clans and tribes, who assured me they had used their utmost diligence in collecting all the arms they were possessed of, which should be brought thither on the Saturday following, pursuant to the summons they had received; and telling me they were apprehensive of insults or depredations from the neighbouring clans of the Camerons and others, who still continued in possession of their arms. Parties of the Highland companies were ordered to guard the passes leading to their country; which parties continued there for their protection, till the clans in that neighbourhood were summoned, and had surrendered their arms.

"On the day appointed the several clans and tribes assembled in the adjacent villages, and marched in good order through the great avenue that leads to the Castle; and one after the other laid down their arms in the court-yard in great quiet and decency, amounting to 784 of the several species mentioned in the Act of Parliament.

"The solemnity with which this was performed had undoubtedly a great influence over the rest of the Highland clans; and disposed them to pay that obedience to your Majesty's commands, by a peaceable surrender of their arms, which they had never done to any of your royal predecessors, or in compliance with any law either before or since the Union."

We extract the following account of Donald Murchison's proceedings and that of Seaforth's vassals during his exile in France, from a most interesting and valuable work.* It will bring out in a prominent light the state of the Highlands and the futility of the power of the Government at that period in the North. With regard to several of the forfeited estates which lay in inaccessible situations in the Highlands, the commissioners had been up to this time entirely baffled, having never been able even to get surveys of them effected. In this predicament in a special manner lay the immense territory of the Earl of Seaforth, extending from Brahan Castle in Easter Ross across the island to Kintail, and including the large though unfertile island of Lewis. The districts of Lochalsh and Kintail, on the west coast, the scene of the Spanish invasion of 1719, were peculiarly difficult of access, their being no approach from the south, east, or north, except by narrow and difficult paths, while the western access was only assailable to a naval force. To all appearance, this tract of ground, the seat of many comparatively opulent "tacksmen" and cattle farmers, was as much beyond the control of the six commissioners assembled at their office in Edinburgh, as if it had been amongst the mountains of Tibet or upon the shores of Madagascar.

During several years after the insurrection, the rents of this district were collected, without the slightest difficulty, for the benefit of the exiled Earl, and regularly transmitted to him. At one time a considerable sum was sent to him in Spain, and the descendants of the man who carried it continued for generations to bear "the Spanyard" as an addi-

* Chambers's Domestic Annals of Scotland.

tion to their name. The chief agent in the business was Donald Murchison, descendant of a line of faithful adherents of the "high chief of Kintail." Some of the later generations of the family had been intrusted with the keeping of Islandonain Castle, a stronghold dear to the modern artist as a picturesque ruin, but formerly of serious importance as commanding a central point from which radiate Loch Alsh and Loch Duich, in the midst of the best part of the Mackenzie country. Donald was a man worthy of a more prominent place in his country's annals than he has yet attained; he acted under a sense of right which, though unfortunately defiant of Acts of Parliament, was still a very pure sense of right; and in the remarkable actions which he performed, he looked solely to the good of those towards whom he had a feeling of duty. A more disinterested hero—and he was one—never lived.

When Lord Seaforth brought his clan to fight for King James in 1715, Donald Murchison and a senior brother, John, went as field officers of the regiment—Donald as lieutenant-colonel, and John as major. The late Sir Roderick J. Murchison, the distinguished geologist, great-grandson of John, possessed a large ivory and silver "mill," which once contained the commission sent from France to Donald, as colonel, bearing the inscription:—"James Rex: forward and spare not." John fell at Sheriffmuir, in the prime of life; Donald returning with the remains of the clan, was entrusted by the banished Earl with the management of estates no longer legally his, but still virtually so, though the effect of Highland feelings in connection with very peculiar local circumstances. And for this task Donald was in various respects well qualified, for, strange to say, the son of the castellan of Islandonain—the Sheriffmuir Colonel—had been "bred a writer" in Edinburgh, and was as expert at the business of a factor or estate-agent as in wielding the claymore.*

In bold and avowed insubordination to the government of George the First, the Mackenzie's tenants continued for ten years to pay their rents to Donald Murchison, on account of their forfeited and exiled lord, setting at nought all fear of ever being compelled to repeat the payment to the commissioners.

In 1720 these gentlemen made a movement for asserting their claims upon the property. In William Ross of Easterfearn and Robert Ross, a bailie of Tain, they found two men bold enough to undertake the duty of stewardship in their behalf over the Seaforth property, and also the estates of Grant of Glenmoriston, and Chisholm of Strathglass. Little, however, was done that year beyond sending out notices to the tenants, and preparing for strenuous measures to be entered upon next year. The stir they made only produced exitement, not dismay. Some of the duineuasals from about Lochcarron, coming down with their cattle to the south-country fairs, were heard to declare that the two factors would never get anything but leaden coin from the Seaforth tenantry. Donald was going over the whole country showing a letter he had got from the Earl, encouraging his people to stand out; at the same time telling them that the old Countess was about to come north with a factory for the estate, when she would allow as paid any rents which they might now

* For a short time before the insurrection, he had acted as factor to Sir John Preston of Preston Hall, in Mid-Lothian, now also a forfeited estate, but of minor value.

hand to him. The very first use to be made of this money was, indeed, to bring both the old and the young Countesses home immediately to Brahan Castle, where they would live as they used to do. Part of the funds thus acquired, he used in keeping on foot a party of about sixty armed Highlanders, whom, in virtue of his commission as colonel, he proposed to employ in resisting any troops of George the First which might be sent to Kintail. Nor did he wait to be attacked, but in June 1720, hearing of a party of excisemen passing near Dingwall with a large quantity of *aqua-vitæ*, he fell upon them and rescued their prize. The Collector of the district reported this transaction to the Board of Excise, but no notice was taken of it.

In February 1721, the two factors sent officers of their own into the western districts, to assure the tenants of good usage, if they would make a peaceable submission; but the men were seized, robbed of their papers, money, and arms, and quietly remanded over the Firth of Attadale, though only after giving solemn assurance that they would never attempt to renew their mission. Resenting this procedure, the two factors caused a constable to take a military party from Bernera Barracks into Lochalsh, and, if possible, capture those who had been guilty. They made a stealthy night-march, and took two men; but the alarm was given, the two men escaped, and began to fire down upon their captors from a hillside; then they set fire to the bothy as a signal, and such a coronach went over all Kintail and Lochalsh as made the soldiers glad to beat a quick retreat.

After some further proceedings, all of them ineffectual, the two factors were enabled, on the 13th day of September, to set forth from Inverness with a party of thirty soldiers and some armed servants of their own, with the design of enforcing submission to their legal claims. Let it be remembered there were then no roads in the Highlands, nothing but a few horse-tracks along the principle lines in the country, where not the slightest effort had ever been made to smooth away the natural difficulties of the ground. In two days the factors had got to Invermoriston; but here they were stopped for three days, waiting for their heavy luggage, which was storm-stayed in Castle Urquhart, and there nearly taken in a night attack by a partisan warrior bearing the name of Evan Roy Macgillivray. The tenantry of Glenmoriston at first fled with their bestial; but afterwards a number of them came in and made at least the appearance of submission. The party then moved on towards Strathglass, while Evan Roy respectfully followed, to pick up any man or piece of baggage that might be left behind. At Erchless Castle, and at Invercannich, seats of the Chisholm, they held courts, and received the submission of a number of the tenants, whom, however, they subsequently found to be "very deceitful."

There were now forty or fifty miles of the wildest Highland country before them, where they had reason to believe they should meet groups of murderous Camerons and Glengarry Macdonalds, and also encounter the redoubtable Donald Murchison, with his guard of Mackenzies, unless their military force should be of an amount to render all such opposition hopeless. An appointment having been made that they should receive an addition of fifty soldiers from Bernera, with whom to pass through

the most difficult part of their journey, it seemed likely that they would appear too strong for resistance; and, indeed, intelligence was already coming to them, that "the people of Kintail, being a judicious opulent people, would not expose themselves to the punishments of law," and that the Camerons were absolutely determined to give no further provocation to the Governmeat. This assured, they set out in cheerful mood along the valley of Strathglass, and, soon after passing a place called Knockfin, were reinforced by Lieutenant Brymer with the expected fifty men from Bernera. There must now have been about a hundred well armed men in the invasive body. They spent the next day (Sunday) together in rest, to gather strength for the ensuing day's march of about thirty arduous miles, by which they hoped to reach Kintail.

At four in the morning of Monday, the 2d of October, the party set forward, the Bernera men first, and the factors in the rear. They were as yet far from the height of the country, and from its more difficult passes; but they soon found that all the flattering tales of non-resistance were groundless, and that the Kintail men had come a good way out from their country in order to defend it. The truth was, that Donald Murchison had assembled not only his stated band of Mackenzies, but a levy of the Lewis men under Seaforth's cousin, Mackenzie of Kildun; also an auxiliary corps of Camerons, Glengarry and Glenmoriston men, and some of those very Strathglass men who had been making appearances of submission. Altogether, he had, if the factors were rightly informed, three hundred and fifty men with long Spanish firelocks, under his command, and all posted in the way most likely to give them an advantage over the invading force.

The rear-guard, with the factors, had scarcely gone a mile, when they received a platoon of seven shots from a rising ground near them to the right, with, however, only the effect of piercing a soldier's hat. The Bernera company, as we are informed, left the party at eight o'clock, as they were passing Lochanachlee, and from this time is heard of no more; how it made its way out of the country does not appear. The remainder still advancing, Easterfearn, as he rode a little before his men, had eight shots levelled at him from a rude breast-work near by, and was wounded in two places, but was able to appear as if he had not been touched. Then calling out some Highlanders in his service, he desired them to go before the soldiers and do their best, according to their own mode of warfare to clear the ground of such lurking parties, so that the troops might advance in safety. They performed this service pretty effectually, skirmishing as they went on, and the main body advanced safely about six miles. They were here arrived at a place called Ath-na-Mullach (Ford of the Mull People), where the waters, descending from the Cralich and the lofty mountains of Kintail, issue eastwards through a narrow gorge into Loch Affric. It was a place remarkably well adapted for the purposes of a resisting party. A rocky boss, called Tor-an-Beathaich, then densly covered with birch, closes up the glen as with a gate. The black mountain stream, "spear-deep," sweeps round it. A narrow path wound up the rock, admitting only of passengers in single file. Here lay Donald with the best of his people, while inferior adherents were ready to make demonstrations at a little distance. As the invasive party approached,

they received a platoon from a wood on the left, but nevertheless went on. When, however, they were all engaged in toiling up the pass, forty men concealed in the heather close by fired with deadly effect, inflicting a mortal wound on Walter Ross, Easterfearn's son, while Bailie Ross's son was also hurt by a bullet which swept across his breast. The Bailie called to his son to retire, and the order was obeyed; but the two wounded youths and Bailie Ross's servant were taken prisoners, and carried up the hill, where they were quickly divested of clothes, arms, money and papers. Young Easterfearn died next morning. The troops faced the ambuscade manfully, and are said to have given their fire thrice, and to have beat the Highlanders from the bushes near them; but, observing at this juncture several parties of the enemy on the neighbouring heights, and being informed of a party of sixty in their rear, Easterfearn deemed it best to temporise.

He sent forward a messenger to ask who they were that opposed the King's troops, and what they wanted. The answer was that, in the first place, they required to have Ross of Easterfearn delivered up to them. This was pointedly refused; but it was at length arranged that Easterfearn should go forward and converse with the leader of the opposing party. The meeting took place at Baile-ath-na-Mullach (The Town of the Mull Men's Ford), and Easterfearn found himself confronted with Donald Murchison. It ended with Easterfearn giving up his papers, and covenanting, under a penalty of five hundred pounds, not to officiate in his factory any more; after which he gladly departed homewards with his associates, under favour of a guard of Donald's men, to conduct them safely past the sixty men lurking in the rear. It was alleged afterwards that the commander was much blamed by his own people for letting the factors off with their lives and baggage, particularly by the Camerons, who had been five days at their post with hardly anything to eat; and Murchison only pacified them by sending them a good supply of meat and drink. He had in reality given a very effective check to the two gentlemen-factors, to one of whom he imparted in conversation that any scheme of a Government stewardship in Kintail was hopeless, for he and sixteen others had sworn that, if any person calling himself a factor came there, they would take his life, whether at kirk or at market, and deem it a meritorious action, though they should be cut to pieces for it the next minute.

A bloody grave for young Easterfearn in Beauly Cathedral concluded this abortive attempt to take the Seaforth estates within the scope of a law sanctioned by statesmen, but against which the natural feelings of nearly a whole people revolted.

A second attempt was now made to obtain possession of the forfeited Seaforth estates for the Government. It was calculated that what the two factors, and their attendants, with a small military force, had failed to accomplish in the preceding October, when they were beat back with a fatal loss at Ath-na-Mullach, might now be effected by means of a good military party alone, if they should make their approach through a less critical passage. A hundred and sixty of Colonel Kirk's regiment left Inverness under Captain M'Neill, who had at one time been Commander of the Highland Watch. They proceeded by Dingwall, Strathgarve, and

Loch Carron, a route to the north of that adopted by the factors, and an easier, though a longer way. Donald Murchison, nothing daunted, got together his followers, and advanced to the top of Màm Attadale, by a high pass from Loch Carron to the head of Loch Long, separating Lochalsh from Kintail. Here a gallant relative, named Kenneth Murchison, and a few others, volunteered to go forward and plant themselves in ambush in the defiles of the Coille Bhàn (White Wood), while the bulk of the party should remain where they were. It would appear that this ambush party consisted of thirteen men, all peculiarly well armed.

On approaching this dangerous place, the captain went forward with a sergeant and eighteen men to clear the wood, while the main body came on slowly in the rear. At a place called Attanbadubh, in the Coille Bhàn, he encountered Kenneth and his associates, whose fire wounded himself severely, killed one of his grenadiers, and wounded several others of the party. He persisted in advancing, and attacking the handful of natives with sufficient resolution, they slowly withdrew, as unable to resist; but the captain now obtained intelligence that a large body of Mackenzies was posted in the mountain-pass of Attadale. It seemed as if there was a design to draw him into a fatal ambuscade. His own wounded condition probably warned him that a better opportunity might occur afterwards. He turned his forces about, and made the best of his way back to Inverness. Kenneth Murchison quickly rejoined Colonel Donald on Màm Attadale, with the cheering intelligence that one salvo of thirteen guns had repelled the hundred and sixty red-coats. After this we hear of no renewed attempt to comprise the Seaforth property.

Strange as it may seem, Donald Murchison, two years after this a second time resisting the Government troops, came down to Edinburgh with eight hundred pounds of the Earl's rents, that he might get the money sent abroad for his lordship's use. He remained a fortnight in the city unmolested. He would on this occasion appear in the garb of a Lowland gentleman; he would mingle with old acquaintances, "doers" and writers; and appear at the Cross amongst the crowd of gentlemen who assembled there every day at noon. Scores would know all about his doings at Ath-na-Mullach and the Coille Bhàn; but thousands might have known, without the chance of one of them, betraying him to the Government.

General Wade, in his report to the King in 1725, states that the Seaforth tenants, formerly reputed the richest of any in the Highlands, are now become poor, by neglecting their business, and applying themselves to the use of arms. "The rents," he says, "continue to be collected by one Donald Murchison, a servant of the late Earl's, who annually remits or carries the same to his master in France. The tenants, when in a condition, are said to have sent him free gifts in proportion to their several circumstances, but are now a year and a-half in arrear of rent. The receipts he gives to the tenants are as deputy-factor to the Commissioners of the Forfeited Estates, which pretended power he extorted from the factor (appointed by the said Commissioners to collect those rents for the use of the public), whom he attacked with above four hundred armed men, as he was going to enter upon the said estate, having with him a party of thirty of your Majesty's troops. The last year this

Murchison marched in a public manner to Edinburgh, to remit eight hundred pounds to France for his master's use, and remained fourteen days there unmolested. I cannot omit observing to your Majesty, that this national tenderness the subjects of North Britain have one for the other, is a great encouragement for rebels and attainted persons to return home from their banishment."

Donald was again in Edinburgh about the end of August 1725. On the 2d of September, George Lockhart of Carnwath, writing from Edinburgh to the Chevalier St George, states, amongst other matters of information regarding his party in Scotland, that Daniel Murchison (as he calls him) "is come to Edinburgh, on his way to France"—doubtless charged with a sum of rents for Seaforth. "He's been in quest of me, and I of him," says Lockhart, "these two days, and missed each other; but in a day or two he's to be at my country house, where I'll get time to talk fully with him. In the meantime, I know from one that saw him, that he has taken up and secured all the arms of value in Seaforth's estate, which he thought better than to trust them to the care and prudence of the several owners; and the other chieftains, I hear, have done the same.

The Commissioners on the Forfeited Estates concluded their final report in 1725, by stating that they had not sold the estate of William, Earl of Seaforth, "not having been able to obtain possession, and consequently to give the same to a purchaser."

In a Whig poem on the Highland Roads, written in 1737, Donald is characteristically spoken of as a sort of cateran, while, in reality, as every generous person can now well understand, he was a high-minded gentleman. The verses, nevertheless, as well as the appended note, are curious:—

Keppoch, Rob Roy, and Daniel Murchison,
Cadets or servants to some chief of clan,
From theft and robberies scarce did ever cease,
Yet 'scaped the halter each, and died in peace.
This last his exiled master's rents collected,
Nor unto king or law would be subjected.
Though veteran troops upon the confines lay,
Sufficient to make lord and tribe a prey,
Yet passes strong through which no roads were cut,
Safe-guarded Seaforth's clan, each in his hut.
Thus in strongholds the rogue securely lay,
Neither could they by force be driven away,
Till his attainted lord and chief of late
By ways and means repurchased his estate.

"Donald Murchison, a kinsman and servant to the Earl of Seaforth, bred a writer, a man of small stature, but full of spirit and resolution, fought at Dunblane against the Government, *anno* 1715, but continued thereafter to collect Seaforth's rents for his lord's use, and had some pickerings with the King's forces on that account, till, about five years ago, the Government was so tender as to allow Seaforth to re-purchase his estate, when the said Murchison had a principal hand in striking the bargain for his master. How he fell under Seaforth's displeasure, and died thereafter, is not to the purpose here to mention."

The end of Donald's career can scarcely now be passed over in this slighting manner. The story is most painful. The Seaforth of that day

—very unlike some of his successors—was unworthy of the devotion which this heroic man had shown to him. When his lordship took possession of the estates which Donald had in a manner preserved for him, he discountenanced and neglected him. Murchison's noble spirit pined away under this treatment, and he died in the very prime of his days of a broken heart. He lies in a remote little church-yard on Cononside, in the parish of Urray, where, we are happy to say, his worthy relative, the late Sir Roderick J. Murchison, raised a suitable monument over his grave.

The traditional account of Donald Murchison, communicated to Chambers by F. Macdonald, Druidaig, states that the heroic commissioner had been promised a handsome reward for his services; but Seaforth proved ungrateful. "He was offered only a small farm called Bun-Da-Loch, which pays at this day to Mr Matheson, the proprietor, no more than £60 a year; or another place opposite to Inverinate House, of about the same value. It is no wonder he refused these paltry offers. He shortly afterwards left this country, and died in the prime of life near Conon. On his death-bed, Seaforth went to see him, and asked how he was. He said, 'Just as you will be in a short time,' and then turned his back. They never met again."

The death of George I., in 1726, suggested to the Chevalier a favourable opportunity again to attempt a rising and of stirring up his adherents in Scotland, whither he was actually on his way until strongly remonstrated with on the folly and hopelessness of such an undertaking at that time. It was also pointed out to him that it could only end in the final ruin of his family's pretensions, and of many of his friends who might be tempted to enter on such a rash scheme more through personal attachment to his own person than from any reasonable prospect they could see of success. He, in consequence, retraced his steps to Boulogne, and the Earl of Seaforth, having been pardoned in the same year,* felt himself at liberty once more to return to his native land, where, according to Mr Matheson, he spent the remainder of his life in retirement, and with few objects to occupy him or to interest us beyond the due regard of his personal friends and the uninterrrupted loyalty of his old vassals. He must, however, have been very hard up, for on the 27th of June 1728, he writes a letter to the Lord Advocate, in which he refers to a request he made to Sir Robert Walpole, who advised him to put his claim in writing that it might be submitted to the King. This was done, but "the King would neither allow anything of the kind or give orders to be granted what his royal father had granted before. On hearing this I could not forbear making appear how ill I was used. The Government in possession of the estate, and I in the interim allowed to starve, though they were conscious of my complying with whatever I promised to see put in execution." He makes a strong appeal to his friend to contribute to an arrangement that would

* By letters dated 12th July 1726, King George I. was pleased to discharge him from imprisonment or the execution of his person on his attainder, and King George II. made him a grant of the arrears of feu-duties due to the Crown out of his forfeited estate. An Act of Parliament was passed in 1733, to enable William Mackenzie, late Earl of Seaforth, to sue or maintain any action or suit notwithstanding his attainder, and to remove any disability in him, by reason of his said attainder, to take or inherit any real or personal estate that may or shall hereafter descend to him.—*Wood's Douglas' Peerage.*

tend to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned, "for the way I am now in is most disagreeable, consequently, if not rectified, will choose rather to seek my bread elsewhere than continue longer in so unworthy a situation.*

Notwithstanding the personal remission granted in his favour for the part he had taken in the rising of 1715, the title of Earl of Seaforth, under which alone he was proscribed, passed under attainder, while the older and original dignity of Kintail, which only became subordinate by a future elevation, remained unnoticed, and, consequently, unvitiated in the male descent of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, granted by patent on the 19th November 1609, and has accordingly been claimed, as we shall afterwards see.†

Earl William married in early life Mary, the only daughter and heiress of Nicholas Kennet of Coxhow, Northumberland, and by her had issue three sons, Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, who succeeded him; Ronald, died unmarried; and Nicholas, killed at Douay without issue. He had also a daughter, Frances, who married the Honourable John Gordon of Kenmure, whose father was beheaded in 1715. He died in 1740 in the Island of Lews, was buried there in the Chapel of Ui, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

"ET EGO IN ARCADIA FUI."

From morn to eve the sunshine fills
A circle 'mid the summer hills,
Where rose-red hills of heather round
Fence in a curve of quiet ground,
And broken walls of gorse knee-high
Seem molten gold against the sky.
A swirl of tawny eddies sweeps
Between grey boulders, breaks and leaps
More swiftly to the lower ground,
As if it dreaded to be found,
As if it spurned some dreamy spell.
Yet over this green cloister-cell
It loiters, pauses, coils, till clear
Its rippling grows within the ear,
Like slumber in a wearied brain.
Is there place here for grief or pain
More than in some Illyrian bay?
Is light there fairer or the play
Of shadows in the forest lawns?
Are the nights deeper or the dawns
More pearly? This alone I know,
Warm in the crimson after-glow,
Hearing the cuckoo's last good-night
Float from the foam, seeing the light
Die on the rocks, or fade between
On the sharp blades of breathing green,
That I have lost Arcadia found
Within this spot of Highland ground.

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* Culloden Papers, pp. 103-4.

† This Act (of Attainder) omits all mention of the subordinate though older title of "Lord Kintail," which he and all the collateral branches descended of George, the second Earl, had taken up and assumed in all their deeds and transactions, though there was no occasion to use it in Parliament as they appeared there as *Earls of Seaforth* It is questionable therefore if the Act of Attainder of *William, Earl of Seaforth*, by that designation only could affect the *barony of Kintail;* and as the designation to the patentee of it, "Suisque heredibus maxulis," seems to render the grant *an entailed fee* agreeable to the 7th of Queen Anne, c. 21, and the protecting clause of 26th Henry VIII., c. 13, the claimant, George Falconer Mackenzie, is entitled to the benefit of such remainder, and in fact such remainder was given effect to by the succession of Earl George, to his brother Colin's titles as his heir male collateral.—*Allangrange Service.*

MARY MORRISON.

—o—

[CONTINUED.]

POOR Mary was once again sent adrift friendless among strangers. She took up her abode in the same house as her child; and, under her own care, he began to improve slowly. What with keeping herself and providing some little extras for her boy, she too soon found herself almost penniless. The landlady, on seeing her resources exhausted, requested her to leave and seek other lodgings. She had to part with some of her clothing to make up the few shillings she owed this woman, and left with only a shilling in her pocket, and, carrying her sickly child, she made her way along the coast towards Greenock. There has been always a lingering feeling present with her attracting her to the original home of her departed husband, though she knew no one there—not even her mother-in-law. The first night she paid the last money she had for their bed and a little milk for the child. It was far on in the afternoon of the second day when she came to the outskirts of Greenock. She sat down on the road-side to think on what she was to do. She felt weak, hungry, and exhausted, carrying her sick boy during so long a journey. Her poor child felt sore with the carrying and even cried for bread. She had now little of any value to dispose of to procure what would appease their hunger, and thought on the seal her husband had given her. She took it out of her bosom, where she always kept it, looked first at it, and then at her fretful child, but oh! could she part with it. She wept bitterly till the child, poorly and hungry as he was, climbed up to her breast, took her head between his white and wasted little hands, and kissed her —the only way in which he could express his sympathy with his suffering mother. This roused her to a sense of their condition. She rose up, took the boy in her arms, and walked towards the town, determined to sell the trinket for what it would bring, and so save the life of her child. So intense were her feelings that she held up the seal in her hand toward the heavens, and appealed to the spirit of her lost husband to witness the necessity that compelled her to part with his gift. After getting into the town she looked about for a shop likely to purchase such an article, and soon noticed a large jeweller's shop, to which she went and asked an elderly gentleman behind the counter if he would be so kind as to tell her the value of the seal, at the same time handing it to him. He looked at it, and then at her and at the child, and asked her where she got it. She, in a hesitating manner, said she could not very well tell him where or how she got it, but if he did not choose to let her know its value she would thank him to hand it back to her. Instead of doing that he sent one of his assistants for a police-officer, to whom he gave her in charge. Poor Mary, led away by the man dumb as a sheep to the slaughter, was put into one of the cells till morning. The jeweller wrote a note to the Provost, who happened to be no other than Councillor Maccallum, owner of the missing ship, Glencairn, stating that a strange young woman with a child had called at his shop to dispose of a gold seal,

the same he had some years before bought from him, and which he had presented to the late Captain Grahame with a gold watch, and that he thought it proper to detain her for examination in the morning, as her statement might throw some light on the mysterious fate of their late friend. Poor Mary could not imagine why she was so dealt with. To the credit of the officer in charge at the station she was not put among the drunken, disreputable characters usually found in such places waiting for trial in the morning. He put her into a place more cleanly and comfortable than the common cells. Seeing the weak and feeble condition both of them were in, he procured some refreshments for them. His long experience of the criminal classes enabled him at a glance to judge she was none of that stamp. Next morning she was brought before the Magistrates, and questioned as to how she came into possession of the seal. All she would say was that she got it honestly and was a gift to her by its owner. She did not steal it nor did she deserve being put in prison for it, she persisted in saying, and that she had it in her possession for several years. When pressed and threatened to be separated from her child, she looked up in the face of the Provost, who presided, and said that if that gentleman would take her statement in private she would tell him how and when she got it. After some consultation it was agreed that he should retire with her to a private room, where she told him the simple story of her first meeting with Grahame and their subsequent marriage. She also stated facts connected with Grahame and the ship while at Tobermory that quite satisfied him that her tale was true. He led her back to the court-room with as much kindness and respect as if she were his own equal in social position, and explained to his brother magistrates that she got the seal from the hands of Grahame himself under circumstances which reflected no disgrace upon her character, when she was discharged and the seal given back to her. The Provost desired her to wait a little till the Court was over, as he wished to speak to her again. She did so, and when he came to her he handed her a pound note, at the same time giving instructions to one of the officers of the Court to go along with her to procure comfortable lodgings. He desired her to call at his house next day and see Mrs Maccallum. A few hours after leaving the Court she fortunately procured lodgings in the house of a respectable working man not long married. Everything about the house was in such good order and so clean that the sight of it in a manner eased her mind of the effects of her late trials. The blythe and happy-looking young wife very soon put her mind at greater ease than she had felt for weeks—rays of the dawn of better days began to shine into her wounded heart. Her natural good spirits responded to the cheerfulness of her more fortunate landlady, and when the husband came home in the evening Mary found him, in course of conversation, to be much better instructed than the generality of his class. He was foreman over the joiners in one of the shipbuilding yards in the town. Mary felt impressed with the evident care of an all wise Providential guidance in directing her wandering steps to the abode of this truly homely and happy pair. She very properly considered that the disposer of every action of her life meant these trials for her good to draw her closer to Himself by means of an intelligent perception of His character

as a God of love. When time came for retiring to rest, Mary knelt down at the side of the bed on which her boy was already sound asleep, and poured out her heart-felt gratitude for her recent deliverance. Next day she made her way to the Provost's house. He was in when she called, and both he and his lady received her very kindly. She gave them some details of her husband's stay at Tobermory, their marriage, and as much of her own private history as she thought prudent. Discovering that the young widow was a good white seamstress, Mrs Maccallum promised to use her influence among her acquaintances to procure work for her. In a few weeks Mary had as much as she could well manage, besides employing her landlady's spare time. Her child daily gained health and strength. She made enquiries about her late husband's mother, and was told she was staying with some friends in the neighbourhood of Hamilton. Hearing some time afterwards that her mother-in-law had retured to Greenock, she lost no time in calling upon her. The Provost's lady very thoughtfully asked Mary to allow her to accompany her when she went to see her, as her testimony would be a confirmation to Grahame's mother of her daughter-in-law's statements. They found her in a small room by herself. For support she did a little by knitting stockings; a few friends gave her a trifle now and then, which, with a small pittance from the parish, managed to keep her in life. When the aged widow was told of Mary's relationship with her lost son, she could scarcely believe it, as she never heard him say anything about his being married, and he never did anything, even of much less importance than getting a wife, without asking her advice in the matter; but after the boy was presented to her, she had no more doubt of the truth of the story. She at once declared that he was the very picture of his father when about that age.

Mary was now in very comfortable circumstances, being able to lay a little money past her from time to time. Her business increased so much that she had to get an assistant from Glasgow, and by this time she had some thoughts of taking a house for herself; but after seeing her mother-in-law she made up her mind to bring the aged widow home with her. She told her kind friend and patroness, Mrs Maccallum, who highly approved of her intentions. When the Provost came to know of it he insisted on his being allowed to assist her in furnishing the house, and when the house was taken, he not only provided the plenishing, as it was there called, but sent men at his own expense to put everything in its place, and Mary had little more to do in the matter than to come in and take possession. She took her aged mother-in-law with her, and resolved to give her all the comfort in her power, for the sake of him she loved so well, now that she was deprived of the help he never failed to give his mother while he was in life.

Mary, as we still like to call her, was about eighteen months in Greenock, doing well and truly respected by all who had occasion to know her. She was much improved in appearance, and really had a fine cultivated lady-like deportment, which, no doubt, her constant contact with the most accomplished ladies of the town helped to produce.

One morning, as one of the Liverpool traders came up to the quay, a man stepped ashore and was on the point of walking towards the town,

when one of the brokers, who generally frequented the quay on the arrival of ships, recognised him, and touched him on the shoulder. The stranger turned round, and he held out his hand as if to a friend. Both walked on in the direction of the buildings where most business men then had their offices, and called at the Provost's office. It was too early in the day for him to be there, but his chief-clerk, who had just come in, at once recognised his fast and long-lost friend, Captain Grahame. After mutuul congratulations, a cab was immediately sent for, in which they drove to the residence of Mr Maccallum. His old owner at once recognised him though he was much changed, being darker in complexion and much thinner in comparison to his former robust and ruddy countenance. The good man was as much affected at seeing him alive again as if he had found a long lost son. While the two were closetted together Mrs Maccallum sent a boy with a note to Mary, desiring her to call immediately at her house and to bring the boy along with her. When Mary read the note she wondered what was wanted at that time of the day. She, however prepared to go at once; for the lady had been too good a friend not to attend to her wishes. When she and her boy arrived at the house she was surprised to find the door-bell answered by the lady herself. There was a something so tender and yet so hopeful in Mrs Maccallum's looks and manner as she now and again gazed earnestly in Mary's face. Entering a sitting-room Mary was puzzled by the unusual manner of her friend, who felt at a loss how to break the news to the supposed widow. She was still more surprised to find the lady beginning the conversation by alluding to the loss of the ship her husband had command of, instead of, as she expected, some business transaction. Mrs Maccallum commenced by saying it was very strange no word was ever heard of the fate of the Glencairn. Still, she had heard of vessels supposed to have been lost with all hands, and yet some of the crews had cast up after a longer time than their ship had been missing. Her manner of saying this, and the fact that she seldom spoke to her on the subject for some time previously, awakened a suspicion in Mary's mind that she had heard some news of the ship, which made her tremble. She implored her friend if she knew anything not to conceal it any longer, at the same time assuring her that she was prepared to hear the worst. The lady saw that to keep her longer in suspense would hurt her more than the sudden reality, and she rose up, saying she would call Mr Maccallum, as he knew more than she could tell. She then went where the gentlemen were and whispered in her husband's ear to come and bring Grahame with him. No sooner did husband and wife see each other then they were locked in each other's embrace; and, following the example of the Provost and his wife, we shall in the meantime leave them by themselves. When the latter returned to the room they found Mary very calm but bearing evident traces of the severe mental ordeal she had gone through. She had her boy clasped to her breast, who, whenever his father offered to sit near his mother, frowned with his fine open brow. No coaxing or bribing could induce Bobby to relax his hold of his mother.

As an additional proof of the kindness of Mrs Maccallum, she went to Mary's house to prepare the elder Mrs Grahame for the joyful tidings. To attempt a description of the meeting between mother and son would only

marr the pleasure of all interested in the happiness of all concerned. True and faithful friend as the Provost's lady was to Mary, she was the means of raising the rather awkward question in the circumstances—Whether there was not some impropriety in Mary living with Grahame as his wife merely on the binding of a Gretna Green marriage? It was only on the solemn promise of both that they would be joined over again by the minister of the Gaelic Church that she would allow Grahame to live in the same house with his wife.

After the first excitement of the restoration of the dead into life, as it were, was over, and Grahame, his wife, and mother were left by themselves, it was most affecting to witness the old mother sitting beside her son with her arm through his, holding him as if some one was ready again to snatch him away, her disengaged hand resting on the top of his head, her eyes fixed on his face, tears of joy streaming down her cheeks, saying to her son, as well as her sobs and failing breath would permit her. "Oh Robert, my son, never forget to your wife the kindness and tenderness shown by her to your poor lonely mother, since the day a kind Providence directed her steps to where I was, when all other aids nearly failed me." Then, taking hold of Mary's hand, and putting it into that of her son, grasping them in her own trembling fingers, she said with solemn impressiveness, her eyes looking upwards, "Let my end be soon or late, may the Father of all mercies bless and prosper you both, now that you are united," and "love her, Robert, as I know she loves you." Then taking hold of his arm again she continued—"And oh! my son, where have you been, and what has kept you away so long. Well do I know that it was not with your will you stayed away from us."

He then told them that when they were two-thirds of the voyage out they were attacked and boarded by an armed pirate, who had killed most of the crew. None survived the fight but himself and other two—all severely wounded. They were taken on board the pirate, carried to the stronghold of the robbers, and kept in strict confinement. What became of the Glencairn they never knew. One of his wounded companions died shortly after landing. He and the other slowly recovered, after which they were obliged to work at whatever they could do in their prison house. They never were let out without being well guarded, and then only when some piece of work was to be done outside.

About five months before the time he arrived home, in early morning one day they were awakened out of their sleep by a great noise of shouting and tumult among the colony of pirates. In a short time after the booming of cannon was heard in the distance. The sound gradually neared them, and then a heavy shot came crashing through a building close to where they were confined. They started to their feet, expecting the next shot would hit their cell, and hurriedly put on what clothes they had. Shot after shot came tearing through the buildings. They could distinctly hear the crashing of falling portions of the rude fortress. Soon musket firing was heard close to them. By this they judged some armed ship had attacked the place and landed men to take it. They felt mad with excitement to be free and out to aid the evident enemies of their captors—whoever they might be. The fact of the heavy shots striking everywhere but in the place they were in seemed to them a cruel mockery

of their misery. After an evident struggle on shore the noise and fighting ceased, and an almost insufferable silence succeeded, and yet no way of escape from their dungeon appeared to them. They imagined they heard some groaning as if some one was in pain not far from them. They searched earnestly at every crevice in the walls, till they found one spot where the cement which joined the stones was softer than the rest. At this they picked with any piece of hard substance within their reach. After hours of anxious toil they succeeded in removing a large stone, through which they were able to get out of the dungeon. Their only guide in groping their way in the darkness was the groans they previously heard. At length they came upon a wounded man—one of their captors—who evidently was on the point of death. They raised him to an easier position, and left him to die. They soon found their way out of the ruins. Outside not a living creature could they see; not a ship or boat was on the water before the place. Nearing the water-side they observed unmistakeable traces of the deadly struggle which must have taken place there—a few dead bodies lay in pools of blood—all who were able must have escaped to the other side of the island. They then fell in with a stout boat much riddled with musket shots. They patched the holes as well as they could, went back to the ruins, and fortunately came on some cooked victuals, which they carried to the boat, and set out to sea. By this time it was dark. Towards morning they found themselves entering on the open sea, and made all haste to get further out for fear they might be seen from the land and chased. On the eighth day they saw a sail ahead, which, after some hours, noticed them, and, to their great joy, hove down upon them and took them on board. The ship proved to be a French vessel bound for Jamaica. They were kindly treated by the Frenchman, who landed them safe and sound when he arrived at his destination. The man saved along with him shipped on board an American for the East Indias, while he himself wrought his passage to Liverpool as a sailor before the mast.

About three weeks after Grahame's return, a little old man called at the office of Mr Maccallum asking to see him. No sooner was he ushered into his presence and heard him speak than he knew him to be a Highlander. The Provost, himself a Celt, kindly told him to tell his story in his native tongue. The stranger began by saying that he was a cow-feeder in the Townhead of Glasgow, and some time ago he bought some hay from a farmer near Largs, and paid some of the price in advance. When the hay was sent to him he found it much damaged by salt water through the leaking of the boat conveying it. He refused to take it in that condition, and demanded back his money. This the farmer would not do. Some of his friends in Glasgow advised him to see Mr Maccallum, who would be sure to tell him the right way to go about the matter. Mr Maccallum asked his name and address, as well as that of the farmer. He said that his name was Donald Morrison, and though he now lived in Glasgow he originally belonged to Skye. The Provost asked how long since he left Skye and if he had any family. These questions seemed to upset the poor old man, who appeared as if he had been suddenly taken ill. A glass of spirits was procured, which soon brought him round, when he continued, saying, that he left his home in

Skye several years ago, but that he did not then come to Glasgow, but went to Canada. That country did not agree with his wife, who never was strong since they lost their only child, a daughter, a little before they left. This satisfied the merchant that he was speaking to young Mary's father, and when Mr Maccallum went home, he sent a note to Grahame desiring him to call with Mrs Grahame that evening. When they came he told them of his visitor from Glasgow, which so excited Mary that she would be off to Glasgow that evening to see her parents, and was only persuaded from doing so by her husband promising he would accompany her next morning. On arriving in Glasgow next day they took a conveyance to the address in the Townhead, and on their approaching the house they observed a young woman standing in the door. Enquiring if Mr Morrison lived there, the girl, without saying a word, ran into the house and left them. In a short time the old man came out, and, looking earnestly at Mary, hurried to meet her without noticing Grahame, and, taking her in his arms, exclaimed in a faltering voice in his native language "Taing do Dhia gu bheil thu beo" (Thank God that you are alive). The daughter hung upon his neck unable to speak. Grahame himself, though he used to have more command over his feelings, was obliged to turn aside to hide his emotion. All this time the girl they had first seen stood with open mouth and staring eyes in the passage. She then bolted through to the byre, where Mary's mother was, shouting in Gaelic, "Oh, mistress, there is a grand lady and gentleman at the door with a fine coach, and the master is kissing the lady." Mrs Morrison hurriedly left off what she was doing, and came into the house. By this time the strangers were in the room. When the mother saw Mary she stood still, lifted her hands above her head, fainted away, and would have fallen if Grahame had not taken hold of her and led her to a seat.

While Mary attended to her mother in another apartment, old Donald, in the best English he had, got into conversation with Grahame. He soon understood that he was the sailor man for whom his daughter had refused so many good matches, and that she was now his wife. He saw Mary might have got a worse bargain, as he afterwards said that "the honest man was stamped in his face." Donald went to a press in the corner of the room, came back with a big bellied black bottle and dram glass, told the girl to set some bread and cheese on the table, drew the cork, filled up the glass, and, in accordance with the custom of his country, took his son-in-law by the hand, drank off a glass to the health and happiness of his son and daughter, re-filled the glass, handed it to Grahame, who drank health and length of days to the old couple. The mother, after getting over the effects of seeing her lost child restored to her in life and health, joined the men. The aged pair seemed to feel as if time had gone back many years. Donald especially spoke and acted as if he had no other object in what remained to him of life than to atone for what sorrow and misery his love of gear had occasioned to himself and others. The conversation naturally turned upon how their daughter and her husband had fared during "the dark years of their separation," as Donald termed it, and what their views were now that they were re-united. Mary, wife-like, was the first to speak, saying that if she could

help it her husband should never again take such long out-of-the-way voyages. Grahame said that although the pay in a coasting vessel was not equal to that paid to captains in command of over-sea-going ships, he would not go against his wife's inclination in the latter, and that perhaps by industry and carefulness, in a few years, they might save a little money to buy a small vessel of their own. Here Donald again got up and went to what he called his "kist," came back with a piece of paper and handed it to Grahame, who, after looking at it, gave it to his wife. She found it was a bank deposit receipt for £300, and held it back to her father again saying, that they could not think of taking it, as they might need it themselves, when not able to do anything for a living. The old man answered, "Tuts, tuts, lassy, take it, I have more left. I got more than that with your mother." When Mary told her mother she had a little boy at home with its other grandma, nothing would restrain the old lady from going down to Greenock that evening to see her grandchild. Old Donald declared that if she went so would he, and both went back to Greenock with the young couple.

The Provost and his lady took such an interest in the extraordinary episodes in the career of his friends, that they invited them all to meet him one evening, before the old couple went back to their cows in Glasgow. Mary, with pardonable pride, told Mrs Maccallum about her father giving her husband the amount of money already stated for the purpose of purchasing a vessel. The Provost generously offered to advance a certain sum towards the same object, and to give ample time for repayment. Old Donald, elevated a little with an extra glass of the Provost's whisky, gave the table such a thump as made everything upon it dance before their eyes, saying that he would himself give another hundred, so that they might buy a "wise-like vessel" when they were about it. The selection and purchase of the craft was left to the judgment of Mr Maccallum. Amidst all Mary's happiness her mother's failing health caused her uneasiness. She prevailed upon her father to give up their toilsome establishment in Glasgow, and to take a house near herself in Greenock that she might the better see to her mother's comfort. Her parents near her, her husband master of a handy vessel of his own, Mary was indeed happy. Still there was a source of some anxiety for such a mind as hers—the fear of her parents spoiling little Bobby, who was scarcely ever away from them. He was so idolised by them that his slightest wish or whim was attended to and gratified. Heavier troubles were soon, however, to come to her. Mother paid the debt of nature, and in a few weeks after her mother-in-law was taken away. The death of the latter she mourned as much as that of her own mother, for she came to love her as much. After his wife's death old Donald went to live with his daughter. Grahame was well employed with his vessel and making money; his wife gave up her business; her family increasing she could not so well attend to it. Her father in a few years followed his wife and was laid beside her. Grahame and Mary founded a family in Greenock, who were well known for generations after them, and who took their place among the most respectable of its citizens.

LODA.

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.

MANY readers of the *Celtic Magazine* have doubtless a vivid remembrance of the controversy which not more than a dozen years ago was waged full warmly as to the propriety of revising the authorised English version of the Holy Scriptures. On the one hand, it was argued that, in common honesty, we were bound to put in the hands of the unlearned the best possible translation of the sacred volume—a translation which, embodying the latest results of modern criticism, and making our English Bible as nearly as possible a living transcript to our common people of the original sacred documents, would come home to them with full authority, and be received without misgiving, as setting forth the mind of the Spirit and the very truth of God. On the other hand, there were many men, undoubtedly learned as confessedly they were pious, who shrank from the difficulties which, at this time of day, obviously stood in the way of a new authorised version of the Bible. These difficulties were manifold, but, above all other considerations, it was argued that the Christian world was so divided, and the various sects were so bitterly opposed the one to the other, that no new version, however excellent and honest, could ever be received with the same confidence which all were willing, by a sort of tacit understanding, to extend to the present version.

In such a controversy it belongs not to the *Celtic Magazine* to mingle. As a matter of history we merely chronicle the fact, that the controversy is now, and has been for some years, in the way of quietly settling itself. For good or evil, the work of revising our English Bible is now about half completed.

With the English Bible thus thrown into the crucible of revision, it is natural that we should ask, how fares it with our own Gaelic Bible? What is its present condition, and how has it come to be what it is?

Now it must not be forgotten that our Gaelic Bible could at no time be said to be "authorised" in the sense in which our present English version is authorised. It never received any national or Parliamentary sanction; and there is no National Bible Board, to which is solemnly committed the responsibility of securing the perfect purity of its text. It is true that the Gaelic Bibles in circulation among Scottish Highlanders for many years previous to 1860 were issued with the authority and sanction of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. But the version almost exclusively in circulation since 1860 has no sanction, either of the Established or Free Church. In fact, that version rests entirely on the authority of two names—the names of Dr Clerk, of Kilmalie, and Dr Maclauchlan, of Edinburgh. Several years ago an attempt was, no doubt, made, by means of a joint committee of the two churches, to place this weighty matter on a broader and firmer basis; but the committee has gone into abeyance without any practical result; and so the broad shoulders of the two learned gentlemen just named still bear the burden which, in 1860, they took upon themselves, or, to speak more correctly, which they accepted at the hands of the National Bible Society of Scotland. Of the

merits or demerits of the version of these two gentlemen this is not the place to speak. On such ground we are not critics but simple historians.

How did the Gaelic Bible come to be what it was previous to 1860? On the threshold of this inquiry we are met by this curious fact, that the Gaelic Bible first printed in Scotland, for the use of the Scottish Gael, was not at all a Scotch Gaelic version. It did not, indeed, profess to be. It was simply a transliteration of the Irish Bible: *athruighte go haireach as an litir Eireandha gu min-litir shol-leighidh Romhante: carefully transposed from Irish to Roman type.* The first issue of this *Irish* Bible for the use of *Scotch* readers was in 1690. There is now before us a copy of the rarer edition printed in Glasgow by Ioin Orr in 1754. The title page of the New Testament is as follows:—"Tiomna Nuadh ar DTighearna agus ar Slanuigheora Iosa Criosd, ar na tharruing go firinneach as Gregis go Gaoidheilg, re Uilliam O Domhnuill. Noch ata anois, ar mhaithe choitchinn Ghaoidhealtacht Albann, athruighte go haireach as an litir Eireandha go min-litre shol-leighidh Romhanta. Maille ri suim agus brigh na Ccaibidleach os a ccionn an Tiodaluibh aithghear; le R. KIRKE, M.A." At the end of the volume a vocabulary of eight pages is introduced with an address to *a leaghoir chairdeil*, in which the author explains that he was moved to prepare this help to the intelligent reading of the book, by reason of there being in it *iomad focal cruaidh do-thuigse*, especially to such as were not familiar with *snas chanamhain na Heirinn.* The *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica* of Reid gives no place to either edition of this work in the List of Gaelic Bibles, though both are mentioned at page 47 of the introduction. There is some confusion also in Reid's description of the Irish original. The Irish New Testament, begun by Walsh and Kearny, he alleges to have been completed by a certain Nehemiah Donellan, and on the next page he speaks of the Irish Prayer-book as the work of William O'Donnell, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam. But the Irish Testament always, so far as we have observed, bears the imprint, *ris an tathair is onoruighthe a Ndia,* UILLIAM O'DOMHNUILL, *aird easlug Thuaim.* We rather think that this William was the real Nehemiah who completed the work of Walsh and Kearny.

But what is the significance of the fact that nearly 200 years ago Kirke, a Scotch Highlander, the minister of a parish so entirely Highland as Balquhidder must then have been, should provide Irish Bibles for general use among his countrymen? One conclusion seems to us irresistible—that the Gaelic spoken in Ireland and Scotland at that time was much more nearly one language than is the case to-day. And another conclusion may be set down as self-evident, that the natural tendency of the twin forms of speech to diverge yet more and more apart, each on its several way, must have been very materially checked by the use, so far as it was used, of Kirke's Bible in the Scottish Highlands. That is to say, but for the Bible of Kirke our living Scotch Gaelic would have been, in a large measure, less Irish than it is to-day. Nor will our estimate of the actual effect of this potential element, in our more recent linguistic history, be at all lessened, when we consider how marked an effect it had on the earlier versions of the Bible, which were given to our people in Gaelic, professedly Scotch. The earliest of these is the New Testament of 1767, prepared for the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Know-

ledge, by the Rev. James Stewart, minister of Killin. It breathes throughout an unmistakeable aroma of its Irish predecessor. Space avails not for long or many extracts; let these suffice: *an Soisgeul do reir Mhata; agus an uair do chunnairc Iosa an sluagh; an sin a dubhairt Peadar; ach ni mar a choire, mar sin ata 'n saor-thiodhlac.* The Killin version was doubtless, in many respects a great improvement on the Irish version of the Archbishop of Tuam, but equally evident is it, as Dr Moulton * says, of the early English versions of Tyndale and Miles Coverdale, in their relation to the later authorised text, that "a multitude of passages, remarkable for beauty and tenderness, and often for strength and vigour, are common" to the earlier Irish and our later Gaelic version of the Holy Scriptures. Indeed a careful comparison of these two versions will reveal the fact, that for some of the chiefest beauties of our Gaelic Bible we are largely indebted to Bedel and O'Donnell. To ignore this, or to slur it over, would be not only ungenerous but unfair. Take, for example, as test passages, these two sublime chapters, the 55th of Isaiah and the 8th of Romans, which, perhaps, of the whole Bible are the best known among our people. If our space would admit of the Irish and Gaelic of both chapters being all set up in parallel columns, there are few of our readers who would not be surprised to observe how little change the latter has made on the former. A verse or two, taken at random, is all we can give:—

IRISH.

Ho tigeadh gach uile dhuine tartmhor chum na nuisgeadh agus an te ag nach bhfuil airgiod; tighidh se, ceannchuidh agus ithidh; tigidh, fos, ceannchaidh fion agus bainne gan argiod agus gan luach.

Creud fa ccaithighe argiod ar nidh nach aran? agus bhur saothar re nidh nach sasuigheann? eistigh go dutbrachtach riomsa, agus ithidh an nidh is maith, agus biodh duil ag bhur nanam a meuthus. Claonuidh bhur ccluas, agus tighidh chugamsa: cluinidh agus marfidh bhur nanam, &c,—Isai 55, 1-3.

Agus ata a fhios aguian go gcomhoibrigheann gach uile nidh chum maitheasa do na daoinibh ghradhuigheas Dia, nooh a ta ar na ngairm do reir a erduighesion.—Rom. 8, 28.

Uime sin creud a dearam fa na neithibhsi? Ma ata Dia linn, cia fheadus bheith ar naghuidh? 31.

Oir ata dheirbhfhios agam nach budh heidir le bas, na le beatha, na le hainglibh, na le huachdaranachduibh, na le cumhachtuibh, na leis na neithibh ata do lathair, na leis na neithibh ata chum teachda, na le hairde, na le doimhne, na le creatur ar bith eile, sinne dhealughadh o ghradh Dé, ata a Niosa Criosd ar Dtighearna. 38, 39.

GAELIC.

Ho gach neach air am bheil tart thigibhse chum nan uisgeachan; agus easan aig nach 'eil airgiod, thigibh, ceannaichibh agus ithibh; seadh, thigibh, ceannaichibh, gun airgiod agus gun luach, fion agus bainne.

Car son a ta sibh a' caitheamh airgid air ni nach aran? agus bhur saothair air ni nach sasuich? Eisdibh le deadh aire riumsa, agus ithibh an ni ata maith, agus gabhadh 'ur n-anam toilinntinn ann an cuilm shogh-mhoir. Aomaibh 'ur cluas, agus thigibh a' m' ionnsuidh-sa; eisdibh, agus mairidh 'ur n' anam beo, &c.

Agus a ta fhios againn gu'n comhoibrich na h-uile nithe chum maith do'n dream aig am bheil gradh do Dhia, eadhon dhoibhsan a ghairmeadh a reir a ruin.

Ciod uime sin a their sinn ris na nithibh sin? Ma tha Dia leinn, co dh'fheudas bhi 'nar n-aghaidh?

Oir ata dearbh-bheachd agam nach bi bas, no beath, no aingil, no uachdaranachda, no cumhachda, no nithe a ta lathair, no nithe a ta ri teachd, no airde, no doimhne, no creutair sam bith eile, comasach air sinne a sgaradh o ghradh Dhe a ta ann an Iosa Criosd ar Tighearn.

An improved edition of James Stewart's New Testament appeared in 1796, under the care of his son, Dr John Stewart of Luss, who, in

* The History of the English Bible. By the Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D. Cassell & Co.

a prefatory "advertisement," thus speaks of his father's version:—"In the opinion of good judges, the work was executed in the most faithful manner, and it has been well received in every part of the Highlands. The author, however, was himself sensible that it was susceptible of improvement, and in an interleaved copy [he] marked with his own hand several corrections, which, in the present edition, have been carefully made. With a view to its further improvement, the translation has lately, in whole or in part, been revised by gentlemen in different parts of the Highlands, who were every way qualified for that important task, and who freely communicated their remarks to the editor. He has ventured, however, to make no alterations, but such as, on critical examination, appeared necessary and important, and such as the author himself, had he been in life, would have probably approved."

How carefully, and yet with what filial tenderness, the younger Stewart revised the work of his father, will best be seen by comparing a verse from their several translations (John iii. 3), to which, for the readers' convenience, the corresponding verse in the Irish Testament is added:—

IRISH.	KILLIN.	LUSS.
Do fhreaguir Iosa agus a dubhairt se ris, Go deimhin deimhin, a deirim riot, muna gheintear duine a ris nach eidir leis rieghachd De dfaicsin.	**Fhreagair Iosa agus a dubhairt se ris, Gu deimhin deimhin a deirim riut, mur beirthear duine a-ris, nach fheudar leis rioghachd Dhe fhaicsin.**	**Fhreagair Iosa agus a dubhairt e ris, Gu deimhin deimhin a deirim riut, mur beirear duine a ris, nach feud e rioghachd Dhe fhaicinn.**

The change of *se* to *e*, *beirthear* to *beirear*, *a-ris* to *a ris*, *nach feudar leis* to *nach feud e*, *fhaicsin* to *fhaicinn*, shows how minutely, and with how critical an eye, the younger Stewart examined the work of the elder. But why did he spare *a dubhairt e*, and *a deirim riut?* Was it because in his day these expressions were counted good Gaelic? Or was it only the natural tendency of a pious man tenderly to spare every twig that could possibly stand unpruned, in what to him was sacred and venerable as the tree of life? One thing is certain: no man who knows anything of the life and character of Dr John Stewart will suppose for a moment that these expressions, now branded as foreign to our Scottish Gaelic, were allowed to stand either through want of care or through defective knowledge of what was then esteemed pure idiomatic Gaelic.

While, as Highlanders, we are grateful to the Stewarts for their pious labour, which was indeed to them a labour of love, as to our people it has been a gift of peerless price, we must never forget our vast obligations for this and many other munificent gifts, to the oldest, and still one of the richest and most enterprising, of the religious associations of our land. For it was at the request, and entirely at the expense, of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, that the blessed work of these two good and gifted men was executed.

Some account of the first version in Scotch Gaelic of the Old Testament, with the interesting episode of the connexion therewith of the Rev. Dr John Smith, of Campbelton, and the completion of the Society's labours in their noble edition of 1826, will furnish materials for another paper on this subject.

DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D.

BRAHAN OF STEEDS.

Song on the Earl of Seaforth.

(Translated from the Gaelic.)

Steed-famed Brahan well-known, of my footsteps the throne!
Well-known haunt of the slender-limbed herd!
There thy bannered stag's-head, in thy need is broad spread,
Thou chief of the rich chequered shields!
May thy fame still increase, to thy footsteps be peace,
Seaforth—thy late sounding title—
Let the halls of thy Court re-echo the sport,
And the song of thy clansmen and revel.

From thy silver-cupped board in abundance still poured—
Drink of various kinds might be named—
There was rum, porter, and beer, wine, brandy, good cheer—
With courage to fire thy young men.
Thy hall of a night e'en a duke would delight;
When are met there the cunning musicians,
And the sun out of sight, with its strings stretched tight
The harp pours its music delicious.

Frank and pleasant wast thou to high and to low;
Strong-limbed, stout, manly and gentle;
Their support in thy might, free from backbiting spite;
To thee was deceit ever hateful.
With our chief loved so well, rise we sons of Kintail,
From the foe oft for him won we honour;
Maclennans the glorious, in battle victorious,
Courageous, commanding in valour.

With thee rise to the work sons of "Murchadh-nan-Corc,"
Whom terror could never restrain;
Youths in beauty's bloom blush, in their green strength they rush
Unchecked by appeal in their fury.
When the pikes are drawn rife, ready, keen for the strife,
Lopped limbs and heads gashed wide they scatter,
Source of deepest delight at thy back standing tight,
Sons of Roderick of Farabairn Tower.

To their arms swiftly take the Macraes for thy sake,
Who to battle rage roused never tremble;
Mark them! generous and deft, of their calmness not reft,
Rushing on red-hot in their thunder.
When fiercely they stride, huddled close side by side,
Heads are seen carved with wounds gaping ghastly,
And their heel's on the foe, tumbled breathless below
By the play of the men of the back-stroke.

To thy side flock together Clan Donald of the heather;
Macleods to a man in their anger;
And from Assynt-the-North pour but gentlemen forth;
With thee stirs no tattered Catlander.
Macintoshes right brave, well-equipped armies gave,
Their bannered tailed cat streaming broadly;
Clan-Chatan pike-bearing in battle-strife shearing,
To their knees bring submissive the red-coats.

In his pomp comes so proud, Earl of "Cromba" from Leod,
From his ancient and surge-beaten tower;
With his handsome array, ordered well for the fray,
Raging stags with their antlers bare-chafing.
When thy back-sword with speed is unsheathed in thy need,
Swift, manly and free they'd encounter,
Till, in tumult and rout, wheels the foe right-about,
Hot pursued by the victors swift-stepping.

In thy retinue came the Macleans of great fame,
Stout-limbed with the hue of the hunter;
Their muskets bright beaming, and burnished swords gleaming,
And lances the back-stroke to parry.
On the grassy sward green, where they tread, may be seen
Corses gory in death grim distorted;
Swiftly dashing in strife where the danger is rife,
The heroes in Scotch garb undaunted.

In the Court of thy peers, one more honoured none hears,
Nor useless concealed is thy wisdom;
Calmly bold and with grace, keen discussing each case,
Standing true on the side of the Scotsman.
To thy kinsmen a crown, great chief of renown!
Encamp with thee striplings deft-handed;
And brave youths with a will to the conflict rush still,
When aloft streams the stag's-head thy standard.

In the grasp of thy might was thy clan-land held tight,
In despite of the champions red coated;
Ammunition in plenty, trim muskets, swords dainty,
Over kilts thickly plaited—these hadst thou.
To thy skill in the field, is the foe forced to yield,
Thy might and thy valour evincing—
Bear my fond regards flashing, over Conon swift dashing,
To Brahan, fair silver-cupped Brahan.

GLASGOW. FINLAY MACRAE.

HACO, THE DANE, OR THE PRINCE'S WOOING.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF LOCH-MAREE, IN THREE PARTS.

By J. E. MUDDOCK, *author of "A Wingless Angel," "As the Shadows Fall," "Lovat, or Out in the '45," &c., &c.*

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PART III. (AND CONCLUSION)—REVENGE.

ALTHOUGH terribly wounded, and utterly prostrated through loss of blood, Prince Haco still lived, and in about an hour's time he recovered consciousness. The moon was sinking below the horizon, but the stars still looked down coldly and silently on the wild and savage region. A gentle breeze blew across the loch and broke its surface into wavelets that skipped and danced in the weird gleams of the pale light, and beat the shore in a strange melody of sadness. For a considerable time Haco was at a loss to understand or realise his position. His brain was dazed and muddled. He was lying upon his back, and his left arm was swollen and stiff, while a gaping wound showed itself in the fleshy part of the neck on the right side. All around him was a gory pool, and his pallid and death-like features were splashed with clots of blood. His hair was matted and hung in wild disorder about his face, and his dress was so gashed and torn that it hung in shreds from his body.

Bad as the wounds of the young prince were, however, they had not penetrated to any vital part. And the life that had been so nearly going out slowly returned, and very gradually the incidents of the night dawned upon him, and he remembered how he had met and fought the terrible Red Hector of the Hills. The Prince groaned. Despair, rage, and pain were mingled, and to add to his misery he was consumed by a burning thirst. His tongue seemed too large for his mouth, and his lips were puffed and cracked. That horrible thirst was unendurable. He heard the wash of the water on the stone at the edge of the loch, and it seemed to mock him. With the desperate energy of despair he partly raised himself, and through the blood-like mists that had gathered before his dimmed eyes, he gazed across the rippling waters to where in the purple shadows the Isle Maree lay.

"Ah, my beloved!" he murmured in his agony, "is it to be that we are never to meet again? Is there no good spirit will whisper to you now, and tell you that your lover lies wounded unto death? Oh, for your gentle hand to bind up my wounds, and to moisten my parched and burning throat. Thyra, Thyra, my beloved!" he cried.

His words were echoed by the mountains as if in mockery, and then there was silence again. Then the wounded man made another desperate effort to rise, and to drag himself down to the edge of the water. The exertion caused the blood to gush forth from his wounds again, but better to bleed to death, he thought, than suffer the unutterable agony of thirst. Despair and suffering lent him strength, and he was enabled to crawl along the ground half a yard or so at a time. He persevered and slowly and painfully worked his way down until the water was reached. Then

he almost fainted from the joy of having succeeded. He got his face close to the water and he dashed the cold and refreshing fluid into his mouth and throat. It was nectar—it was more, it was life! At that moment the draught of water was worth a king's ransom. Prince Haco laved himself in the precious fluid and drank of it until he seemed to grow strong and whole again. The senses were deluded, however, for when he attempted to stand up he found himself as helpless as a babe but newly born. Dragging himself beneath the shelter of a boulder, he sank down prone upon the earth, and there stole upon him a horrible and unutterable sense of loneliness. He knew that not far off there were those who would have sacrificed their own lives to save his; but no hand was near to minister to his dire needs, and he must perforce die for want of assistance.

Insensibility came upon him again, and there was a long blank. The night grew old. Down sank the moon, leaving the loch wrapped in one great impenetrable shadow, out of which came the voice of the waters, and occasionally the mournful cry of some sea bird. Gradually the darkness commenced to break in the east. A cold grey succeeded the blackness, and this in turn gave place to warm flush, rosy at first until it deepened to crimson, and soon the mighty sun came in a glory of gold and red, and with his shafts of fire he smote old Slioch and the surrounding hills until they were burnished into a resplendent brightness.

The freshness of the morning air, and the warm rays of the rising sun had a stimulating effect on Prince Haco, who had lain all night under the starlit canopy of heaven while Death and Life wrestled for him. He opened his heavy eyes, and though weakness and loss of blood had brought on delirium, there was one name that rang in his dazed brain, and that name shaped itself on his lips—it was the name of Thyra.

It so happened that on this particular morning—and by one of these strange chances which often induce one to think that Fate is something more than a name—two monks were despatched from Isle Maree on a special mission to one of the religious houses on the mainland. They landed at the usual landing-place, which was close to where the Prince was lying. Then their attention was attracted by a deep groan of pain, and but for this they might have passed on without observing him, but now as they saw the wounded man they uttered a cry of alarm and hurried forward to instantly recognise Haco, the Dane, in the death-pale and blood-stained man who was stretched amongst the ferns. The two monks held a hurried consultation, and then decided to convey the Prince to the island as speedily as possible, where he would have the advantage of the wonderful skill of the Father Superior, whose fame as a leach had spread throughout the country; and in addition to this the gentle Princess could nurse him, and the holy men were there to shrive him if his end approached.

Actuated by these considerations the men raised the Prince between them, and carried him to their boat. Then they rowed quickly back to the island. The news, of course, soon spread, and as soon as the Princess Thyra heard it she flew at once to the presence of her lover unrestrained by the remonstrances of the Father Superior. She forgot every thing else in the one all absorbing thought that he who was dearer to her than life

was lying stricken well nigh unto death, and that it was her duty to tend and watch him, and win him back to health and strength again, if that were possible.

Ah! how very gentle she was. At first she wept until her little eyes grew red; but this was a very natural and pardonable womanly weakness. She grew calmer in a little while, for she recognised her duty, and nobly and bravely did she do it. For weeks the Prince tossed and raved in the delirium of a dreadful fever, the result of his wounds, and the exposure he had endured. But watching over him like a ministering angel was the gentle girl who tried to anticipate his every want.

At length her care and attention was rewarded, for the fire of the fever died out, and Haco's wounds commenced to heal. For weeks he had lain all unconscious of her presence, but now as he learned all, and recognised who his gentle nurse had been, he could only fold her in his arms and weep for very joy.

From that moment he made rapid progress towards recovery. The favourable turn having once set in, it was not long ere he was enabled to get about.

The news of the duel had, of course, spread throughout the country, and the Prince's followers had made a vow to take Red Hector of the Hills and put him to the torture. But they reckoned without their host. Hector was too old a fox to be caught napping, and he was too well acquainted with his native mountains not to be able to find shelter from his pursuers. At any rate none of those who sought him were able to find any trace of him. He had disappeared as effectually as if he had sunk into the dark depths of the loch. What had become of him was a mystery to all, save, perhaps, his own immediate followers. And as time wore on, and not the slightest clue to his whereabouts could be got, a belief gained ground that he was dead.

Day by day Prince Haco grew stronger. His wounds had quite healed, and little or no trace of the terrible illness through which he had passed remained. He still lingered on the island, although he was repeatedly urged, nay commanded, to return home to his own country. But love was a stronger power than any other that could be brought to bear; and no man could have loved more truly, more honourably, or more devotedly than he. Perhaps it was a foolish love, but when was love ever wise? When did it ever run smoothly? In the case of this young couple it was destined to lead them into destruction.

One morning as the lovers walked in the little garden attached to the monastery, the Princess said, "Yesterday a special messenger brought me bad news."

"Indeed!" the Prince exclaimed, as a flush of excitement came into his pale face. "Bad news! nay, I hope, my beloved that you have been misinformed. But tell me what is this news?"

"I am summoned to proceed to Ireland without a moment's loss of time, as my father lies at death's door."

"That is bad, indeed," was the sorrowful rejoinder. "And when do you purpose leaving?" he asked after a pause.

"To-morrow, an' the wind hold fair."

"To-morrow!" the Prince echoed, then sank into a gloomy silence;

but suddenly he stopped in his walk, and looking the Princess full in the face, he said, "And how long do you intend to be absent?"

"Alas! I cannot tell that."

"But you will return?" he asked anxiously and excitedly.

"Yes."

"You will promise me this?"

"Yes."

"As you hope that your immortal soul may be saved?"

"As I hope that my immortal soul may be saved," she answered a little sadly, as though the implied doubt had stung her.

When the hour of parting came, Prince Haco did not exhibit any great outward sorrow, but it needed no very keen observer to see that he was moved deeply. He accompanied his betrothed on board the galley that was to convey her down the loch, and when he took leave of her at the mouth of the river he caught both her hands in his, and peering into the wondrous depths of her blue eyes, he said with passionate earnestness—

"Princess, you take my heart with you. By the God we both worship, I conjure you, use it well; and if you would have me live, come back soon."

"Lose not faith in me," she answered, as the tears blinded her, and her bosom throbbed with the wild emotion she tried so hard to suppress. "Only one thing shall ever prevent my returning."

"And that is—" Haco interrupted impatiently. "Death."

Their farewell was a long and sad one, and then they parted. A fair wind was blowing, and soon the galley sailed out of sight; and then, with a heavy heart, Prince Haco ordered his men to row him back to the island, where he intended to reside until the Princess came back. In the course of a week or two the poignancy of his grief had worn itself out, and being now perfectly restored to health, he once more indulged in the sport and excitement of the chase, although he never went out now without being accompanied by a strong and well-armed retinue.

One day as he and his followers were returning from the White Mountains, where they had been hunting, an old man suddenly placed himself in their path. Peremptorily and rudely he was ordered to move out of their way, but the Prince's good nature prompted him at once to ride forward and address the man.

"Who are you, and whence came you my good fellow?"

"Alas, your highness, I am a homeless wanderer. A warrior has carried off my cattle. My only son was killed the other day while climbing yon broken crag in search of a lost sheep, and the sight of the boy's mangled body drove my poor old wife raving mad, and she drowned herself in the loch.

"A sad story, truly," sighed the Prince; then turning to one of his followers, he ordered him to give the old man substantial alms.

Drawing himself up, however, with pride and dignity, the man replied with great scorn, "Prince, I am no beggar."

"What dost thou seek, then?"

"To be allowed to enter your highness's service."

"Well, thou art modest, at least," cried the Prince, as he laughed heartily; "but what canst thou do? Thou art old and weak, and all but useless."

The man's face grew red, and it almost seemed as if fire came out of his eyes as he clutched a staff he was carrying with a vice-like grip, and the muscles of his arms stood out like cords.

"Useless," he echoed, then softening his tone, and changing his manner, he continued, "Pray, mock me not, your highness; there is life and vigour yet in these limbs, as your highness shall discover an' you will but engage me."

"An' I do this, wilt thou prove faithful?"

"Aye."

"And never forget the kindness I do thee?"

Something like a sneer of bitterness came into the man's face as he made answer and said—

"Ronald Macleod never yet forgot a kindness, as he never yet forgave an injury."

"Come, thou art engaged, then," cried the Prince, laughingly, "I see there is fire in thee yet."

"Fire," the man hissed with strange energy, "fire! aye, if thou didst but know how I burn for revenge."

"Revenge!" echoed the Prince and several of his followers in astonishment.

"Is it so strange that an old man should be desirous of revenging a great wrong?"

"Wrong, and against whom?" asked the Prince.

"No matter," was the almost sullen answer. "A sleeping memory has been aroused, and for a moment I forgot myself. When shall I enter your highness's service?"

"To-morrow, and it please thee."

"To-morrow it shall be," the man returned, as he bowed and moved on one side, and the Prince and his suit moved on.

"There is something in that fellow that does not please me, Prince," one of the suite remarked, as they got out of the man's hearing.

"Tut, man, thou art full of strange whims and fancies. I will warrant me the rascal is honest enough," the Prince answered.

"I pray heaven that it is so," the speaker remarked as if to himself.

At noon on the following day Ronald made his appearance on the island, and the Prince at once appointed him to a position of some trust, and so much desire did the man display to please his new master that the Prince was drawn towards him, and in a very short time had become attached to him.

Three months passed, and then the Prince commenced to weary for the return of his affianced. He had had no word from her since she went away, and he became a little anxious and troubled. He had stationed some of his servants at Poolewe, with instructions that when they espied the vessels of the Princess they were to despatch a mounted courier to him instantly with the news. Day after day went by until suspense had become almost unbearable; but at length the courier arrived, with the joyful intelligence that three vessels were in sight, and the leader of them bore the royal flag of Ireland.

The Prince was elated and excited in a more than ordinary degree, and he was about to issue orders that a reception should be organised

that would do honour to his noble bride. But at this moment Ronald crept up to him, and whispered—

"Master, I am strangely troubled, and I pray you give me a few minutes that I may get speech with you."

"Not now, Ronald; not now. Thou shouldst not speak of trouble at such a time as this, but joy, and only joy."

"Nay, master of mine, I must speak. It is to your highness's interest that I should do so."

There was something so earnest, so impressing in the man's tone that the Prince looked at him in astonishment, and then said—

"If what thou hast to say is so serious, I will give thee two minutes; two minutes, remember, and not a second longer."

He turned aside with Ronald, and when they were alone, Ronald said—"I have had a dream——"

"Tut, man," interrupted the Prince petulantly, "is it for this only that thou wouldst waste my time."

"Be not so fast, master. I have dreamed my dream three nights running, and by the heavens above us there is truth in dreams. Nay, turn not away, but listen. What wouldst thou do an' thy lady-love were dead?"

The Prince started and turned ghastly pale, and his lip quivered as though a current of electricity was passing through it, he stammered—

"Dead! What do you mean?"

"I ask what wouldst thou do an' she were dead?"

"Rascal, why dost thou torture me by even daring to ask such a question?"

"Nay, be not angry; I cannot help my dream."

"Help thy dream," the Prince cried, while his face was pale even to a shyness.

"Aye, thrice have I dreamed that she was dead, and I fear me that my dream is prophetic."

For some minutes the Prince was silent; he seemed to be struggling with some terrible emotion that almost overpowered him, but at last, in a hollow voice, he said—

"Why hast thou told me this? Why hast thou dared to cloud the sunshine of my joy?"

"Dared!" Ronald echoed, while his whole manner seemed to change, and a look of fierce pleasure came into his face, although it escaped the notice of the Prince, who was deeply absorbed in his own reflections. "There is nothing under heaven I would not dare—" Then he checked himself suddenly, and said, "An' this dream should be true——"

"An' it should be true," the Prince cried, "an' it should be true, I would plunge this dagger into my own heart." He drew a jewelled poignard from its sheath at his girdle as he spoke; but thrusting it back again with impatience and anger, he said, "Ronald, thou art a fool and a knave." He was striding away, but suddenly turned, and as if ashamed of having spoken so sharply, he remarked, "I forgot myself. I should not allow the babble of an old man to disturb me. Pardon me, Ronald; I have been hasty."

"*But if it should* be true?" Ronald asked with strange emphasis.

"'But?' Why dost thou torture me with 'But?' It cannot be."

"Cannot it? Nay, who can tell?"

"Ronald, dost thou wish to drive me mad? I feel almost as if I could strike thee to the earth for having dared to torture me by telling me thy idiotic dream. By the holy Virgin thou hast made me unhappy, and I shall need the priestly consolations of the good Father Superior to enable me to endure the dreadful suspense until I am assured that my beloved Princess is well."

"I have a plan, an' your highness approves of it."

"What is it? Speak."

"I will go out and meet the vessels."

"Well, well; and what then?"

"As soon as we enter the loch, I will, if the Princess is well, hoist a red flag, which thou wilt be able to see if thou wilt mount to the tower of the monastery."

"That is a good idea; but if she should not be well, what then?"

"If she should be dead," Ronald replied in a strange tone, while he seemed to glare on the unfortunate Prince, "If she should be dead, a *black* flag shall float from the peak."

"Go then," answered the Prince, trying hard to restrain the feeling of nervous trepidation that had, in spite of himself, seized him, "but remember that the black flag would be the signal for my death. I could not live without her." He turned away and went into the monastery; and then, with a step that had in it the lightness and fleetness of a young man rather than that of an old one, Ronald hurried down to the boat that was moored to a rock. With lusty and vigorous strokes of the oars he pulled himself clear of the island, and in a few minutes more was lost to sight.

Hours passed away. The night closed in. A restless, weary night it was to the Prince. Hope and fear alternated in his breast, and suspense almost drove him mad. When the sun rose he mounted to the top of the tower, but he found that the range of vision was very circumscribed, owing to the other islands; and so he ordered two of the monks to row him to the opposite shore, where he scaled a high peak, and waited in breathless anxiety. Presently a speck was visible in the far off blue distance looking towards the sea. The speck gradually grew larger, until it assumed the shape of a vessel. A flag was flying at the peak, but as yet it was impossible to make out its colour. The Prince's head throbbed wildly with the fever of excitement, and he strained his eyes until they ached. The vessel drew nearer, and then the blood rushed back frozen upon the Prince's heart as he saw that the flag was *black*.

When Ronald had got out of sight of the island he pulled a powerful and long stroke that was not at all compatible with his aged appearance. His little boat flew over the water, and he was enabled to meet the vessel of the Princess soon after she and her suite had embarked on board at the mouth of the loch. Making his way to where the Princess stood radiant with health and happiness, and anticipating the pleasure of the meeting with her lover, he bowed low and said—

"Madam, I come as a messenger from Prince Haco."

"Ah! welcome, doubly welcome; and how fares my lord? tell me quickly."

"He is well, lady."

"Bless thee for that news," cried the delighted girl; "thou shalt have gold for it. "And tell me—and be not niggard of thy speech, man—tell me is he impatient for my coming."

"Aye, indeed, lady; and so anxious was he to be assured of your highness's health that he bade me hoist a red flag an' thou wast well, but if thou wert not well a black flag was to fly at the peak."

"Dear, dear Haco," the happy girl murmured to herself.

"I have a plan, your highness, whereby we may have some sport," Ronald observed artfully, "as well as test the devotion of thy lover."

"Indeed, and what is that, good friend?"

"Hoist up the black flag."

"Nay, that would be cruel," exclaimed the Princess with a little laugh.

"Not cruel, your highness, since it would prove to you how strong is the Prince's love."

The Princess considered for some moments, and a smile lighted up her beautiful features. Her woman's vanity was tickled, and she was tempted to put her lover's affection to the test. Ronald, who had watched her as a hawk that watches its prey, saw that she hesitated, and urged her so strongly that at last she gave orders that the red flag which was then flying should be hauled down and a black one run up. The captain was puzzled by this, but he had no alternative but to obey, although he thought the whim a strange one. As the sombre folds of the flag floated out on the breeze a smile of intense satisfaction came into Ronald's face.

As the vessel neared the island the Princess felt great difficulty in restraining her impatience, and her heart bounded with joy as she heard the wooden anchor splash into the waters as the galley was brought up under the lea of Isle Maree. But, alas! that joy was soon to be turned to sorrow. She ordered the boat to be manned, and then stepping in she bade the rowers row quickly. As soon as ever the boat touched the strand she sprang out and was met by the Father Superior.

"And where is the Prince?" she cried, all surprised to find that he was not there.

"Thou shalt know, my child, directly," was the answer.

"But why comes he not to meet me? Is he well?"

"We trust, daughter, that he is well."

There was something in the man's tone that alarmed her, so that the colour fled from her face; and turning upon him quickly, she demanded—

"What has happened? For the love of heaven if anything is wrong keep it not from me; and that something *is* wrong I gather by thy tone."

"Alas, daughter, that it should be my duty to tell thee the bad news."

"Bad news," she gasped in a hollow whisper. "Lives he, or is he dead?"

"Have courage, my child, and may the Mother of Jesus guard thee. Thy lover has slain himself. God rest his soul." The holy father told his beads, and with a wild cry of heartbreaking despair Princess Thyra threw up her arms and fell prone upon the earth.

Ronald and some of the men from the boat raised her, and by the instructions of the holy father bore her to the monastery. All day long she lay as one in a trance, but towards the night she recovered her senses.

Then she demanded to know how the Prince had died, and very reluctantly she was informed that seeing a black flag flying, he, under the belief that she was dead, plunged a dagger into his heart. For a little time the reason of the Princess seemed shattered, but at length an unnatural calmness came upon her, and she asked to see the body. At first this request was refused, as it was feared that the sight would really affect her to madness; but she vowed that she would see it come what may, and so the Father Superior offered to go to the room where the Prince's body lay.

"I pray thee, in the name of the Virgin, leave me," she said when the room was reached. "I would be alone for a few minutes with my dead lover."

The father hesitated for some little time, for he was afraid to leave her; but she at last commanded him to go, and he said—

"Wilt thou promise solemnly thou wilt not harm thyself?"

"Yes."

"Then I will give thee fifteen minutes."

When the Princess was alone she turned towards where the Prince's body lay on a low truckle bed. Lights were burning at the head and foot of the bed, and the body was covered with a sheet. The wretched girl tottered across the room, and with trembling hand drew the sheet from the ghastly face. Then with a sob that told how terrible was her agony, she bent down and placed her lips to the forehead of this too faithful lover, and so great was her grief that even tears refused to flow. Presently she was startled by these words, which were hissed into her ear—

"Revenge is sweet."

She raised herself up, and turned quickly round, and before her stood Ronald, but no longer bent with seeming age. He was straight and powerful looking now, and his face was horrible in its expression of unutterable hatred.

"Ronald—— Villain, this is thy doing," she faltered, as she put her hand to her throat, for a sensation of choking had come there. The room swam before her eyes, and she leaned heavily against the bed.

A hard, cruel, almost demoniacal smile played about the man's mouth as he answered—

"My name is not Ronald."

"Who art thou, then?" she gasped, like one in a dream.

"Red Hector of the Hills," he hissed. "I told *him* that I never yet forgave an injury. I am fully revenged now."

The Princess Thyra uttered a gurgling cry, and reeling round as though a bullet had suddenly gone through her heart, she fell across the body of her lover.

When the holy father returned Hector had fled, and the Princess was motionless. In wild alarm the good man raised her up but only to find that her pain had ended, and she had joined her lover in the world that lies beyond the grave.

Two graves were dug adjoining each other, and the ill-starred Prince and Princess were laid head to head. On the slab that covered his grave the monks carved a runic cross, and on her's a crucifix.

From that night Hector of the Hills disappeared, and no one knew

where he had gone to, but some months afterwards a body was found floating in Loch Rosque, at the other end of the gloomy Glen Docherty, and that body was recognised as Hector of the Hills. Retribution had overtaken him, but how he came to be drowned was never known.

. . . . . .

Reader, if ever it is your good fortune to be in the sternly grand, and wildly magnificent region of Loch Maree fail not to visit the little gem-like island known as Isle Maree. Tread reverently, and muse awhile amidst those solemn memorials of the past age (when this wonderful district was peopled only by warring clans), the time-worn stones that mark the graves of the sleepers long long forgotten. In the very centre of the island two slabs are placed flat and end together. On the one is a beautiful runic cross, and on the other an exquisitely carved crucifix. Uncover your head and keep silent while the summer breeze, as it whispers amongst the branches overhead, tells you the story of the faithful lovers—the unfortunate Danish Prince and Irish Princess—who sleep so peacefully now in that little island solitude, and who loved each other so well in life that death could not divide them.

THE *HIGHLANDER* NEWSPAPER.—In our last issue we promised to discuss in this number the causes which led to the then unfortunate position of the *Highlander*. Our principal object was to indicate that the upholding of the *Highlander* newspaper was not the hopeless enterprise the apparent fate of the special organ of Highlanders seemed to point to. The management was most undoubtedly at fault, otherwise the extensive circulation which, to our certain knowledge, the paper had acquired would have secured for it financial success. Now that it has got into the hands of one man, who, with almost superhuman efforts, is heroically carrying it on, apparently, against the combined efforts of the Fates, we hope to see the concern succeeding in Mr Murdoch's hands to the extent which his indomitable perseverance and faith in the cause of his Highland countrymen deserve. This result will be accepted by us as the best possible proof of the correctness of the opinion we had formed. In these circumstances it is unnecessary that we should at present go into details.

THE SCOTTISH CELTIC REVIEW.—This is the title of a new Celtic periodical which the Rev. Alexander Cameron, Brodick, is arranging to bring out quarterly as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers is secured to justify him in doing so. Mr Cameron is one of our very best Celtic scholars, and we wish himself and his new quarterly every possible success. We are by no means afraid of him. On the contrary we welcome him with genuine pleasure. While we shall pay every possible deference and respect to our big brother, our older though smaller selves are now so well acquainted with the nooks and crannies of existence that we have no fear whatever that this heavier, and probably more dignified member of the Celtic family will ever overtake us or do us any harm.

FIRST HIGHLAND PARLIAMENT—MEETING IN GLASGOW.

—o—

A MEETING of delegates from the various Celtic Societies favourable to the formation of a Federal union was held in the Bath Street Assembly Rooms, Glasgow, on the evening of Wednesday, the 28th November. There was a good attendance of the general public, all of whom seemed to take a deep interest in the proceedings.

Councillor MACKENZIE, Inverness, moved that Bailie MACDONALD, Aberdeen, take the chair, which he did, and thanked them for the great honour they had conferred upon him in asking him to preside at the inauguration of the Federation of Celtic Societies. (Applause.) He hoped this Federation would be worthy of their country, of themselves, and for the future good of Highlanders generally. (Applause.) They were often accused of being divided among themselves, but he hoped that henceforward they would be able to show to the world that they had the old spirit still remaining and would still stand "shoulder to shoulder," and act as one man for the good of the Highlands and Highlanders. (Applause.) He trusted that they would not fall out by the way, but that the proceedings would be marked by a unanimity and goodwill worthy of themselves and the cause which had brought them together. (Applause.)

Mr ALEX. MACKENZIE, of the *Celtic Magazine*, provisional secretary, reported the various steps he had taken to bring the various Celtic Associations together, and and other matters regarding the Federation. He read a list of the various Associations who had agreed to join the Federation, when it was found that the following Associations had sent delegates to the meeting:—Gaelic Society of London, Mr Colin Chisholm; Gaelic Society of Inverness, Mr Alex. Mackenzie; Aberdeen Highland Association, Bailie Macdonald; Hebburn Celtic Society, Mr W. Matheson; Edinburgh University Celtic Society, Mr D. Munro Fraser; Greenock Highland Society, Messrs Neil Brown, S. Nicholson, and Hugh Mackay; Greenock Ossianic Club, Mr Orr; Tobermory Gaelic Society, Mr H. Mackinnon. The following Glasgow Associations were represented:—*Comunn Gaidhealach*, Messrs J. G. Mackay and H. Whyte; Skye, Messrs C. M. Ramsay, secretary, and A. W. Macleod; Islay, Messrs M. Smith and Nigel Macneill; Sutherland, Messrs W. M. Sutherland, president, and A. Sutherland, secretary; Cowal, Messrs Macgregor and Mackellar; Lewis, Messrs Angus Nicholson and M. Macdonald; Lewis (Literary), Messrs A. Macdougall and D. Macleod; *Tir nam Beann*, Mr D. Macpherson; Mull, Messrs Mackinnon and Macdonald; Ardnamurchan, Messrs H. C. Gillies and J. Macdonald; Gael Lodge of Free Masons, (609), Brothers A. Nicholson and Duncan Sharp; *Fardach Fhinn*, I.O.G.T., Brothers D. Macpherson and Nicholson; *Comunn Gaidhlig Eaglais Chaluim Chille*, Messrs A. MacEachnie and P. G. Macfarlane. The Birmingham Celtic Society were unable to send delegates to the meeting, but expressed their adhesion to the Federation.

Letters of apology for unavoidable absence were read from Mr John Mackay, C.E., Swansea, and Mr John Murdoch, Inverness.

Bailie MACDONALD then moved the first resolution as follows:—"That the Highland Societies which have delegated specially accredited representatives to this meeting resolve to form themselves into a Federation to be called 'The Federation of Celtic Societies.'" He said the resolution was so plain that it required nothing to be said regarding it, and he simply moved its adoption.

Mr NEIL BROWN, Greenock, in seconding the motion, said he was not one of those who would like to go to extremes on this Highland question. While he considered that every effort should be used to elevate and improve the condition of the Highlanders he would not like to see the Highlands covered over again with poor crofters. It would have been a wise and a prudent policy to have preserved the Highland peasantry when they had them. Had that been done the country would not have witnessed the humiliating spectacle that Britain presented when she was under the necessity of drafting Hindoos to show the world that she was in possession of soldiers—(loud applause)—thus testifying to the significant fact that by carelessness—not to use a stronger term—she had allowed the best nursery of soldiers—nay, he should say of men—that ever existed to be destroyed. (Renewed applause.) She had permitted those who had carried the

British flag over many a hard and bloody field, to be evicted or expatriated from their native land, in order that their beautiful glens and adamantine snow-clad mountains, might be converted into game preserves, to afford sport to strangers, ignorant alike of the habits, language, and nature of the Gael. (Loud applause.) He held that this disastrous policy having been acted upon, he would not like to see his countrymen induced to remain in the Highlands as poor crofters, unless some industries were opened up to give scope to their ambition, and prove worthy of their intelligence and race. (Hear, hear.) It was all very well at one time, when all their associations for many generations were connected with certain localities. (Applause.) A sacrifice was then often made to perpetuate the unbroken line. But those patriarchal links were severed, and the Highlander of to-day took his place in the race of business, or trade, or anything else where he was as able to compete from his mental capacity as any other. (Applause.) Perhaps the history of the world did not furnish an analogous case to that of the Highlanders while they were tyrannised over, ill-used, rack-rented, and finally expatriated, not a single powerful voice was raised in their behalf—not a single combination was formed for their protection. (Applause.) They found their natural protectors, the descendants of their chieftains, their greatest foes, and with shame and humiliation let the statement he made that the ministers of religion, with the exception of a few cases, did not show themselves the faithful shepherds who would die for their flocks. In one word the Gaels were left friendless, and the descendants of those who had fought and conquered for Britain in every quarter of the world were often obliged to erect miserable tents on she sea-shore and in the churchyard. (Applause.) A paternal government should not have permitted this, but if the vengence of the Almighty was slow it was likewise certain. For this reason he would not like to see the Highlands repeopled unless for the benefit of the Highlanders and not for the benefit of a Government that had used them carelessly if not cruelly. He had great pleasure in seconding the motion, and hoped the Federation would meet with every encouragement from the various Societies. (Loud applause.) The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr ALEXANDER MACKENZIE of the *Celtic Magazine*, representing the Gaelic Society of Inverness, moved the next resolution, as follows:—"That the object of the Federation be the preservation of the Gaelic language and literature; the encouragement of Celtic education in schools and colleges; and generally the promotion of the interests of Highlanders in accordance with the spirit and constitution of the affiliated societies." Mr Mackenzie thought this a very judicious and wise resolution, and he had much pleasure in moving its adoption. (Cheers.) Highlanders worthy of the name would never differ as to the necessity of preserving the language and literature of their ancestors. (Applause.) Nor, he hoped, the desirability of encouraging Celtic education in our schools and colleges. (Cheers.) Such a resolution was also most opportune, for an election of School Boards would soon take place—in March or April next—throughout all Scotland, and he trusted this Federation would consider it their first duty to bring influence to bear upon every candidate for a School Board in the Highlands, in favour of teaching Gaelic in the schools, and so take advantage of the concession made by the Education Department last year to have Gaelic teaching conducted during ordinary school hours, if the respective School Boards so desired, and have the same paid for out of the ordinary school rates. (Cheers.) Some people said this was no real concession at all, and he agreed with them so far, that it was not very material unless the School Boards did their duty, but the School Boards were elective bodies, and would have to do what their constituencies demanded of them, and he hoped, indeed he had no doubt at all on the subject, that every candidate would be asked the question, Would he support the Teaching of Gaelic in the Schools under his board? and an answer obtained in the affirmative before any Highlander consented to extend him his support. (Applause.) To see that this was done throughout the Highlands at the forthcoming election would be one of the most important duties of the Celtic Parliament during the first year of its existence, and a most important duty it was. (Cheers.) He was determined to do his duty in the Highland Capital—(cheers)—and he trusted they would extend him all their influence to get a teacher of Gaelic reinstated in the Royal Academy of Inverness in accordance with its original constitution. (Applause.) For several years they had a Gaelic teacher in that Institution—one of the most brilliant ornaments of which they had then in the room, representing the Edinburgh University Celtic Society—David Munro Fraser,—(loud cheers)— who not only carried everything before him at Inverness, but also in the University of Edinburgh, and of whom all Highlanders had occasion to be proud—(loud applause)—as one who would yet shed lustre on his native Highlands, and its principal Seminary. (Cheers.) They should also, in every possible manner, aid those who were engaged in preserving the literary gems still to be found with our old men and women in the valleys and straths of the Highlands. (Hear, hear.) Most of these engaged in that work were—perhaps carrying one characteristic of the case too far—too proud to ask for assistance, but that was one reason why such a federation as they had now formed should extend their support all the more; and they could do it by their recom-

mendations and influence without taking any financial risk whatever. See how they could recommend and otherwise support that splendid work now being performed, at great risk and expense, by Mr Archibald Sinclair. (Loud applause.) His "Oranaiche" was, out sight, the best value in every respect which ever issued from the Gaelic press. (Cheers.) They should and must support such men and such work. (Cheers.) They should also encourage struggling bards who had the genuine spark in them, and some such still existed amongst us. (Hear, hear.) He would say nothing about his own work —he never could beg (applause), but he was nevertheless always grateful for such support as could fairly be expected, and for which he always tried to give value. (Cheers.) If he did not do so he felt he had no right to expect their aid. (Hear, hear.) He would say nothing about the last clause of the resolution, except that it seemed to him to have been very wisely drawn up. It was very comprehensive. The most rabid politician amongst them could under it introduce any subject for their consideration, without going outside the Constitution, and could carry it if it were founded on reason and common sense. He would, however, require to convince the majority that it was so, and he (Mr M.) had any amount of faith in the majority of such men as were appointed representatives on this occasion. This clause in the resolution was quite satisfactory to moderate men like himself—(laughter)—who did not believe in this Federation taking up extreme questions of party politics or ecclesiastical questions of any kind. (Cheers, and hear, hear.) They hoped to carry the majority along with them by fair argument and sound common sense; and, if they did not, he felt sure the Federation would split up into fragments as soon as they departed from the paths of prudence and moderation. (Cheers.) He had much pleasure in moving the resolution placed in his hands, which, as he already said, he considered in the circumstances, a most judicious and wise one. (Loud cheers.)

Mr Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, seconded, in an eloquent Gaelic speech of which the following is the substance. He was proud to attend as the representative that night of his old and worthy associates, the warm-hearted and enthusiastic members of the Gaelic Society of London (cheers), which was the premier Gaelic Society of Great Britain, and which celebrated its centenary about two years ago. (Loud applause.) It was with credentials from such a society that he crossed Druimuachdar to appear at the meeting there that night. (Cheers.) In their name, and with his own hearty concurrence, he begged to second the resolution proposed, and advocated so forcibly, by Mr Mackenzie. He (Mr M.) said a great deal, and that so much to the point—(cheers)—that there was scarcely anything left for him to say. But he would give them his opinion of the meeting. It was now over forty years since he attended the first Gaelic meeting in England, and, according to his view, he never saw a meeting before South or North so well calculated to prove beneficial to the Highlands as the one held that evening. (Applause.) Unity, goodwill, and brotherly feeling were animating the whole assembly, and if he were not mistaken these excellent sentiments were being fixed in the mind, and engraved on the hearts of every man in that assembly. (Cheers.) He would be much surprised if success and happiness were not the outcome of such a meeting. They now had twenty-one well organized Celtic Societies enrolled under the banner of Federation. (Loud cheers.) They were firmly bound together into one powerful organisation, while each Society would still continue to act independently and solely under its own specific constitution and bye-laws. (Hear, hear.) He stated his opinion, that the meeting was the most unanimous meeting of Highlanders that ever took place in the City of Glasgow- (cheers)—and he sincerely hoped that time would prove his assertion correct. United, and shoulder to shoulder, their well regulated and temperate but firmly expressed demands would command the respect of the Legislature, from the Queen downwards. (Applause.) He would not take upon himself any longer to tender advice to gentlemen much wiser than himself. No doubt they would excuse him for all he said when they remembered that he was an old, bald-headed man, bordering on the Psalmist's limit of threescore and ten, and one who has done some little service in the Celtic field. (Loud and continued cheers.) Whether David was right or not—(laughter)—he (Mr C.) could assuredly tell them that he was in no hurry at present to go and make his acquaintance. (Great laughter.) He evidently did not know what metal the Highlanders were made of, or he would never have said any such thing. (Loud laughter.) He would say a few words regarding what fell from Mr Brown, Greenock, who said that for his part he would be sorry to see the Highlanders going back to the Highlands if they were only to be wretched crofters like those who now remained there. God forgive those who sent the Highlanders away, and who were responsible for the position of those left behind. (Cheers.) But would Mr Brown rather see his countrymen as we saw hundreds of other people on the streets of Glasgow that very day? perambulating the streets in sheer poverty; deprived almost of clothing to cover their emaciated bodies; hunger gnawing the very soul out of them; cold piercing them, the colour of health gone, and their cheekbones almost projecting through their skin, scarcely able to stand erect, while receiving a miserable pittance from the charitable to keep soul and body together. He would leave Mr Brown to cogitate

these matters, but before parting he entreated him to use all his influence to keep and maintain his Highland countrymen on the land of their birth. (Cheers.) If Mr Brown went to the Highlands he would there see hundreds of square miles converted into forests for wild beasts, while Christian men and women, born and reared on these lands were swept away and heaped together in the large towns, generally there placed in layers almost as thick as herrings in a barrel. It was really painful to see so much of the best grazing and arable land throughout the Highlands cut off from the use of man, while the forest lands annually extended, and the space allotted for human beings were yearly curtailed. (Cheers.) It would not do to be faint-hearted. Let them remember what *Ian Lom* said on the eve of the battle of Auldearn—

" 'N aimm Dhia deanamaid turn,
Le aobhar misnich chum cliu,
Ach bha mise uair
Anns bu mho mo cheutaidh."

Let them work amicably together, shoulder to shoulder, and they would immensely benefit their native land. (Immense cheering again and again renewed.)

Mr WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, President of the Sutherland Association, moved "That each society joining the Federation be entitled to send two representatives to the meeting of the Federal Council, and pay an equal amount towards the necessary expenses of the Federation." The larger societies, such as the Gaelic Society of Inverness, he explained, desired the representation and the contributions to the central fund to be in proportion to the numbers on the roll of each society, but the smaller societies, in the most spirited manner, declared in favour of equal representation and equal payment to the expenses of the Federation. (Cheers.) It was the desire of the smaller societies themselves to contribute as much as the more wealthy associations; and at the preliminary meetings held, and at which all the resolutions were fully discussed, this was unanimously recommended. (Applause.)

The motion was seconded by Mr SAMUEL NICHOLSON, Greenock, who pointed out that Mr Chisholm misunderstood Mr Neil Brown's remarks about Highlanders going back to the Highlands to become impoverished and wretched crofters like most of those who now lived there. (Cheers.) Mr Brown would be delighted to see them back again, like every other patriotic Highlander, if they were valued and treated there as they ought to be. (Applause.) The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr GILLIES moved "That the office bearers consist of a president, three vice-presidents, two secretaries, and a treasurer, that they be elected annually, and that the office-bearers be for the current year:—President, John Mackay, Esq., C.E., Swansea; Vice-Presidents, Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Messrs Duncan White, and Nigel Macneil, Glasgow; Secretaries, Councillor Alex. Mackenzie, Inverness, and Mr William Sutherland, Principal of Albert Educational Institution, Queen's Park, Glasgow; Treasurer, Mr Macdonald, of the Ardnamurchan Society, Glasgow." These gentlemen, he said, possessed the necessary qualifications of courage combined with prudence. The motion was seconded by Mr A. W. MACLEOD, of the Skye Association, and carried unanimously.

Mr ANGUS NICHOLSON, of the Gael Lodge of Free Masons (609), moved, and Mr ORR, Secretary of the Greenock Ossian Club, seconded the following:—"That the foregoing resolutions be the constitution of the Federation till next annual meeting, and that said constitution can only be altered then or at any future annual meeting by three-fourths of the delegates assembled in council, who have been duly summoned to such annual meeting by circular addressed to the respective secretaries of the affiliated societies by either of the secretaries of the Federation; and that meanwhile a committee, consisting of the Glasgow delegates, be appointed to draw up bye-laws and regulations.

Mr CHARLES M. RAMSAY, Secretary of the Skye Association, then called for a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman and the other gentlemen who had come from a distance to take part in the proceedings, particularly Councillor Mackenzie and Mr Colin Chisholm. It was principally owing to the untiring efforts of the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, who had hitherto acted as Provisional Secretary, and who, he was glad to find, had, after considerable pressure, consented to continue as one of the secretaries, that the Federation of Celtic Societies had now been so successfully consummated. (Loud applause.)

The CHAIRMAN said, in reply, that he was proud to have had the honour of presiding at the first meeting of our first Celtic Parliament. Mr Mackenzie also replied, and explained that he left home determined not to continue in the secretaryship, but he found that none of the Glasgow gentlemen would accept the responsibilities of the office, which, he admitted, would not be light. He, however, consented to continue for another year on condition that Mr William Sutherland, whose business capacity as

chairman at the preliminary meetings he much admired, would become joint secretary. This Mr Sutherland finally consented to do, and he was now doing the duties, and no doubt would continue to do them well—(cheers)—and do them all, while they insisted upon him (Mr Mackenzie) sharing the honours with him. (Laughter.) He had no hesitation, however, in predicting that the work would be done well between them, if Mr Sutherland found it necessary to seek for aid from the Highland metropolis. (Loud cheers.) The meeting was in every respect a most complete success, far more so than the most sanguine of its promoters ever anticipated. (Cheers.)

The members for Glasgow met since the meeting, and, as instructed, framed rules and bye-laws. We can only spare space to give the substance of them. The sum to be subscribed by each society was fixed with power to the Council to make a further levy if necessary. The financial year of the Federation is to terminate each year on the 15th September. The annual meeting will be held early in October. Societies wishing to join the Federation must intimate their desire to either of the Secretaries, not later than 15th September. In addition to the annual meeting, three stated meetings are to be held during the year, and any special meetings may be called on the written requisition of any five of the affiliated societies. It is also provided that absent representatives may vote by mandate. We regret this, and trust that, after full consideration, this rule will not be confirmed by the Council. To vote now-a-days upon any important question without hearing the discussion thereon, is out of all keeping with our ideas of what the intelligent age in which we live demands, and quite unworthy of the enlightened and influential position which Highlanders desire to see the Federal Council of Celtic Societies taking up for itself.

TULLOCHARD.

The Mackenzies are out on the heather to-night,
Clan Donuil! Clan Donuil, beware!
With revenge in their bosoms they rush to the fight,
Like wolves when aroused from their lair.
O'er the heath! o'er the heath, see them swift bounding,
Claymores are glancing and bright is each shield,
Pealing far! pealing far, wildly is sounding,
The slogan of moutaineer lords of the field;
Loud in Glengarry its echo is heard—
Tullochard! Tullochard! Tullochard!

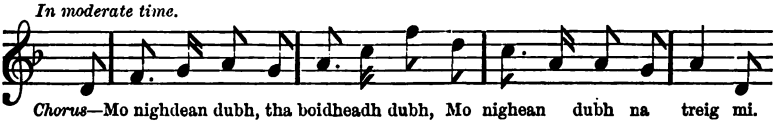
Awaken Glengarry! come muster your braves,
Clan Donuil! Clan Donuil, be men,
Sweeping on like a tempest that darkens the waves,
The Cabarfeidh comes to your glen.
Up and do! up and do, linger nor tarry,
Where is your valour when danger is nigh?
Stand as one! stand as one, men of Glengarry,
And give to their challenge a welcome reply.
Nearer and nearer the slogan is heard—
Tullochard! Tullochard! Tullochard

The might of Glengarry is broken for ever,
Clan Donuil! Clan Donuil, may mourn,
The blood of the bravest runs red in the river,
The valiant will never return.
Fire and sword! fire and sword, flashing and leaping,
Proudly Mackenzie leads on in the fight,
Clan Donuil! Clan Donuil, thy children are weeping,
And Cilliechriost's flames are avenged with delight.
Dire was the day when the slogan was heard—
Tullochard! Tullochard! Tullochard!

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

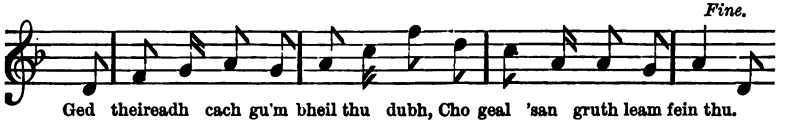
MO NIGHEAN DUBH THA BOIDHEACH DUBH.

In moderate time.

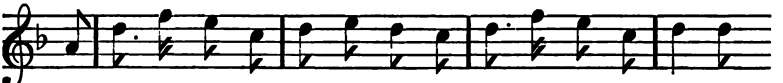


Chorus—Mo nighdean dubh, tha boidheadh dubh, Mo nighean dubh na treig mi.

Fine.

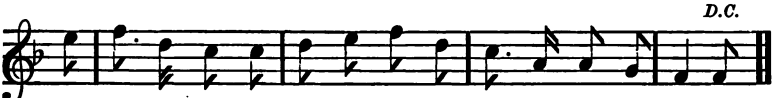


Ged theireadh cach gu'm bheil thu dubh, Cho geal 'san gruth leam fein thu.



Do shuilean mur na dearcagan, Do ghruaidh air dhath na ceire,

D.C.



Tha cul do chinn air dhreach an fhithich, 'S gradh mo chridhe fein dut.

KEY F.

.l, | d .,r :m .r | m .,s :d' .l | s .,m :m .r | m :l, .

Fine.

.l, | d .,r :m .r | m .s :d' .l | s .,m :m .r | d :d . ||

.m | l .,d' :t .s | l .t :l .s | l .,d' :t .s | l :l .

D.C.

.t | d' .,l :s .s | l .t :d' .l | s .,m :m .r | d :d . ||

Suil chorrach, ghorm fo chaol mhala,
Bho'n tig an sealladh eibhinn,
Mar dhealt camhannaich 's an Earrach,
'S mar dhruchd meala Cheitein.
Mo nighean, &c.

Tha falt dubh, dualach, trom neo-luaidhte,
'N ceangal sguaib air m' euchdag;
Gur boidheach e mu d' chluasaibh
'S cha mheas' an cuailein breid e.
Mo nighean, &c.

Is olc a rinn do chairdean orm,
Is rinn iad pairt ort fein deth,
Nuair chuair iad as an duthaich thu
'S mi 'n duil gu'n deanainn feum duit.
No nighean, &c.

NOTE.—The above are a few verses of the popular song "Mo Nighean Dubh tha Boidheach Dubh." The song has been attributed to several authors—generally clergymen—and perhaps some of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* will establish who really was the author. The air more commonly sung in some parts of the country to the words, is "A man's a man for a' that," but there is another old Gaelic air to which it is sung—that which is given here. W. M'K.

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

XVIII. KENNETH, Lord Fortrose, which courtesy title he bore as the subordinate title of his father, and under this designation we find him named as a freeholder of Ross in 1741. In the same year he was returned Member of Parliament for the Burgh of Inverness; for the County of Ross in 1747, and again in 1754. In 1741, the year after Earl William's death, the Crown sold the Seaforth estates, including the lands of Kintail and the barony of Islandonain, and others, for the sum of £25,909 8s 3½d, under burden of an annuity of £1000 to Frances, Countess Dowager of Seaforth. The purchase was for the benefit of Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, our present subject.* He does not appear to have passed much of his time at home, but in the last-named year he seems to have been in the North from the following warrant issued by his authority, signed by "Colin Mackenzie, Baillie," and addressed to Roderick Mackenzie, officer of Locks, commanding him to summon and warn Donald Mackenzie, tacksman of Lainbest, and others, to compear before "Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, heritable proprietor of the Estate of Seaforth, at Braan Castle, or before his Lordship's Baron Baillies, or other judges appointed by him there, upon the 10th day of October next, to come to answer several unwarrantable and illegal things to be laid to their charge." Dated "at Stornoway, 29th September 1741." There appears to be no doubt that in early life Lord Fortrose had communications with the representative of the Stewart family during his father's (Earl William) exile. It is the general tradition to this day in Kintail that Kenneth

* Fraser's History of the Earls of Cromartie.

and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, were school companions of Prince Charles in France, and were among those who first imbued into his mind the idea of attempting to regain possession of his Kingdom of Scotland, promising him that they would use their influence with the other northern chiefs to rise in his favour, although, when the time for action came, neither of them arose themselves. The position in which Lord Kenneth found himself left, in consequence of the Jacobite proclivites of his ancestors, and especially of his father, appears to have made a deep impression upon him, and to have induced him to be more cautious in again supporting a cause which was almost sure to land him in final and utter ruin. Though he held aloof himself several of the clan joined the Prince, most of them under the unfortunate Earl of Cromartie. Several young and powerful Macraes, who strongly sympathised with Prince Charlie, though without any of their natural leaders, left Kintail never again to return to it, while, it is said, several others were actually bound with ropes by their friends to keep them at home. The influence of the famous President Forbes weighed very materially with Lord Fortrose in taking the side of the Government, and, in return for his loyalty, the honours of his house were, in part, afterwards restored.

In 1744 an incident occurred in Inverness in which his Lordship played a conspicuous part, and which cannot well be passed over, exemplifying as it does the impetuous character of the Highland Chiefs of the day. A Court of the Freeholders of the county was held there at Michaelmas to elect a collector of the land tax, at which were present, among others, Lord President Forbes, the Laird of Macleod, Lord Fortrose, Lord Lovat, and many other leading members of the Clan Fraser. A warm debate took place between Lord Lovat and Lord Fortrose upon some burning business, when the Chief of the Frasers gave the Chief of the Mackenzies the lie direct, and the latter replied by striking his Lordship of Lovat a smart blow in the face. Mutual friends at once intervened between the distinguished antagonists. The Fraser blood was up, however, and Fraser of Foyers, who was also present, interfered in the interest of the Chief of his Clan, but it is said, more in that capacity than from any personal esteem he had for him. In his chief's person he felt that the whole Clan was insulted as if it had actually been a personal blow to every one of the name. He at once sprung down from the gallery and presented a loaded and cocked pistol at Lord Fortrose, to whom it would undoubtedly have proved fatal had not a gentleman present, with great presence of mind, thrown his plaid over the muzzle, and thus arrested its deadly contents. In another instant swords and dirks were drawn on either side; but the Lord President and Macleod took hold of Fortrose and hurried him out of the Court. Yet he no sooner gained the outside than one of the Frasers levelled him to the ground with a blow from a heavy bludgeon, notwithstanding the efforts of his supporters to protect him. The matter was afterwards, with great difficulty, arranged by mutual friends, between the great clan and their respective chiefs, otherwise the social jeal-

ousies and other personal irritations which then prevailed throughout the whole Highlands, fanned by this incident, would be sure to have produced a bloody feud between the Frasers and the Mackenzies.

Shortly after the President had arrived at Culloden he wrote a letter to Lord Fortrose, under date of 11th October 1745, in which he informed his correspondent that the Earl of Loudon came the day before to Cromarty, and brought some "credit" with him, which "will enable us to put the independent companies together for the service of the Government and for our mutual protection." He desired his Lordship to give immediate orders to pick those which are first to form one of the companies, in order that they might receive commissions and arms. Mackenzie of Fairburn was to command. There was, he said, a report that Barrisdale had gone to Assynt to raise the men of that country, to be joined to those of Coigeach, who were said to have orders to be in readiness to join him, and with instructions to march through Mackenzie's territories to try how many of his Lordship's vassals could be persuaded, by fair means or foul, to join the standard of the Prince. The President continued, "I hope this is not true; if it is, it is of the greatest consequence to prevent it. I wish Fairburn were at home; your Lordship will let me know when he arrives, as the Lord Cromartie has refused the company I intended for his son. Your Lordship will deliberate to whom you would have it given."*

Exasperated by the exertions made by President Forbes to obstruct the designs of the disaffected a plan was formed to seize him by some of the Frasers, a party of whom, amounting to about 200, attacked Culloden House during the night of the 15th of October, but the President being on his guard they were repulsed.†

On the 13th of October Lord Fortrose writes that he surmised some young fellows of his name attempted to raise men for the Prince; that he sent expresses to the suspected parts, with orders to the tenants not to stir under pain of death without his leave, though their respective masters should be imprudent enough to desire them to do so. The messengers returned with the people's blessings for his protection, and with assurances that they would do nothing without his orders, "so that henceforward your Lordship need not be concerned about any idle report from benorth Kessock."

Lord Fortrose in a letter dated "Brahan Castle, 19th October 1745," refers to the attempt on the President's house, which surprised him extremely, and "is as dirty an action as I ever heard of," and he did not think any gentleman would be capable of doing such a thing. "As I understand your cattle are taken away, I beg you will order your steward to write to Colin, or anybody else here, for provisions, as I can be supplied from the Highlands. I am preparing to act upon the defensive, and I suppose will soon be provoked to act on the offensive. I have sent for a strong party to protect my house and overawe the country. None of my Kintail men will be down till Tuesday; but as the river is high, and I have parties at all the boats, nothing can be attempted. Besides, I shall

* Culloden papers, pp. 421-2.
† Culloden papers, p. 246.

have reinforcements every day. I have ordered my servants to get, at Inverness, twelve or twenty pounds of powder, with a proportionable quantity of shot. If that cannot be bought at Inverness, I must beg you will write a line to Governor Grant to give my servant the powder, as I can do without the shot. . . . . Barrisdale has come down from Assynt, and was collared by one of the Maclauchlans there for offering to force the people to rise, and he has met with no success there. I had a message from the Mackenzies in Argyleshire to know what they should do. Thirty are gone from Lochiel; the rest, being about sixty, are at home. I advised them to stay at home and mind their own business."

On the 28th of the same month he writes to inform the President that Cromartie, his son, Macculloch of Glastullich, and Ardloch's brother, came to Brahan Castle on the previous Friday; that it was the most unexpected visit he had received for some time, that he did not like to turn them out, that Cromartie was pensive and dull; but that if he knew what he knew at the date of writing he would have made them prisoners, for Lord Macleod had since gone to Lochbroom and Assynt to raise men. He enclosed to the President the names of the officers belonging to the two Mackenzie companies, and said that he offered the commission to Coul and Redcastle; but that both refused them. It was from Coul's house that Lord Macleod started for the north, and that vexed him. On the same date the President acknowledges receipt of this letter, and says that the officers in the two companies should be filled up according to his recommendations, "without any further consideration than that you judge it right," and he desires to see Sir Alexander of Fairburn for an hour next day to carry a proposal to his Lordship for future operations. "I think," he writes, "it would be right to assemble still more men about Brahan than you now have; the expense shall be made good; and it will tend to make Caberfey respectable, and to discourage folly among your neighbours." In a letter of 6th November the Lord President writes, "I supposed that your Lordship was to have marched Hilton's company into town (Inverness) on Monday or Tuesday; but I dare say there is a good reason why it has not been done."

On the 8th November his Lordship informs the President that the Earl of Cromartie crossed the river at Contin, with about a hundred men, on his way to Beauly, "owing to the neglect of my spies, as there's rogues of all professions." Lord Macleod, Cromartie's son, came from Assynt and Lochbroom the same day, and followed his father to the rendezvous, but after traversing the whole of that country he did not get a single man. "Not a man started from Ross-shire, except William, Kilcoy's brother, with seven men, and a tenant of Redcastle with a few more, and if Lentran and Terradon did go off last night, they did not carry between them a score of men. I took a ride yesterday to the westward with two hundred men, but find the bounds so rugged that it's impossible to keep a single man from going by if he has a mind. However, I threatened to burn their cornyards if any body was from home this day, and I turned one house into the river for not finding its master at home. It's hard the Government gives nobody in the north power to keep people in order. I don't choose to send a company to Inverness until I hear what they are determined to do at Lord Lovat's." The Earl

of Loudon writes to Marshal Wade, Commander-in-Chief in the North, under date of 16th November, that 150 or 160 Mackenzies, seduced by the Earl of Cromartie, marched in the beginning of that week up the north side of Loch-Ness, expecting to be followed by 500 or 600 Frasers, under command of the Master of Lovat, but the Mackenzies had not on that date passed the mountains. On the 16th of December Lord Fortrose writes asking for £400 expended during two months on his men going to and coming from the Highlands, for which he would not trouble him only that he had a very "melancholy appearance" of getting his Martinmas rent, as the people would be glad of any excuse for non-payment, and the last severe winter, and their having to leave home, would afford them a very good one. He was told, in reply, that his letter was submitted to Lord Loudon, that both agreed that his Lordship's expenses must have been greater than what he claimed, "but as cash is very low with us at present, all we can possibly do is to let your Lordship have the pay of the two companies from the date of the letter signifying that they were ordered to remain at Brahan for the service of the Government. The further expense, which we are both satisfied it must have cost your Lordship, shall be made good as soon as any money, to be applied to contingencies which we expect, shall come to hand, and if it should not come so soon as we wish, the account shall be made up and solicited, in the same manner with what we lay out of our own purses, which is no inconsiderable sums."

This correspondence, which it was thought right to quote at such length, will show the confidence which existed between the Government and Lord Fortrose. On the 9th of December the two companies were marched into Inverness. Next day, accompanied by a detachment from Fort-Augustus, they proceeded to Castle Downie to bring Lord Lovat to account. The crafty old chief agreed to come to Inverness and deliver up his arms on the 14th of the month, but instead of keeping his promise he effected his escape.

After the battle of Prestonpans, on the recommendation of the Earl of Stair, the Government forwarded 20 blank commissions to President Forbes, with the view of raising as many companies, of 100 men each among the Highlanders. Eighteen of these documents were sent to the Earls of Sutherland and Cromartie, Lords Fortrose and Reay, the Lairds of Grant and Macleod, and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, with instructions to raise companies in their respective districts. The Earl of Cromarty, while pretending to comply with the President's instructions, offered the command of one of the companies to a neighbouring gentleman, whom he well knew to be a strong Jacobite, and at the same time made some plausible excuse for his son's refusal of one of the commissions.

When Lord John Drummond landed with a body of Irish and Scotch troops, which were in the service of the French, to support Prince Charles, he wrote Lord Fortrose announcing his arrival, and earnestly requesting his Lordship at once to declare for the Stewart cause, as the only means by which he could "now expect to retrieve his character." All the means at Drummond's disposal proved futile, and the Clan Mackenzie was kept out of the unfortunate affair of the Forty-five. The commissions

were finally entrusted to those on whom the President and his advisers thought prudent to depend as supporters of the King's Government.*

Prince Charles fully appreciated the importance of having the Clan Mackenzie, led by their natural chief, for or against him; in proof of which we quote the following from Lord Macleod's "Narrative of the Rebellion."† "We set out from Dunblain on the 12th of January, and arrived the same evening at Glasgow. I immediately went to pay my respects to the Prince, and found that he was already set down to supper. Dr Cameron told Lord George Murray, who sat by the Prince, who I was, on which the Lord Murray introduced me to the Prince, whose hand I had the honour to kiss, after which the Prince ordered me to take my place at the table. After supper I followed the Prince to his apartment to give him an account of his affairs in the North, and of what had passed in these parts during the time of his expedition to England. I found that nothing surprised the Prince so much as to hear that the Earl of Seaforth had declared against him, for he heard without emotion the names of the other people who had joined the Earl of Loudon at Inverness; but when I told him that Seaforth had likewise sent two hundred men to Inverness for the service of the Government, and that he had likewise hindered many gentlemen of his Clan from joining my father (Earl of Cromartie) for the service of the Stewarts, he turned to the French Minister and said to him, with some warmth, *Hé! mon Dieu! et Seaforth est aussi contre moi!*"

In this connection it may not be out of place to mention two individuals of the name of Mackenzie who had done good service to the Prince in his wanderings through the Highlands after the battle of Culloden.

* We give the following list of the officers of eighteen of the Independent Companies, being all that was raised, with the dates of their commissions on the completion of their companies, and of their arrival in Inverness :—

CLANS.	CAPTAINS.	LIEUTENANTS.	ENSIGNS.	DATES.
Monros.....	George Monro.....	Adam Gordon.....	Hugh Monro.....	1745. Oct. 23
Sutherlands..	Alexander Gun.	John Gordon	Ken. Sutherland..	,, ,, 25
Grants	Patrick Grant	William Grant	James Grant.....	,, Nov. 3
Mackays.....	George Mackay.....	John Mackay.....	James Mackay	,, ,, 4
Sutherlands..	Peter Sutherland.....	William Mackay	John Mackay.....	,, ,, 8
Macleods	John Macleod.....	Alex. Macleod	John Maccaskill...	,, ,, 15
Do.....	Norman Macleod of Waterstein	Donald Macleod.....	John Macleod	,, ,, 15
Do.....	Norman Macleod of Bernera	John Campbell.....	John Macleod	,, ,, 15
Do.....	Donald Macdonald....	William Macleod....	Donald Macleod ..	,, ,, 15
Inverness	William Mackintosh...	Kenneth Mathison ..	William Baillie....	,, ,, 18
Macleods of Assynt	Hugh Macleod.....	George Monro.....	Roderick Macleod.	,, ,, 28
Mackenzies of Kintail	Alex. Mackenzie	John Mathison.....	Simon Murchison..	,, Dec. 20
Do.....	Colin Mackenzie of Hilton	Alex. Campbell.....	John Macrae.....	,, ,, 20
Macdonalds of Skye	James Macdonald	Allan Macdonald....	James Macdonald.	,, ,, 31
Do.....	John Macdonald.....	Allan Macdonald....	Donald Macdonald	1746. Jan. 6
Mackays.....	Hugh Mackay.....	John Mackay.....	Angus Mackay	,, ,, 6
Rosses.....	William Ross.....	Charles Ross.....	David Ross	,, ,, 8
Mackenzies of Lewis	Colin Mackenzie	Donald Macaulay....	Ken. Mackenzie...	,, Feb. 2

—*Culloden Papers.*

† Printed in full in Fraser's "History of the Earls of Cromartie."

He was saved from certain capture in the Lewis by the kindness of Mrs Mackenzie of Kildin, in her house at Arynish, half-a-mile from Stornoway, where his Royal Highness obtained a bed for the night of the 5th of May. A tribute must also be paid to the gallant Roderick Mackenzie, whose intrepidity and presence of mind in the last agonies of death, saved his Prince from pursuit at the time, and who was consequently the means of his ultimate escape to France in safety. He had hitherto been pursued with the most persevering assiduity, but Roderick's trick proved so successful that further search was at the time considered unnecessary. Roderick Mackenzie, a young man of very respectable family, joined the Prince at Edinburgh, and served as one of his life-guards. Being about the same age as his Royal Highness, tall, and somewhat slender like the Prince, and with features in some degree resembling his, he might, by ordinary observers not accustomed to see the two together, have passed for the Prince. As Roderick could not venture with safety to return to Edinburgh, where lived his two maiden sisters, after the battle of Culloden, he fled to the Highlands, and lurked among the hills of Glenmoriston, where, about the middle of July, he was surprised by a party of Government soldiers. Mackenzie endeavoured to escape, but, being overtaken, he turned round on his pursuers, and, drawing his sword, bravely defended himself. He was ultimately shot by one of the red-coats, and as he fell, mortally wounded, he exclaimed, "You have killed your Prince! You have killed your Prince!" after which he immediately expired. The soldiers, overjoyed at their supposed good fortune, cut off Roderick's head, and hurried off to Fort-Augustus with their prize. The Duke of Cumberland, fully convinced that he had now obtained the head of his Royal relative, packed it up carefully, ordered a post-chaise, and at once went off to London, carrying the head along with him. After his arrival there the deception was discovered, but meanwhile it proved of essential benefit to Prince Charles in his ultimately successful efforts to escape.*

Soon after the battle of Culloden a fleet appeared off the coast of Lochbroom, under the command of Captain Fergusson. It dropped anchor in Loch-Ceannard, when a large party went ashore and proceeded up the Strath to the residence of Mr Mackenzie of Langwell, closely connected by marriage with the Earl of Cromartie. Langwell having sided with the Stewart Prince, fled out of the way of the hated Fergusson; but his lady was obliged to remain to attend her children, who were at the time confined with smallpox. The house was ransacked. A large chest containing the family and other valuable papers, including a wadset of Langwell and Inchvennie from her relative, George, Earl of Cromartie, was burnt before her eyes; and about fifty head of fine Highland cattle were mangled by their swords and driven to the ships of the spoilers. Nor did this satisfy them. They continued to commit similar depredations without discriminating between friend or foe during the eight days which they remained in the neighbourhood.†

It is very generally supposed that Lord Fortrose had strong Jacobite feelings, though his own prudence and the influence of President Forbes

* Highland Clans. Chambers's Rebellion. Stewart's Sketches.
† New Statistical Account of Lochbroom, by the late Dr Ross, minister of the Parish.

secured his support to the Government. This is the opinion at any rate of the writer of a modern MS. History of the Clan, already quoted by us, and who concludes his sketch of his Lordship thus :—Though many respectable individuals of the Clan Mackenzie had warmly espoused the cause of Charles, Lord Fortrose seems at no time to have proclaimed openly for him, whatever hopes he might have countenanced, when in personal communication with the expatriated sovereign, as indeed there is cause to infer something of the kind from a letter which, towards the end of November 1745, was addressed by Lord John Drummond to Kenneth, pressing him instantly to join the Prince, then successfully penetrating the West of England, and qualifying the invitation by observing that it was the only mode for his Lordship to retrieve his character. Yet so little did Fortrose or his immediate followers affect the cause, that when Lord Lovat blockaded Fort-Augustus, two companies of Mackenzies, which had been stationed at Brahan, were withdrawn, and posted by Lord Loudon, the commander-in-chief of the Government forces, at Castle Downie, the stronghold of Fraser, and, with the exception of these, the Royal party received no other support from the family of Seaforth, though many gentlemen of the Clan served in the King's army. Yet it appears that a still greater number, with others whose ancestors identified themselves with the fortunes of the House of Kintail, were inclined to espouse the more venturous steps of the last of the Stewarts. George, the last Earl of Cromarty, being then paramount in power, and, probably so, in influence, even to the Chief himself, having been, for certain reasons, liable to suspicions as to their disinterested nature, declared for Charles, and under his standard his own levy, with all the Jacobite adherents of the Clan ranged themselves, and were mainly instrumental in neutralizing Lord Loudon's and the Laird of Macleod's forces in the subsequent operations of 1746, driving them, with the Lord President Forbes, to take shelter in the Isle of Skye.*

Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, married on the 11th of September 1741, Lady Mary Stewart, eldest daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway, and by her had issue, one son and six daughters. She died in London on the 18th of April 1751, and was buried at Kensington, where a monument was raised to her memory. The daughters married respectively; Margaret, on the 4th June 1785, a Mr William Webb; Mary, Henry Howard of Effingham; Agnes, J. Douglas; Catherine, 1st March 1773, Thomas Griffin Tarpley; Frances, General Joseph Wald; and Euphemia, 2d of April 1771, William Stewart of Castle Stewart, M.P. for the County of Wigton. His Lordship died in London, on the 19th of October 1761; was buried in Westminster Abbey, and was succeeded by his only son. *(To be Continued.)*

THE HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, we may say, in answer to various enquiries, is in the press in a separate form. A good part of it is already printed, and it is expected to be in the hands of subscribers in April or May next. About twenty extra copies are being printed to avoid disappointment to parties ordering while the work is in the press.

* Bennetsfield MS.

A LEGEND OF ARGYLL.

——o——

On a dark tempestuous night, about the middle of last century, an anxious group of people gathered on the seashore of a small village on the west coast of Argyllshire. In spite of the howling wind, and pelting rain, they stood, straining their eyes seaward, to watch through the gloom the struggles of a gallant ship, which, with her devoted crew seemed doomed to destruction. The vessel was evidently disabled, and totally unmanageable, and the villagers listened with deep emotion and ejaculations of horror and distress to the deep booming of the minute gun, and the hoarse cries of the sailors imploring the assistance of those on shore, who were powerless to assist them. Nearer, and nearer, the ill-fated ship was driven to the deadly rocks, until at length the end came; with a fearful crash she struck, one moment she was lifted high by the cruel waves, the next saw her dashed to pieces like a toy in the hands of a giant, and her crew battling for life in the raging sea. Now the brave landsmen do their utmost to help. With encouraging shouts they rush through the boiling surf, and throw ropes to the drowning men, but alas! few indeed can they save. The women are not idle; they have blankets to throw around the senseless forms, and restoratives to hold to the pallid lips of the half-drowned men. Among the most active was a widow, who, with her two daughters, was busily engaged in assisting a fine stalwart young sailor, who had just been rescued from the waves—whether dead or alive, could hardly be at first seen. The widow's cottage being near, they conveyed him there, and by their united and sustained efforts, had at length the pleasure of seeing him revive, and able to thank them for their kindness.

When recovered sufficiently to give an account of his ship and her disastrous voyage, it came out that he belonged to the next village, although he had been absent at sea for several years. They knew his mother well, and great was the joy of all, when, on the morrow, they accompanied him to her house, and related the story of the wreck and his deliverance.

Donald Bàn (for such was his name) finding his father was dead, and his mother getting frail and requiring help on her small croft, decided to give up a seafaring life and to settle at home. Naturally enough he often paid a visit to the widow's cottage, where he had met with such kindness, but it would be difficult to prove that his visits would have been quite so frequent or prolonged, had it not been for the attraction of the widow's daughters, Mary and Barbara. Mary, the eldest, was a quiet, kind-hearted, sensible girl, with a homely face, only rendered attractive by good-nature and robust health. Her one point of beauty lay, in her magnificent fair hair, which, when released from its fastenings, fell in luxuriant masses down to her feet. Her sister, five years her junior, was a great contrast, both in appearance and disposition. Very beautiful in person, lively in manner, she captivated all who came within her power. All the young men for miles round were her devoted admirers, but Barbara was a coquette, and no one knew whom she favoured most. An acute observer

might notice that her eyes, bright and beautiful as they were, yet had a cold hard look, and that her cherry lips, at times, would grow thin and white, and wreath into a cruel smile, anything but pleasant to see.

Donald Bàn, like the rest, was dazzled by her beauty and attractive manner; at the same time, the best part of his nature made him feel that Mary was superior in every true womanly quality, to her more fascinating sister. Still he wavered, fluttering like a moth round the light that would destroy him at last. His mother, who was now growing very infirm, wished him to marry; and having known Mary from childhood, was most anxious that Donald should choose her for his wife. Donald returning home one evening, after a more than usually prolonged visit to the widow's cottage, was alarmed to find his mother lying back in her chair, in a swoon. Blaming himself severely for his neglect in leaving her so long alone, he did his utmost to restore her to consciousness. After a little while, she somewhat revived, but was evidently very much shaken and ill. Feeling near her end, she spoke very seriously to Donald about his choice of a wife, and assured him that while lying apparently unconscious, she had a vision, and saw, through the medium of the second-sight, a forecast of the future of the two sisters. "I saw," she continued, "Mary a happy wife and mother, a blessing and a comfort to her husband; but Barbara's future was dark and sinful. Her lover will be driven by her into the commission of a terrible crime, and both will perish in a sudden and terrible manner. The form of Mary's husband, as also that of Barbara's lover, was hidden from me. But remember this warning. Shun Barbara as you would a beautiful but deadly serpent. Promise me that as soon as I am dead, and the days of your mourning are past, you will marry Mary, and be a true and faithful husband to her." Donald, much affected by his mother's earnest appeal, promised faithfully to carry out her last wishes.

The old woman shortly after died, and in course of time Donald prepared to fulfil his promise. He proposed to Mary, and was accepted, her mother being well pleased to have Donald for a son-in-law. Whatever Barbara's feelings were on the subject, she kept them to herself, merely excusing herself, for the extraordinary proceeding of a sister in those districts, from being present at the wedding, as she was going to pay a long visit to a relative in a neighbouring town.

Donald and Mary were in due time married, and lived quietly and happily for nearly three years. They had two children, a boy and a girl. Mary's mother dying about this time, and Barbara being still unmarried, she came to live with them. She was if possible more beautiful than ever—still in the first bloom of her womanhood; and soon Donald found himself as much under her influence as ever. Manfully he struggled for a time to subdue his fatal passion, but in a short time he was as helpless as a fly in a spider's web. His infatuation was complete, and it made him oblivious to the sacred claims of a husband and a father. It is doubtful whether Barbara really felt any affection for him, but she took a delight in exercising her power of bewitching him, though withal she used such tact that her true-hearted sister, or the unfaithful Donald, never suspected her.

It was a lovely summer day. Donald was working on his croft, in

sight of his cottage, the door of which stood open, exposing a scene of homely comfort. The room was scrupulously clean. Mary, with a happy contented look lighting up and beautifying her homely face, was busily employed making oatcake, the appetising smell of which seemed to tickle the olfactory nerves of a fine collie, basking in the sun outside the door, who, lifting his head occasionally, would give a satisfied sniff, but was too well bred to shew any impatience. The eldest child, a sturdy boy of two years, was on the floor, playing with a kitten, as frolicsome as himself—the baby girl was sleeping in her cradle. Barbara was sitting quietly, knitting. The humming of the bees, as they flitted from flower to flower, the twitting of the birds, and the soothing sound of the sea waves, breaking gently against the neighbouring rocks, completed this picture of peaceful happiness, from which discord and trouble seemed far removed. After finishing her culinary operations, Mary proposed to go to the rocks to gather dulse, of which Donald was very fond; the boy clamoured to go along with her, but his mother quieted him by promising to take him out on her return.

Anxious to obtain the best dulse, Mary scrambled on to a rock jutting out in the sea, always covered at high water. Having filled her basket, she sat down to rest, and the day being hot, soon fell asleep.

The duties and simple pleasure of domestic life had no attraction for Barbara. She soon tired of being alone, and giving the sagacious dog charge of the children, went to look for her sister. She soon discovered her, still peacefully sleeping on the fatal rock. The tide was just turning, but instead of awakening her sister, Barbara stood and stared, and as she looked, an evil flash came in her eye, a cruel smile was on her lips, and from a beautiful woman, she seemed suddenly as if transformed into a she-demon. At length she turned, and going to Donald, prevailed upon him to accompany her to the beach, saying she wished to show him something remarkable. Arriving at the rock, she pointed out the still slumbering Mary, and, without a word, fixed her flashing eyes on Donald. Spell-bound, he gazed at her, until the same dreadful idea also possessed him. The water was now within a yard of the peaceful and sleeping woman; in a few minutes she would be totally surrounded by the tide, and if not awakened instantly, her life would be lost; yet still they stood silent and inactive. At last Barbara muttered, or rather hissed through her close-set teeth, "We must not let this chance escape, we must make sure work of it. Come, Donald, help me to plait her hair with the sea weeds." So saying, she drew the infatuated man in the direction of his devoted wife. With eager fingers, they quickly unwound poor Mary's long tresses, and plaited and knotted them with the weeds growing on the rock. Then retiring to a point of safety, they waited the inevitable result. The tide had now completely surrounded their victim, who, as it touched her, awoke with a start. Donald's heart now failed him. Although he wished her dead, he could not bear to see her murdered. With a groan, he turned and fled, stopping his ears for fear of hearing the death agonies of his wife. Barbara looked at him, with a scornful smile on her lips, and muttering a curse on his cowardice. She did not intend to lose sight of her victim. When Mary awoke she strove to rise and escape, but to her horror, found herself bound to the rock. Startled and confused

by her sudden awakening, she imagined for a moment that she was dreaming, or under the influence of a dreadful nightmare; but the cold waves now breaking over her, soon convinced her of her true position. With frantic hands, she tore at her hair, crying loudly for help; then catching sight of her sister, a gleam of hope came, but to her indescribable horror and despair, her cries for assistance were met only with a low mocking laugh. Then was the fearful conviction forced upon her that she was being murdered, and that at the hands of her own sister. With heart-rending cries, she called on her husband to succour her, but the only answer came from Barbara, telling her how he also had even helped to bind her to the rock. Surprise and horror closed poor Mary's lips for a moment; she then thought of her children—her handsome boy, her firstborn—and her sweet babe, who was even then requiring its natural food. The thought was distraction. Again she tried to move the stony heart of her unnatural sister, by pitiable appeals for dear life, imploring her by every tie, human and divine, to save her; by the memory of their dead mother, by their sisterhood, for the sake of the children, for the sake of her own soul, not to commit this foul deed. But as well might she attempt to stay the tide now washing over her, as move the heartless she-fiend who sat gloating over the sight of her victim's sufferings, like a tiger over the struggles of his prey. Inch by inch the water rises, now it reaches her neck, the next wave drowns her voice, there is a gasp and a gurgle. Another wave —the fair head is covered, and poor Mary is in eternal rest.

By Mary's death, an obstacle was removed from the path of the guilty pair, but yet they were not happy. Nothing prospered with Donald—his harvest was bad, his potatoes diseased, his sheep died, his cows sickened; however hard he might work, everything went wrong—he got no sympathy nor help from his neighbours, who all shunned him since his wife's death; he grew gloomy and morose; tortured with remorse, he dragged out a miserable existence. Barbara was also changed—she was never fitted for home duties, and having now no object in trying to captivate Donald, she grew careless and neglectful, and the guilty pair passed most of their time in mutual accusations and recriminations.

The first anniversary of Mary's death arrived. It was a heavy oppressive day, and Donald felt more than usually depressed and miserable; his crime weighed heavily upon his conscience, and his mother's prophetic warning continually rang in his ears. His day's work over, he entered his cottage for the night, but how changed it had become—no comfort, no happiness. Instead of a true-hearted loving wife to welcome him, there was this woman, beautiful indeed, but she seemed possessed with a mocking devil. Totally heartless herself, she laughed him to scorn whenever he ventured to express regret for the past, or hint at amendment in the future. As night drew near, the air became still more oppressive, the clouds, heavy with electricity, hung low down; the distant mutterings of thunder were heard, and the forked lightning flashed over the dark and troubled sea.

Donald and Barbara retired to rest, but he at least could not sleep —he felt a presentiment of coming evil. As the storm drew nearer and increased in intensity, he literally quaked with fear. Just at midnight, a terrific thunder clap burst over the house, and as the lurid flash lighted

up the room, he saw with unspeakable horror, the figure of his murdered wife standing by the bedside. With a severe yet sorrowful look and voice, she seemed to say, "Your hour is come, retribution has overtaken you at last, and your partner in guilt. I go to protect my beloved offspring." The figure then slowly glided into the next room, in which slept the innocent children. Again the thunder pealed long and loud—again the lightning flashed—a blinding sheet of flame appeared to envelope the cottage for a moment; the storm ceased almost suddenly, dying away in distant rumblings of thunder echoed from the surrounding rocks.

Next morning was calm and clear. The people of the neighbourhood were astir by break of day to see what mischief the unusually severe storm had done. Arrived at Donald's cottage, they stood struck with astonishment which, on further investigation, was turned into a feeling of terror. One end of the cottage had been struck by lightning, and was a total ruin. Under the scorched rafters lay two blackened and repulsive bodies, which on investigation, they recognised as the disfigured remains of Donald and his guilty paramour. The other half of the cottage was unscathed, and entering it, they found the two lovely children, locked in each other's arms, breathing the breath of innocence, calmly sleeping, with the angelic smile and beautiful expression, always observed on the face of slumbering infancy. Thus was Mary avenged.

M. A. ROSE.

WAR SPEECH OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

The foe is advancing: make ready, brave men!
Arise every son of the mountain and glen!
Rush on to the combat, and let the knaves ken
We're stems of the soul-rousing Thistle!

Rush on like the foam-crested billows that roar,
When lashing with fury our wild rocky shore!
The dear ones defending ye love and adore—
Heap fame on the soul-rousing Thistle!

Rush on like the light'ning and thunder of Heaven,
When mountains majestic asunder are riven!
And give them the welcome your fathers have given
A' foes of the soul-rousing Thistle!

To tyrants bend never: our banner's unfurl'd,
A streamer of glory it waves o'er the world;
Though army on army against us be hurl'd,
Stand fast for the soul-rousing Thistle!

Now clansmen, for freedom, your claymores unsheath,
Wave, wave them on high o'er the dark purple heath,
Add laurels unrivall'd to honour's bright wreath,
Staunch sons of the soul-rousing Thistle!

Then on, my blue bonnets, to death's gory stage;
And carve this proud motto on liberty's page—
"We'll hand down, unblemished, to each rolling age,
The glorious soul-rousing Thistle!"

EDINBURGH. ALEXANDER LOGAN.

THE GAELIC NAMES OF TREES, SHRUBS, PLANTS, &c.

By Charles Fergusson.

——o——

[Continued.]

Weeping Birch.—Latin, *Betula Pendula;* Gaelic, *Beithe Dubhach.* The weeping birch is the most graceful and beautiful of all our native Highland trees, and where it grows to perfection, as it does in Strathglass, Lochness-side, and in many other parts of the Highlands, there is nothing that can add more to the beauty of the landscape than its tall silvery stem, with its graceful drooping branches which, though twenty or thirty feet long, are no thicker than a common pack thread. Well might Coleridge call the weeping birch "The Lady of the Woods."

Dwarf Birch.—Latin, *Betula Nana;* Gaelic, *Beithe Beag.* The dwarf birch, the hardiest of all trees or shrubs, grows abundantly on some of the higher ranges in the Highlands, though unknown south of the Highland border, or even in our own low straths. It grows in Corrychallin, in Glenlyon, in Strathardle, on Ben Lawers, Ben-y-gloe, and on several of the other Perthshire Grampians, also in the wilds of Strathglass, and on the moors near Loch Glass, in Ross-shire. It is of an erect habit, but seldom reaches a height of over three feet. The bark is of a shining red or dark purple colour, and the fertile catkins which grow at the extremity of the branches are a favourite food of grouse and ptarmigan. As the leaves and twigs of this variety yield a much brighter yellow dye than any of the other varieties of birch, it used to be much sought after by the Highland housewives, and through their cutting it all when found growing near their houses, it is now unknown in many places where it was once common. Another, and perhaps a stronger reason for its disappearance is that it never grows high enough to be beyond the reach of sheep, which are now all over the country, and as they are very fond of the young twigs and leaves, they constantly nip off the young wood, and so never allow it to seed, and very soon kill the parent shrub itself. In the Arctic regions the dwarf birch is found growing on the borders of the eternal snow, where it is the only variety of tree known, and its catkins and seeds afford the only food for the large flocks of ptarmigan and other birds found in those high northern latitudes.

Birds' Cherry.—Latin, *Cerasus padus;* Gaelic, *Fiodhag.* This tree is a native of the Highlands, where it grows on the banks of streams, and produces large crops of its black berries. These berries are very sour, but birds are very fond of them, which, of course, gave rise to its name. Lightfoot informs us that the berries were used by way of infusion in brandy in the Highlands when he was there.

Black Thorn.—Latin, *Prunus spinosa;* Gaelic, *Sgitheach dubh; Preas nan airneag.* This is a well-known native shrub, and grows very common all over the country. The bark was much used by our ancestors for dyeing a bright red colour. Lightfoot mentions that the fruit will make a very fragrant and grateful wine, a fact which the great botanist never forgets to mention of any fruit or plant out of which it is possible to extract anything drinkable!

Box.—Latin, *Buxus sempervirens ;* Gaelic, *Bucsa.* The box is a native England, but seems to have been introduced very early into the Highlands, where it thrives very well in the low glens. The wood, which is very hard and close-grained, was used by the old Highlanders for carving ornamental dirk and *sgian dubh* handles, *cuachs,* &c. From the great resemblance of the box to the red whortleberry, or *Lus nam Braoileag,* the real badge of the Clan Chattan, the box was often used by that Clan instead of the whortleberry, as it was generally easier procured, which gave rise to the mistaken idea that the box is the badge of the Clan Chattan.

Brier Rose.—Latin, *Rosa canina ;* Gaelic, *Dris ; An fhearrdhris ; Preas nam mucag.* This prickly shrub grows all over the Highlands, where its fruit—*mucagan*—is often eaten by children, and also sometimes used for preserves. The strong prickles with which it is armed gave rise to the old Gaelic proverb, "Cho crosda ris an dris." The Highlanders used the bark of the brier, with copperas, for dyeing a beautiful black black colour.

Broom.—Latin, *Spartium Scoparium ;* Gaelic, *Bealaidh.* The "bonny, bonny broom" needs no description, as it is known to everybody, and its bright green branches and golden blossoms add to the beauty of most Highland landscapes. The old Highlanders used the broom for almost endless purposes, some of which I may mention here. The twigs and branches were used to thatch houses and stacks, to make brooms, and to weave in their fences to exclude sheep and hares from their gardens, and also to tan leather, for which purpose it is equal to oak bark. A decoction of this shrub was much recommended for the dropsy, and half an ounce of the flowers or seeds was considered a strong emetic by the old Highland housewives. During snow, sheep and deer are very fond of browsing on it, but if sheep not accustomed to it are allowed too much of it at first it makes them giddy, or as the shepherds say drunk. The broom is the badge of the Clans Forbes and Mackay.

Cherry.—Latin, *Prunus Cerasus*—Gaelic, *Siris or Sirist.* Of course this tree is just the wild cherry or gean, brought to its present perfection by long cultivation. It seems to have been well known to the old Highlanders, as the bards often in singing the praises of their sweethearts, compare the colour of their cheeks to the cherry—"Do ghruaidh mar an t-siris."

Chestnut.—Latin, *Fagus castanea ;* Gaelic, *Geanm-chno.* This tree is said to be a native of England, but not of Scotland. This, however, is doubtful, for if it is not a native, it must have been introduced into this country very early, from the immense size of some of the chestnut trees found growing in many parts of the Highlands. One growing in the garden of Castle Leod, in Ross-shire, in 1820, measured 15 feet in circumference ; and mention is made, in the New Statistical Account, of three chestnuts measured at Castle Menzies in 1844, whose respective girths were 16, 18½, and 21 feet. The wood is very hard and durable, and that its value was known to our ancestors is proved by the fact that it is found along with oak in the roofs and woodwork of some of our oldest Highland castles and mansion houses.

Elder.—Latin, *Sambucus niger ;* Gaelic, *Droman ; Craobh an dro-*

main. This is a native of the Highlands, and was used by the Highlanders in many ways. They used its berries for dyeing a brown colour, and of course everybody who has heard of the "Laird o' Cockpen" knows that a wine is made of the flowers—

"Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder flower wine,
Says, 'What taks the Laird here at sic an ill time?'"

The berries also were fermented into a wine, which was usually drank warm. The medicinal virtues of the elder were well known to our ancestors, for indeed it was one of their principal remedies for many diseases; and as a proof that they were correct in this, and also that its virtues were known in other countries, I may mention that the great physician Boerhave regarded the elder with such reverence for its medicinal virtues, that he always took off his hat when passing an elder tree!

FIR (SCOTCH).—Latin, *Pinus sylvestris;* Gaelic, *Giuthas.* The Scotch Fir is the "most Highland" of all our trees, and there is no tree that looks nobler than it does towering amongst our bens and glens. In our earliest records we find mention of our great Caledonian fir forest, which extended from Glenlyon and Rannoch, to Strathspey and Strathglass, and from Glencoe eastward to the Braes of Mar. This great forest has mostly disappeared ages ago, caused principally by being cut, or set fire to wilfully, or accidentally, by the different clans, during their continual wars, or by foreign invaders. A large portion of the ground which once formed part of this great forest is now converted into peat bogs, in which are found embedded huge trunks of fir, some of which still show traces of fire, or lying close to their roots or stocks, which are firmly fixed by the roots in the underlying firm soil. The largest portions of the ancient Caledonian forest left are in Rannoch, Perthshire; in Braemar, Aberdeenshire; in Badenoch, Strathspey, Glenmore, Rothiemurchus, Glenmoriston, and Strathglass, in Inverness-shire; near Loch Maree, in Ross-shire; and at Coigeach, Strathnaver, and Dirry-Monach, in Sutherland. The wood of this tree is very valuable, being easily wrought, resinous, and very durable, a proof of which is mentioned by Smith, in his "View of the Agriculture of Argyle." He says—"The roof of Kilchurn Castle, Argyleshire, was made of natural fir, and when taken down, after having stood over 300 years, was found as fresh and full of sap as newly imported Memel." Besides using it for roofs, the old Highlanders also used this wood for floors, and for making chests, beds, tables, and endless other domestic purposes. The resinous roots dug out of the earth not only supplied the best of fuel, but was used for light, being split up into small splinters, which, from the quantity of rosin contained in them, burnt with the brightness of gas. They were burnt either on a flat stone or an iron brander placed near the fire, under the large open chimneys in old Highland cottages; and it was the nightly duty either of the old grandfather or the young herd boy, to sit by the light and replenish it by fresh splinters as they burned down, whilst the other members of the family attended to their domestic duties, or sat and listened to the songs or traditions of bye-gone days. Lightfoot mentions that Pennant and himself observed the fishermen of Lochbroom, in Ross-shire, make ropes of the inner bark of the fir. He also mentions another curious fact about the

fir. He says—"The farina, or yellow powder, of the male flowers, is sometimes in spring carried away by the winds, in such quantities where the trees abound, as to alarm the ignorant with the notion of its raining brimstone." The fir is very often mentioned by Ossian, and no doubt in his day many of the large tracts, which are now barren peat mosses, were covered with luxuriant pine forests. To explain how this great change came about I may give the following extract from an able work, "A Description and History of Vegetable Substances used in the Arts and Domestic Economy." In the article on the Scotch fir, it says, page 26—"One of the most singular changes to which any country can be subjected, is that which arises from the formation of extensive masses of peat-earth. They are common in most of the colder parts of the world, and are known in Scotland by the name of peat mosses. These accumulations of a peculiar vegetable matter are a sort of natural chronicle of the countries in which they are found. In the northern parts of Britain they point out that the soil and climate were once far superior to what the country now, in those situations, enjoys. The era of the first commencement of these bogs is not known; but as in many of them, both in Ireland and Scotland, are found the horns and skulls of animals of which no living specimens now exist in the country, and have not been since the commencement of recorded history, their history must be referred to very remote periods. Notwithstanding this, the formation of a peat bog under favourable circumstances does not appear to be a very lengthened process, for George, Earl of Cromarty, mentions (Philosophical Transactions, No. 330) that near Loch Braon (Loch Broom), on the west of Ross-shire, a considerable portion of ground had, between the years of 1651 and 1699, been changed from a forest of barked and leafless pines to a peat moss or bog, in which the people were cutting turf for fuel. The process, according to the Earl's description, which has been verified by the observations of others, is this—The pines, after having stood for some time deprived of their bark and bleaching in the rains, which in that country are both heavy and frequent, are gradually rotted near their roots, and fall. After they have been soaked by the rains, they are soon covered with various species of *fungi*. When these begin to decay the rain washes the adhesive matter into which they are reduced between the tree and the ground, and a dam is thus formed, which collects and retains the water. Whenever this takes place, the surface of the stagnant pool, or moist earth, becomes covered with mosses, and these mosses further retain the water. It is a property of those species of moss which grow most readily in cold or moist districts, to keep decomposing at the roots while they continue to grow vigorously at the tops. Cold and humidity, as has been said, are the circumstances in which the mosses that rot and consolidate into peat are formed; and when the mosses begin to grow they have the power of augmenting those causes of their production. The mossy surface, from its spongy nature, and from the moisture with which it is covered, is one of the very worst conductors of heat; and thus, even in the warmest summers, the surface of moss is always comparatively cold. Besides the spongy part of the moss, which retains its fibrous texture for many years, there is a portion of it, especially of the small *fungi* and *lichens* with which it is mixed, that is every year reduced to the consistency of a very

tough and retentive mould. That subsides, closes up the openings of the spongy roots of the moss, and renders the whole water tight. The retention of the water is further favourable to the growth of the moss, both in itself and by means of the additional cold which it produces in the summer." A very good story is told in Strathardle of a boy's opinion of a group of noble firs, when he saw them for the first time. His father was many years keeper to the Duke of Athole, at Falar Lodge, which is many miles away from any other habitation, and surrounded by huge mountains, and at which not a tree is to be seen, though it was once the very centre of the great Caledonian forest. The boy had been born and brought up in that secluded place, and had never been from home, till one day when he was well on in his teens he was allowed to accompany his father to Strathardle. Having never seen a tree of any description, no doubt the stunted birch and alder trees he saw when going down Glenfernate astonished him not a little, but when they reached Strathloch, and coming round the corner of the hill, the group of fine firs behind the farm houses there burst on the wondering youth's view, within a few hundred yards of him. He stood still with astonishment, wondering what those huge stems with the tuft of green on the top could be, till at last a happy idea struck him, and turning to his father, he exclaimed—"Ubh, ubh, nach e am blaths gu iosal an seo, a ni am muth, seallaibh cho mor 'sa dh' fhas an càl."—"Ubh, ubh, does not the warmth down here make a wonderful difference; see how big the kale has grown." The poor boy had never seen anything resembling those trees except the curly kale or German greens in his father's garden, and so came to the conclusion that owing to the warmth of the valley the kale had grown to the size of the fir trees.

FIR, SILVER.—Latin, *Pinus Picea;* Gaelic, *Giuthas Geal.* This tree is a native of Germany, and was introduced into England in 1603; and into Scotland in 1682, where it was first planted at Inveraray Castle. One specimen of this tree measured 15 feet in circumference at Castle Menzies, in 1844.

FIR, SPRUCE.—Latin, *Pinus Abies;* Gaelic, *Giuthas Lochlanach.* The spruce is a native of Norway, but was introduced in 1548. It thrives to perfection in the moist boggy parts of the Highlands, where immense trees of it are found in many parts of the country, many of them over 100 feet high.

GEAN, OR WILD CHERRY.—Latin, *Cerasus Sylvestris;* Gaelic, *Geanais.* This is one of our native wild fruit trees, where it thrives very well in the low straths, many trees of it being 15 to 18 feet in circumference. The wood is very hard and beautifully veined, and was much used for making articles of furniture. Lightfoot says that the fruit of the gean, by fermentation, makes a very agreeable wine, and by distillation, bruised together with the stones, a strong spirit.

HAZEL.—Latin, *Corylus Avellana;* Gaelic, *Calltuinn.* This native tree is very common in most parts of the Highlands yet, though, within the memory of the present generation it has disappeared from many a glen, where it once grew in thickets. This is caused to some extent by the increase of sheep and rabbits in the Highlands, especially the latter, who in time of snow peel the bark off as high as they can reach, killing

it, of course, very soon. From the great quantity of hazel trees and nuts dug up from great depths in peat bogs, it is evident that the hazel was very common all over the country before the destruction of the great Caledonian forest. It was always a favourite wood for making walking sticks, and was also used for making baskets and hoops for barrels. Our ancestors had many curious old superstitions regarding the hazel, and always considered it a very unlucky tree, though they were fond enough of the nuts. Of the nuts they made bread sometimes, which they considered excellent for keeping away hunger on long and fatiguing journeys. They had also many superstitions regarding the nuts, such as burning them on Hallowe'en night to see if certain couples would get married; and they counted nothing so lucky as to get two nuts naturally joined together, which they called "Cnò-chòmhlaich," and which they considered a certain charm against all witchcraft.

HORSE-CHESTNUT.—Latin, *Æsculus hippocastanum;* Gaelic, *'Gheanmchno fhiadhaich.* This tree is a native of Asia, and was introduced into England in 1629, but not into Scotland till 1709. Very large trees of it are quite common in the Highlands now. The wood is worthless, but its handsome foliage and sweet-smelling flowers render it very useful for ornamental purposes.

JUNIPER.—Latin, *Juniperis communis;* Gaelic, *Aiteann.* Next to the broom and the whin, the juniper is the most common of all our native shrubs, and it has the advantage over those of producing berries. Those berries, which have the peculiarity of taking two years to ripen, once formed no small part of the foreign commerce of the Gael, as we read that shiploads of juniper berries used to be annually sent from the port of Inverness to Holland, where they were used for making the famous Geneva or gin. That trade in the juniper berries continued long, and might have done so still if the modern art of the chemist had not discovered a cheaper, but, as is generally the case, an inferior substitute for the juniper berries in the distillation of Geneva. This will be seen by the following extract from an old work :—" The true Geneva or gin is a malt spirit distilled a second time with the addition of juniper berries. Originally the berries were added to the malt in the grinding, so that the spirit thus obtained was flavoured with the berries from the first, and exceeded all that could be made by any other method. But now they leave out the berries entirely, and give their spirits a flavour by distilling them with a proper quantity of oil of turpentine, which, though it nearly resembles the flavour of juniper berries, has none of their valuable virtues." The old Highlanders had very great faith in juniper berries as a medicine for almost every disease known amongst them, and also as a cure for the bite of any serpent or venomous beast. In cases of the pestilence, fever, or any infectious disease, fires of juniper bushes were always lighted in or near their houses, as they believed that the smoke and smell of burning juniper purified the air, and carried off all infection. The juniper is the badge of the Athole Highlanders, and also of the Gunns, Rosses, and Macleods.

LABURNUM.—Latin, *Cytisus Alpinus;* Gaelic, *Bealaidh Sasunach.* This tree is a native of Switzerland, and was introduced in 1596. Some of the largest trees of it in Britain are in Athole, by the roadside between Blair-Athole and Dunkeld. The old Highlanders used this wood

for making bagpipes, for which use it is very suitable, being very hard, fine grained, and capable of taking a very fine polish. Many very old bagpipes are made of this wood.

LARCH.—Latin, *Pinus Larix;* Gaelic, *Laireag.* Though not a native of the Highlands, the larch is now one of our commonest trees, and it thrives as well here as any of our native trees, as both the soil and the climate are admirably suited to it. Linnæus says that its botanical name "Larix" comes from the Celtic word "Lar," fat; producing abundance of resin. Of course the Gaelic name comes from the same. In the Statistical Account of the Parish of Dunkeld we read:—"Within the pleasure-grounds to the north-east of the cathedral, are the two noted larches, the first that were introduced into Britain. They were brought from the Tyrol, by Menzies of Culdares, in 1738, and were at first treated as green-house plants. They were planted only one day later than the larches in the Monzie gardens, near Crieff. The two Dunkeld larches are still (1844) in perfect vigour, and far from maturity. The height of the highest is nearly 90 feet, with girth in proportion." Again, in the Account of the Parish of Monzie we have—"In the garden of Monzie are five larches remarkable for their age, growth, and symmetry. They are coeval with the celebrated larches of Dunkeld, having been brought along with them from the same place, and are now superior to them in beauty and size. The tallest measures 102 feet in perpendicular height; another is 22 feet in circumference, and at a distance of 2½ feet from the ground 16 feet, and throws out branches to the extraordinary distance of 48 and 55 feet from the trunk. The late Duke of Athole, it would appear, evinced a more than ordinary interest in the progress of these five trees, sending his gardener annually thither to observe their growth. When this functionary returned and made his wonted report, that the larches of Monzie were leaving those of Dunkeld behind in the race, his Grace would jocularly allege that his servant had permitted General Campbell's good cheer to impair his powers of observation." The larch is now very commonly planted in the Highlands, and there are many extensive plantations of it which have already attained a great size and value, especially in the district of Athole, where, about the beginning of the present century, Duke John planted some millions of it on the hills north of Dunkeld and Logierait.

LIME.—Latin, *Tilia communes;* Gaelic, *Teile.* This beautiful tree is a native of Asia, and was introduced into Scotland in 1664, where it was first planted at Taymouth Castle, where there are now trees of it nearly 20 feet in circumference. The wood, which though very soft, is close-grained and very white, was much used by the old Highlanders for carved work. They also believed the sweet-smelling flowers of this tree to be the best cure for palpitation of the heart.

MAPLE.—Latin, *Acer campestre;* Gaelic, *Malpais.* This tree is a native of the southern Highlands of Perthshire and Argyle. It very much resembles the plane, but does not grow to such a size. The Highlanders made a wine of the sap of this tree as they did of the birch.

(To be Continued.)

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.

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II.

THE people who use our Gaelic Bible are certainly not the least devout in "Bible-loving Scotland." They have long borne a high character for piety. By nature reverent, almost to the verge of superstition, they are more than most men disposed to bow with awe to the dread sanctions of the supernatural and the unseen. And as the result on such a temperament of a long course of strict religious teaching, not less in the school than under the parental roof, followed very generally all through life by the fostering influence of fervid, rousing, evangelical preaching, they have been famous in a nation proverbially bible-loving for the profound veneration habitually accorded by them to the Divine Authority of the Book. To it was always their last appeal. *Tha e anns an Leabhair* was to them an end of all controversy. Now it is evident that among such a people the linguistic influence of their Book of Books, which was also practically their one book, must have been very great. Its every blot or blemish, by long association with all they held most sacred, was not unlikely to become, not only faultless, but an actual beauty-spot. And when we remember, as was shown in last paper, that their first version of that book was but a crude transliteration of the Irish Bible, even though the professed aim of all subsequent editors has been the removal of Irish idioms, we feel that a factor was thus introduced nearly two hundred years ago into the linguistic history of our people, whose force and significance it were difficult to over estimate.* It is worth remembering also that thus a question that had to be carefully weighed in regard to the Manx translation of the Sctiptures, did not at all practically emerge in regard to our Scotch Gaelic Bible. The Manx translators had the question before them, "whether they would adopt the principles of the Irish orthography, or write the language as it was pronounced" in the Isle of Man. And after full consideration they adopted the latter mode, on the ground that to have followed the former mode would have made their bible "to the multitude an unknown tongue." They did so, seemingly, with regret, for they believed that "by due attention to the orthography and structure of the language, the connection between roots and compounds might have been preserved, and its original energy and purity restored." But "the translators adopted the wise alternative. They regarded the utility of their work rather than the elucidation of the language, and accordingly took

* Were I disposed to press this point to the utmost, it could well be put more strongly. For. before Kirke's transliteration, the Irish Bible of Bedel was itself used presumably to some considerable extent, in the Scottish Highlands. The Hon. Robert Boyle, not less memorable as physicist, theologian, and founder of the "Boyle Lectures," than as promoter of Christian Missions to India and of translations of the Bible into many tongues, sent to Scotland for use in the Highlands about a hundred copies of Bedel's Bible, which had first been printed through his influence, and almost entirely at his expense. One of these Bibles, now exceedingly rare, is in the library of the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. It was long in possession of the ancient family of Colquhoun of Canstraddon. From them it passed to the late Very Rev. Principal Macfarlane of Glasgow, at the sale of whose library I purchased it; and it is placed in the safe keeping of Queen's College, for the benefit of coming generations of the Gael in the Far West, as the best acknowledgment I could make for the hospitality extended to me by their fathers in the Highland Settlements of the New World.

the spoken sound as their rule of orthography" (Kelly's Manx Grammar, 1870, Editor's introduction, p. xiii.). But is it any loss to the language that they did so? From the philologist's point of view it is anything but a loss. To the student of language nothing can be more valuable than such *phonotypes* of the living speech whether of different members of our great Celtic family in different stages of their divergence, or of the same branch of the family in successive stages of its history. If the philological comparison of our abundance of such phonotypes in English has yielded results so fruitful, even in the case of a language into which has been thrown the leaven of foreign elements so numerous and seemingly so discordant, that the "whole lump" seems at first sight monstrous and all but amorphous, what might we not expect if we had a similar abundance of materials for linguistic comparison in a family of languages which has ever kept itself so proudly aloof from foreign taint as the Celtic has done! And the pity is that in the Scottish Highlands we might indeed have much more of that precious material than the meagre remnant that survives. If, for example, Macpherson had remembered that in common honesty he was under obligation to account for his precious borrowed manuscripts, at least as much as if they were coupons or bills of exchange, or if editors and transcribers of old Gaelic manuscripts were ever careful piously to copy every jot and tittle of originals so precious, because, alas! so rare, we should have materials at disposal from which the skilled philologist might evolve on safe ground laws and principles of the utmost value. But it is vain to mourn a loss which no regrets can remedy. Let us be thankful that while the good minister of Balquhidder, in the haste of his holy zeal to give his countrymen the Word of Life, shackled their tongues with "the principles of Irish orthography," the authors of the Manx Bible unwittingly brought us a linguistic blessing in disguise, even while lamenting that in duty to the religion of the Manxman they were constrained, as they fancied, to do sore disservice to his language.

But it is time to return to the Gaelic Bible. Encouraged by the great demand for their translation of the New Testament, published in 1769, and trusting to the generosity of the public, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge undertook the expense of translating and printing the Old Testament "with all the expedition of which the nature of such an undertaking can admit." It was arranged that the work should appear in four parts, the first of which was published in 1783. This first portion, containing the five books of Moses, is usually regarded as the work of the second Stuart (Dr John, of Luss). It is, indeed, so described more than once in the Society's minutes, which, through the kindness of Mr John Wardrobe Tawse, W.S., the writer has had the privilege of consulting. But there are in the same minutes undoubted indications of the fact that Dr Stuart was not the translator of this first part in the sense in which he was of the third. For example, in a minute dated in November 1802, a payment to Dr Stuart of one hundred and fifty guineas is said to have been made "for his and John and James Macnaughton's trouble in translating, copying, and supervising the printing of the second and third volumes of the Gaelic Old Testament, and the second edition of the Gaelic New Testament." And, still more to perplex the matter, in a brief historical statement of the work which the Society, beginning in 1769, completed in 1826, it is stated that by Dr Stuart "the *third* part had been *translated*

and the *two preceding carefully revised.*" The truth seems to be that from the first, both by rare fitness for the work and as the son of the first translator of the New Testament, the younger Stuart took a leading part among others, his coadjutors, in the translation of the Old Testament; but as time and the work proceeded, his connection with it became gradually so prominent as at last to be paramount. The next part to appear, the second in time, was the fourth in order. It was beyond question the independent work of one man—a man of rare ability, and a perfect master of pure, idiomatic, powerful Gaelic. This was Dr John Smith of Campbeltown. We do not know any Gaelic work, or any piece, short or long, of Gaelic prose composition, which can at all be compared with it. It is the only Gaelic translation of any portion of the Scriptures which does not bear on the face of it conclusive evidence that the Irish Bible was either very much in the translator's heart or very near his elbow. But Dr Smith was not to be unduly trammelled by the English Bible any more than the Irish. Going with competent knowledge to the original Scriptures, and availing himself conscientiously according to his light of all the results of the Biblical science of the day, his one aim was to enable his countrymen to see in his translation as he saw in the original, what the spirit said unto the churches. It is no wonder, then, that in some points his rendering differed materially from the English. Further on this will fall to be again considered, when we come to explain how another translation came to be substituted for Dr Smith's, and we shall give some extracts which the reader can for himself compare with the version to which it had to give place. Dr Smith's translation began with Isaiah, and includes the rest of the prophets. It was published in 1785.

Next came the second part, described in previous minutes as "now carrying on by Mr Stuart," and reported as printed in 1787. It extends from Joshua to I. Chronicles. In announcing its publication the directors of the Society state that "the *third* part will require considerable time to finish." They also add, "In a work of this kind it is vain to expect universal approbation. Some have found fault with the orthography used by the translators, but the directors have the pleasure to be informed by a number of gentlemen, who are believed to be amongst the best judges of the Gaelic language, that the manner in which the translation is executed meets with their fullest approbation." Seen in the light of subsequent events there would seem to be something prophetic in the directors' warning that the third part would require "a considerable time" to finish it. In 1789 they "are sorry to find that from the avocations of the gentleman who conducts it, as well as from the difficult nature of the work itself, it is not yet in complete readiness for the press." In the autumn of 1790 the Secretary, being instructed to write Mr Stuart, was informed that the work was expected to be "ready for the press in course of the ensuing winter." April 1791, "Gaelic Bible in the press." December, same year, Mr Stuart is requested to "come to Edinburgh to carry on the work and finish it if possible in course of the winter." January 1792, Mr Stewart "regrets that he cannot come directly, but is advancing with the translation, and will come to Edinburgh as speedily as circumstances will allow." February, same year, Mr Stuart is again urged to come to Edinburgh, and his services are bespoken, in addition to the work already in hand, for a revised edition of his father's Gaelic New Testa-

ment, which was described in our last paper. On 5th April, same year, the Secretary, doubtless with a sigh of relief, informs the directors that "Mr Stuart has come." But still that gentleman's "part third" was far from the birth. Never did fond deluded parent wait and pray for the event which was to crown his bliss, as the directors of the Society all these years waited on Mr Stuart of Luss for the long-looked-for "part third." Now with wistful desire rising at times to joyful hope, now with doubt and sore misgiving, anon with fretful impatience and rising anger, they waited on. At one time they pleaded with him, at another, in a very dignified way of course, they scolded him, and at another they stirred up his pure mind by way of remembrance. They angled for him with the silver hook, and, careful as they have ever been of the purse-strings, they even tried the golden. At last, on 1st June 1797, their wrath could be pent up no longer. It burst forth in the thunder of the following minute:—"A report having gone abroad, owing to the long delay which has taken place in publishing the Old Testament Scriptures in Gaelic, that the Society did not wish to publish the whole Scriptures into that language; and the committee considering that the delay of publishing the translation is of material disservice to the interest of religion, they, for that reason, have caused Dr Stuart of Luss to be written to, signifying that they can admit of no further procrastination, and requesting him either to proceed instantly with the printing of his translation, or to favour them with his manuscript for being sent to the press under the care of a person qualified to take the superintendence of it. And what remains untranslated to be committed to the care of some other persons in the Highlands who will readily undertake the office."

This seems to have had the desired effect. For on 2d January 1800 the directors report to a general meeting of the Society that "Dr Stuart of Luss's translation of the books of Job and the Psalms into Gaelic, is now printed," and on 5th June 1801 they report that "the third and last volume of the Gaelic Bible, translated by Dr John Stuart, is some time ago printed." The date on the title-page is 1801.

The whole Bible being now happily translated into Gaelic, the Society set themselves eagerly to consider how it could best be brought within the reach of the Highland people. Published in four different portions, which appeared at various and distant intervals, from 1783 to 1801, it was found that only five hundred complete copies of the Old Testament, and these in an expensive and inconvenient form, were available for distribution. In order therefore to fulfil their mission, and to enable them to keep "the engagement of the Society with those parishes in the Highlands which contributed towards the expense of the translation," it was resolved to arrange for publishing a cheap edition of the Old Testament corresponding to the type and size of the New Testament published in 1796. This edition will be noticed in a subsequent paper.

The expense of producing the Old Testament in Gaelic is stated by Reid at £2,300, to which fall to be added, according to the same authority, £700 for the Gaelic Testament of 1767, and £882 for that of 1796. This makes in all the goodly sum of £3,882 spent by the Society from 1767 to 1801 in giving the Word of Life to our people. At this distance of time, and without an exhaustive search of the voluminous minutes and the accounts of the Society, it would be impossible with confidence to

check the accuracy of these figures. But our search, so far as it has gone, satisfies us that Reid had free access to the books of the Society when preparing his BIBLIOTHECA SCOTO-CELTICA, and that he made his extracts with care and great fullness. We could, indeed, trace his "trail" everywhere in turning over the ponderous records of this the oldest religious association in Scotland. And it is certain that Reid did not overstate the expenditure of the Society in this noble work when he put it down at £3882. Where did the Society get all this money—a very large sum at that early period? And be it remembered that at the same time they had many other expensive agencies in operation. They had already their schools in all parts of the Highlands and islands, and they conducted expensive missionary operations, chiefly among the Indians of America, but also among the Tartars of Western Asia. Part of the money, estimated by Reid at £1400, came from church collections ordered by the General Assembly in 1782, 1783, and 1784. Large sums came from London, where a branch of the Society, patronised not only by such Scottish noblemen as the Duke of Athole and the Earl of Kinnoul, but by Royalty itself, and warmly encouraged by the bishops and high dignitaries of the Church of England, did excellent service to the cause. But can there any good thing come out of Burton-on-Trent? Famous as are to-day all over the Highlands the names of Allsop and Bass, not less famous as mighty hunters than for the beverage which bears their names, who amongst us would ever dream of associating in any way the Gaelic Bible with that curious little town in Staffordshire, whose name they have made the wide world's synonym for bitter beer? And yet the two are in fact very closely connected. For Mr Isaac Hawkins, a solicitor of Burton, was one of the earliest and most liberal benefactors of the Society. In the time of the Society's greatest need, after careful inquiry into its work, he gave a donation of £10,000. He gave that magnificent donation in his life-time, and with such admirable precautions for the preservation of secrecy that it was not till four years after his death, in 1800, at the great age of 91, that even the directors learned the name of their benefactor.

With another extract from the Society's minutes we close this paper. On 4th March 1802 they unanimously resolved "that a complete copy of the Gaelic Bible be given to each company of the forty-second or Royal Highland Regiment, with a suitable inscription on each copy to mark the Society's esteem of the good behaviour of that Regiment on all occasions and of the services they have done to the country." A copy of the Gaelic New Testament and Psalms, similarly inscribed, was also ordered to be given "to such of the non-commissioned officers and privates in the Regiment who understood Gaelic as the Secretary may think proper." Truth demands that we should add the fact mournfully set forth a few pages onwards, that the directors "having learned that few comparatively of the men of the Forty-second can read or even understand Gaelic, therefore ordered the Secretary to give each of them a copy of the English Bible."

The edition of 1807, and especially a comparison of Dr Smith's translation of the Prophets with that which then superseded it, must be reserved for another paper.

DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D.

REMNANTS OF GAELIC POETRY.

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III.

MACPHERSON of Strathmashie, like most of the bards, was an admirer of the fair sex. In the following poem he gives a description of the object of his admiration. He imagines that the condition of the man who could call her his own would be truly enviable. If he were to be that happy individual he would be careful to behave in every way in such a manner as would be worthy of her. After enumerating her various good qualities, he concludes by confessing that any description he can give of one so much to be admired, and so excellent, is altogether inadequate.

BOIRIONNACH OG.

Tha boirionnach òg, 's thug mi toigh dhi thar chàch
Ri fhaicinn an àit air chor-eigin,
Na 'm bu leams' o 'n stòl-phòsd' i dheanainn lòn di gu bràth
Fhad 's a mhaireadh mo shlàint' a' s m' fhallaineachd,
Ged bhithinn a stòras air seana chòta tana,
Gun tuilleadh gu m' ordugh fhad 's bu bheo mi bhiodh arad aic,
Shiubhlainn gu deonach an Roinn-Eorp agus barr
Mu 'm faigheadh i fath air aithreachas.

A reir mar a shonruichinn dh' orduichinn trath,
An deigh mo bhais gu 'm biodh gearradh-aic,
Na 'n tarladh e somhail bhiodh a coirichean-s' ann,
Ged chuireadh e 'chlann gu gearan orm,
Dheanainn tigh 'm biodh i stigh reir mo staid innealta,
Leam bu toigh i bhi 's a' chladh mar bhiodh gach leth-bhreac dhi,
B' fhearr leam na ainnis i bhi barracht' thar chach
Ged chosdainn cluas mail ri ceannaichean.

Cha bhiodh e gu dilinn ri inns' aig mac mna
Gu 'm faigheadh i dranndan-teallaich uam,
Cha chuirinn beul siod' orm gun an fhirinn 'n a shail,
A' togar an drasda bhi mealladh oirr',
Dh' innsinn fein m' inntinn di, bhithinn fior thairis rith',
Chleachdainn ni, chaisginn stri, ghlacainn i ceanalta,
Ghabhainn an fhiodhull, 's mar bhitheadh e ann,
Bheirinn am port-danns' bu toigh leath' dhi,

'S cha bhiodh e gu dilinn ri inns' aig mac mna
Gu 'n cluinntadh droch canain eadarainn,
Bheireadh feabhas a naduir, a cairdeas, 's a blathais
O 'n duine 's neo-ghrasail am Breatann sin,
'N uair bhiodh es' ann am brais 's a chiall-ceart beag aige,
Bhiodh a tlachd 'n a thoirt as, 's bu ro phailt beadradh dha,
Labhradh i, " 'N sgreatachd cha fhreagair mi 'n tras
Mu 'n toir sin do chach droch theisteas oirnn."

'N uair dh' fhasadh e soitheamh 's a shumhlaicheadh 'fhearg
Chuireadh ise le 'seanachas fallus air,
'G a rusgadh an stoldach 's an ordugh neo-shearbh,
Mu 'n tugadh mi-shealbh dha thighinn thairis air,
Mur dean sud, aic tha fios, duine glic ro mhaith dheth,
Bu ro mhios casadh ris 'n uair bhiodh friodh conuis air,
O na b' e 'n t-ordugh ged bu choinnt' e na 'n tarbh
Gu 'n biodh i le 'crannchur toilichte.

Tha i anabarrach cruadalach 's truas aic an daimh,
Fior ghleusd' anns gach am, geur-bharalach,
Ged shiubhailt' shios agus shuas, deas 'us tuath 's na 'm bheil ann,
Cha 'n fhaight' iad ach gann a thug barrachd oirr',
B' e mo mhiann gu 'm b' e 'n rian gu 'm biodh biadh 'n gairios di,
'S i bhi triallmhor g' a dheanamh, 's ro fhial uime i,
Ged shiubhail thu 'n cruinne cha choinnich thu te
'S lugha ardain no speis do thaghanachd.

Gruaidh dhearg a 's glan rughadh mar ubhal air crann,
Cul buidhe, corp seang, gnuis shoilleir aic,
Troidh chruinn am broig chumhainn a ni siubhal gun spairn,
B' i an t-iongantas anns gach cruinneachadh,
Mar an diugh air a chur sneachdadh tiugh broilleachail,
'S geal mo lur, 's caoin a guth, 's grinn a cruth, 's loinneil i,
Fo fhabhradaibh goirid suilean meara neo-mhall,
'S da chich chorraich aird mar lili oirr'.

Gach mir dhi r' a fhaicinn bu mhaiseach a dh' fhag
An Ti a rinn sgathan cuimir dhith,
O mhullach a baistidh gus an seachnar an t-sail
A' toirt barrachd air cach na h-uile ball,
Cia mar dh' inntrig mi fein air an ni dhuilich so,
Innseadh firinn na riomhainn 's nach ti cumant i?
'S e bheir gach aon duin' an am sgur dhomh droch thaing,
O nach b' urrainn mi ann mar bhuineadh dhi.

A stanza which has been forgotten concludes with the words :—

'S truagh nach bard ro mhaith a tha barraicht' an cainnt
Bhiodh a' gabhail os laimh a bhi tarruing rith'.

SEANACHAIDH.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"Rose and Thistle," a handsome illustrated volume of Poems, by William Allan, who has become so deservedly such a favourite with our readers; also, "Genealogical Tables of the Clan Mackenzie," by Major Mackenzie of Findon, a most painstaking and valuable work. We shall again return to these. Another very readable and neatly got up book received is "A Shining Waif and other Stories," by Wm. Canton.

THE CALEDONIAN BANK DISASTER.

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THE fall of the Caledonian Banking Company is, not excepting the Highland Clearances, the greatest calamity that ever befel the North of Scotland. Here was, to all appearance, a thriving, powerful, and well-managed institution, with its head office and directorate in the Highland Capital, pre-eminently a Highland institution in every respect but one; but that one exception has landed it, and with it the north of Scotland, in ruin. Men who, advanced in years, thought they had enough in their latter days to live comfortably on, and afterwards make comfortable provision for their families, are now penniless. Widows and orphans, who had their all invested in the bank, are now in absolute poverty and despair. Trade is ruined, agriculture paralized, and enterprise crushed. And how was this brought about? By a piece of the most careless, reckless, and infatuated (we had almost said culpable) mismanagement that any one could conceive possible. It is well known that there were three other ways of holding the City of Glasgow Bank shares, either of which would have been equally secure for the Caledonian Bank, and enable it to keep clear of any liability as a contributory. But this blunder was not an isolated case of reckless speculation by the management. It appears that almost since the very beginning they have been constantly trafficking, or rather speculating in the stocks of other banks, and so increasing the liability of the shareholders more than twenty-fold by holding the shares of institutions, like their own, with a liability absolutely unlimited. It is stated on reliable authority that when the City of Glasgow Bank closed its doors, the Caledonian Banking Company held shares in other banks, which made the shareholders of the Company personally liable for about fifty millions of money each. They were shareholders in the Clydesdale Bank, in the Bank of Scotland, in the Union Bank of Scotland, as well as in that stupendous swindle which has desolated the land, the City of Glasgow Bank, and five others; thus making the shareholders of the Caledonian Banking Company liable for the total liabilities of these nine banks, amounting in all to fifty or sixty millions, in addition to their own. This may be good management from a banker's point of view; but certainly, although it has been so described, probably in ignorance of the above facts, by the whole press of the country almost without exception, we have no hesitation in expressing a different opinion, and holding it to be mismanagement of the very worst description. To call it anything else can serve no good purpose, and would not be in accordance with the facts.

In the face of this it was surely bordering on the criminal to send out "authorised" statements in the newspapers that the four unfortunate shares in the City of Glasgow Bank were held on behoof of, or in trust for, a customer or client of the bank, who, it was said, was quite able to meet any calls which might be made on the Company in connection with them. This cannot, in candour, be described as a mere suppression of the facts, but must, by all honest men, be characterised as a deliberate attempt—and, to a large extent, successful attempt—to mislead the public; and we know several cases in which shares were bought on the faith of this "authorised" untruth. We, and many others in Inverness,

knew perfectly well who the owner of the shares was, and that he was not good for any such thing, but when any one dared to say so, he was at once pounced upon and charged with saying what was not true, and acting unpatriotically to the bank.

In spite of, and knowing all this, the officials of the bank coolly come forward publicly to screen their own misconduct and recklessness, and charge depositors and shareholders with having been the cause of the present lamentable state of the bank. We quote the following from a circular issued by the directors and signed on their behalf by the manager:—"It (liquidation) has been caused by the uneasy feeling which the indefiniteness of the claims of the City of Glasgow Bank upon this Bank created among the depositors, and principally and immediately to the panic among the shareholders having led to action on the part of the liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank. Had all the shareholders stood loyally to this bank, the business might have been continued until the liquidation of the City of Glasgow Bank had so far proceeded as that the claim against this bank might have been estimated and compromised. The timid shareholders who, impelled by panic, have endeavoured to save themselves at the expense of others, are thus, in a great measure responsible for the result." Could anything be more out of place? more inconsistent with the known facts? And there is a cool audacity about the charge and the manner in which it is made which is quite unique. The bank was in everybody's mouth about the shuffling and pensioning of prominent officials, which led outsiders to fear that it was fast becoming a family affair. The mismanagement already referred to, and the enormous liabilities incurred, were becoming generally known. It was also becoming extensively circulated that members of the directorate had heavy overdrafts with no immediate available securities to cover them. It became known that the statements issued or "authorised" by the management about the City Bank shares were not true. It also became known that the personal friends and immediate relatives of some of the directors were disposing of their shares in the Caledonian Bank and lifting their deposits, and in the face of all this the other shareholders and depositors, who naturally became alarmed, were publicly charged with having brought about the failure of the bank. In such circumstances a shareholder, who found any one foolish enough to relieve him, ought to have considered it his first duty to protect his own interests and that of his immediate connexions, by getting rid of such huge responsibilities at once, and at any immediate sacrifice. And the same holds equally true of the depositors. Many of them would in a short time require the money for their business or other purposes; and were they not acting—and very properly so—according to the first law of nature—that of self-preservation—and the dictates of common prudence in withdrawing their money, and placing it where it would be available when circumstances required its use in their business transactions, or to meet other looming claims? To do otherwise, in the knowledge of the facts, would have been folly of the worst kind—a culpable disregard of the ordinary precautions of life; and a disregard which a banker, in different circumstances, and when his own institution was not involved, would consider unpardonable, and of such a character as to justify him in refusing advances to any customer guilty of such conduct.

It is affirmed that the Caledonian Bank has proved of immense service to the Highlands by its liberal encouragement of trade, agriculture, and other commercial enterprises. This is admitted on all hands, and there is naturally a strong and unanimous desire that the company should be resuscitated, the note issue saved, and the business of the bank resumed as early as possible. We strongly sympathise with this feeling; but the difficulty or practicability of carrying it out cannot be overlooked, and if success is possible at all, it can only be attained by looking all the difficulties in the face, and getting them out of the way if possible. The first and greatest difficulty of all is that raised by the directors themselves when they signed away the business of the bank and the rights and interests of the shareholders by that suicidal agreement with the liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank and the managers of the other Scotch Banks; and it appears to us that if that agreement is confirmed by the shareholders, resuscitation becomes at once an absolute impossibility. And why? Once the company goes into liquidation the note issue is lost. This itself—the loss of £53,000 of a circulation against which no coin requires to be kept, is almost insurmountable for what will then be only the wreck of a small institution competing with the existing powerful Scotch Banks still entitled to trade on a large inflated note circulation, for which they hold no security or any description of assets. But apart from this—by Sir Robert Peel's Act of 1844—when a quarter of the capital is lost, the note issue is gone, while here we have, by the action of the directors, if the agreement is confirmed, already practically paid over the whole paid-up capital. The next difficulty is almost as great, if not quite as great an obstacle as the first; the difficulty—indeed, the absolute certainty—of getting no prudent person after the present disclosures to take shares in any unlimited company. And if the Bank be started or resuscitated on the limited principle, no one will be found to entrust the new company with deposits, while other banks offer him an unlimited security.

The only chance of starting a new Highland Bank, under prudent management, is to have it founded on a gold issue alone, with an arrangement, like some of the English Banks, to issue Bank of England notes with the name of the local bank upon them. This arrangement would induce the Northern public to receive the notes of the Bank of England with greater favour than they now do. No doubt the loss of the present note issue of £53,000 would be strongly felt; but, after all, it would not be so serious as to prove insurmountable. The loss in round numbers would only be, calculating it at £5 per cent. on the whole note issue, about £2500 per annum, or under £10 per cent. of the total profits made by the Bank last year, which was over £26,000. That is, it would reduce the dividend from £14 to £12 10s per cent. or thereabout, leaving a very handsome profit to the shareholders. Further, a note issue, without a corresponding amount of coin, is founded on a rotten and fast-exploding principle, and comparatively weakens the position of the Bank having it, as against one without; for there is nothing but the share Capital of the Company to meet the notes when they are presented for payment. On the other hand, as soon as it became known and understood that the new Bank had no such inflated unsecured liabilities in this respect as the other

Banks, confidence in the institution would be at once increased; deposits would naturally come in to a much greater amount, and thus enable the management to earn a sufficient profit on these to make up, and probably far exceed, any deficiency arising from the loss of the note issue.

For the reasons already given, it would be unwise to establish the Bank on the limited liability principle, while the other Banks continued to be unlimited; but in whatever way the question of the liability of Joint Stock Banks and other Companies may finally settle itself, the right to issue notes, without a corresponding amount of coin, now held by the Scotch Banks, cannot long be continued on its present footing. Let us then start our new Highland Bank on such a sound and solid basis as will at once secure to it the confidence of our Northern proprietors, of the general public, and, at the same time, the approval of all the enlightened financiers of our time. Thus, we shall have a Highland Bank which shall become an example to the whole country. In addition to the special difficulties peculiar to itself—such as having to begin almost at the bottom of the ladder, and the fact that many of those who would most willingly support a local institution are already practically ruined—the new Bank will have to contend against the general disinclination of capitalists to invest in future in any Joint Stock Company with unlimited liability. This feeling, however, will weaken present institutions to a material degree, and comparatively reduce the difficulties of a new Bank established on a solid commercial basis, with a gold issue, and without the inflated liability of an unsecured note circulation. No one possessed of ordinary prudence will continue to invest his money in Scotch Bank shares as these institutions are at present constituted. As soon as people will be found sufficiently imprudent to buy, present holders will sell out at anything short of ruination prices; but at present they are bound to hold on, for the simple reason that they will get no one almost at any price to buy. The value of Bank shares will inevitably fall, and with it the position and stability of the existing Banks in public estimation, as safe investments.

That these Banks have behaved in the most ungenerous manner to the Caledonian Bank is the opinion of every unbiassed person capable of forming one from the materials hitherto published. And it is hardly to be expected that they will lend any material aid to a Highland Bank established on a different and more solid foundation than their own, but this may in the end prove rather an advantage. Had the Caledonian Banking Company kept clear of the southern Banks and other speculative investments, and depended more on its own resources, carefully investing its money in small amounts nearer home, it would have been to-day in a flourishing position, quite independent of those who seem to have taken a delight in swallowing it up—as the whirlpool does the noble ship which a careless or incompetent captain and crew allow to drift out of her proper and safe course—and appropriating, with unabashed voracity, its entire business.

Where was the legal adviser of the Bank when it was allowed to get involved in this ruinous manner? It is commonly reported that he was never even consulted about the transfer of Mr Connacher's shares; and this we can easily believe when, as we now find, it was the common practice of the Directors to deal in other Bank Stock. It would be well to

have this matter cleared up, as, in the absence of an explanation, the rumours abroad and the apparent contradictions in the public statements of the Law Adviser, the Manager, and one of the most prominent of the Directors, who has already feathered his own nest, is not calculated to tell in favour of the legal adviser of the Bank.

The proposed appointment of the Manager, assistant Manager, and one of the Directors as Liquidators of the Bank, has been freely commented on, and by some construed as an attempt on their part, and on the part of the other Banks, to avoid any unpleasant disclosures, especially as the successful efforts of the shareholders to procure an independent statement of the Bank's affairs from a qualified accountant has produced such opposition from, and apparent consternation in, official quarters.

The indecent haste with which some of the officials of the bank ran away, like rats from a sinking ship, to take up their post in the ranks of the destroyer, needs no comment here. Their conduct will assuredly consign them to their proper position amongst us, and, we have no doubt, for ever settle their claims on their countrymen and fellow townsmen.

Like all other great calamities, this has one redeeming feature. In small communities like ours, men who acquire position and power—very often by no merits of their own—assume an importance and an air of superiority which by degrees become oppressive and injurious to the best interests of the community. These men become the gods of society. A serious look or a compressed wrinkle of the brow soon comes to be accepted as the sign of a great intellect concocting or maturing schemes which will some day surprise their fellows by great and brilliant results. A knowing nod of the head or a shrug of the shoulder indicates the profound superiority of the god above ordinary men. A successful stroke of business or a fortunate speculation with other people's money is at once voted as the result of a splendid genius. Any one who does not bow and scrape to these great ones of our small community, and who exhibits any ability or independence, at once becomes a special target for their shafts, and must be immediately put down and crushed, else he may by-and-bye show that the superiority of those holier-than-thou nabobs is a mere assumption after all, and nothing more. And this would be ruinous—would never do. One of the advantages—and they are few in all conscience—of the failure of the Caledonian Bank will be to bring many of these local potentates to their natural level among their kind, and let the world see that they are only ordinary men like the rest of us. Brains, ability, and independence of mind will then have a fair chance; and he that best deserves it will generally secure the greatest success in the race of life. This huge local oppressiveness will make way for a healthier atmosphere, and that itself will be no small boon.

Since the above was in type, the plucky conduct of the shareholders has prevailed so far as to induce the City of Glasgow Bank Liquidators to reconsider their determination to force the Caledonian Banking Company into liquidation, and at the meeting of shareholders held in Inverness on the 17th of January the Directors of our local institution consented, without the threatened opposition, and with the best grace possible in the *altered circumstances*, to an adjournment for one month. A. M.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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THE annual dinner of this Society came off on the evening of the 14th January, and, thanks mainly to the excellent Chairman, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart., of Gairloch, and the complete arrangements made by the Secretary, it was, considering the present depression amongst us, an unexpected success. The Chairman made a thoughtful, sensible, and thoroughly practical speech on the West Coast crofter, and on the work of the Gaelic Society during the last four years. We regret that for want of space we can only give his introductory remarks, which were as follows:—Four years ago, when I had the honour of occupying this chair, I availed myself of the opportunity to recount what this Society had done to fulfil the object of its institution, and to-night, in proposing the toast of the evening, allow me first of all to refer shortly to something of what has taken place in the four years that have since elapsed, for which the Society may take a share of credit. The Celtic Chair has become an accomplished fact—(cheers)—thanks to the energy of our friend, Professor Blackie, but thanks also to the feeling on which the Professor was able to work. To our Society also, backed by the efforts of the Member for this town, it is due principally, if not entirely, that the Scotch Education Department has recognised the Gaelic language as a fit medium of instruction. Then a new magazine devoted to Highland literature and Highland interests has been established by your former excellent Secretary, and though it is in no way under our control, it very efficiently promotes some of the objects we have set before us, and it is not, I think, too much to say that the idea of providing such a periodical would never have taken shape but for our Society's existence. Again, only the other day, our Society took a prominent part in promoting a federal union of Celtic Societies. Many papers have been published in the Society's Transactions of permanent interest and value. I may fairly congratulate you, the Gaelic Society of Inverness, on having maintained an active and useful life. (Applause.) The *Celtic Magazine*, to which I have alluded, is now in its fourth year, and is, I believe, an assured success. It concluded its second volume with an essay on the "Poetry and Prose of a Highland Croft," which attracted so much observation that our leading Scottish journal thought it worth sending a special commissioner to the West Highlands to report on the West Coast crofter. The Commissioner's letters were of course widely read. The *Scotsman* itself could see in the croft system only an unmitigated evil; others (like the *Highlander* in this town) could see in it nothing but good; while a third party, admitting the misery spoken of by the *Celtic Magazine* and the *Scotsman's* Commissioner, thought that by legislation the crofter's position might be brought back to that of an ideal past. Differing as I do from the views of all those, I should like to give you my own opinion upon it. (Applause.) I am only going to speak of the crofter population, as we now find it in the West, living by manual labour, and whose condition to be rightly judged of, must be compared with that of unskilled labourers elsewhere in Britain. Now there may be very little poetry in rising at five and being at work to six, in labouring ten hours a-day in summer, and from daylight to dark in winter, but the ordinary agricultural labourer finds no hardship in it, neither should the crofter. The hardship of his lot lies not in any toil or slavery to be endured at home, but in the fact that his croft under present conditions does not produce enough to maintain himself and his family, and that day's wages are not to be earned in the neighbourhood. So he has to leave his home to eke out a livelihood, and being naturally tempted to return whenever he has gathered what he hopes will pull him through the year, he seldom has to spare; while, if work is scarce, or the fishing bad, or the harvest a failure, there may be absolute want. There is then no question that the West Coast crofter seldom finds himself able to indulge in luxury. But despite the hardships, not one crofter in ten desires to remove with his family to some other part of the country for regular employment. He has miseries undoubtedly. Who has not? But, however invisible they may be to others, he has advantages which make him prefer his present fate to any that lies open to him elsewhere. If I may so put it, the bad prose of his life is tempered by a poetry which to him makes life more enjoyable than where it is all prose, even of a better kind. It is a fact, that for no increase of material plenty will he give up his present surroundings, and surely he knows better than his critics what tends most to his own happiness. But I not only maintain that his actual condition now is better than that of his predecessors of the same class, and that his circumstances have improved, and are improving. At what period were the crofters better off in the Highlands than now? Before the Union the Highlands were a scene of anarchy. The records, such as they are, tell chiefly of feuds, harrying, revenges, battles, murders, and sudden deaths. The prose in these days had no doubt a good deal of poetry, but even the West Highland crofter of to-day would not think the compensation sufficient.

M.

THE GLENALMOND HIGHLANDERS IN THE KILT.—AWAY some five miles from one of those many spots where Ossian is said to lie buried, in the pass of Almond, and eleven miles across the mountains from Dail-chillin, at Loch Fraoch, where, according to some, is Fingal's last resting place, is a stately pile of buildings, reminding the traveller of the more ancient colleges by the Isis and the Cam, and situated in the midst of a most romantic and mountainous country. This pile is well and widely known as Trinity College, Glenalmond, opened as a public school in 1847. In 1875 a great fire took place which destroyed part of the buildings, in consequence of which the theological department, originally affiliated to the school, was removed to Edinburgh in perpetuity, so that it is now a public school pure and simple, on the same lines as the great English schools of Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, and is intended to save the aristocracy and the lairds the trouble and great expense of sending their sons to England. This is just the kind of Home Rule we believe in. Why should not Scotland be able to educate her own sons? To show the non-sectarian character of the school, it may be mentioned that about half the boys are members of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland. While it is pleasant to be able to note this, our object on the present occasion is to congratulate the College, its staff, and the commander of its Rifle Volunteer Corps, founded four years ago, on the national spirit which induced them the other day to adopt the Highland garb as the uniform of the corps. The tartan, selected after consultation with the Duke of Athole—who is also Viscount Glenalmond, and whose ancestors owned the district—is the Hunting Murray, and when the men are in full uniform they wear the Athole badge—a sprig of juniper, in their Glengarry bonnets. Well done Young Glenalmond! They have already established their reputation at Wimbledon. Last year Private Montgomery, a member of the corps, after a tie with the Cheltenham and Charterhouse teams, won the Spencer Cup, open to the best individual shots from the great public schools. The appropriate motto of the corps —"Soirbheachadh le Gleann Amuinn"—will, we are sure, be echoed by every old Glenalmond boy who reads this short notice of the junior company of Highlanders in Athole, so efficiently commanded by Captain W. E. Frost.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.—It has been suggested that we should open a Genealogical Note and Query Column in the *Celtic Magazine*, and so aid those interested and engaged in tracing the genealogies of Highland families. The idea is a good one, and we shall be glad to set apart a certain amount of space monthly for the purpose. The Magazine now finds its way into almost all the principal families in the North of Scotland; and it will afford us great pleasure to insert any queries to throw light on any difficult or disputed case of genealogy or succession which any one may send us, the only condition being that parties shall send their full names and addresses in confidence. Many of our subscribers will be found able and willing to answer them.

Literature.

THE GAELIC ETYMOLOGY OF THE LANGUAGES OF WESTERN EUROPE, *and more especially of the English and Lowland Scotch, and of their Slang, Cant, and Colloquial Dialects.* By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Denmark.

FIRST NOTICE.

IT is true of every word, as surely as of every person, that it has its history, and sometimes a very instructive history it may prove; and it is the province of the etymologist to furnish the true account of it (*etymos*= true, and *logos*=word) and not the fabulous. It is equally true that every word has a double history—that of its form, and that of its meaning. The etymologist who would fulfil his task in a trustworthy manner must, therefore, make himself acquainted first of all with the oldest forms of that language which he is using as a key, and that not merely in the narrow groove of one of its dialects, but on the broad basis of all, together with as many as possible of its cognate languages. A word-detective as the etymologist is, he must be able, moreover, to discover the disguises, not only of his own country, but of those countries into which he may enter in pursuit of runaways. Should an enterprising Celt take a fancy to a Chateau-en-Espagne, as a detective he should be able to show that he is a stranger there, and that in this country are to be found his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. It is essential also to return to the language with which he professes to unlock the anomalies of other languages, that he be endowed with a keen perception of the peculiarities of its idiom, so as to discover at a glance what is admissible and what is not. On the other hand, as regards the element of meaning, none can be an adept in etymology who is not gifted with special insight into the natural sequence and harmony of ideas—the laws by which the mind advances from the literal to the metaphorical, from the concrete to the abstract.

We are compelled to say that these elementary qualifications seem to be sadly awanting in the author of this book. Instead of a critic, the book calls loudly for an apologist, and he who would defend it wisely and truthfully must set out by disclaiming as untenable by far the larger portion of its Gaelic etymologies; and after he has done so, there remains for him no light work in sifting and rectifying the remainder, and placing it on such a footing as would command the attention of Gaelic scholars. We could assure Dr Mackay, should he care for such assurance, that being specially interested in kindred pursuits, we had every inclination to give his book a cordial welcome. We could join hands with him in his warm Celtic sympathies, his love of Gaelic etymology, and even in the point of view which must have suggested the title of his book; but no sooner had we glanced over its pages than we found ourselves confronted with the problem—given an author of acknowledged merit, on whose well-won laurels on other fields all could cordially congratulate him—to account for this truly defective production. Surely, we thought, this author must have a strong strand of waggery in his mental texture, and he is practising upon the risible faculties of his countrymen. When he gives us, as the etymology of Europe, europach=not ropy, not

tawdry; for the French, careme, lent, = Cath-reim, order of battle, because lent is "the order of battle against the lusts of the flesh," we could aver that the author must have had a merry twinkle in his eye. This, however, and other theories failed us at last, but when we found Dr M. couching his Gaelic lance at such Hebrew expressions as hallelujah, amen, not to mention the *mene, mene*, &c., we bethought us of an old book which has lain on our shelves for several years, and as we believe that it is mainly accountable for the peculiar style of etymology which pervades this book, we must refer to it somewhat more particularly. In 1799 there was confined in Fort-George an Irish notability of the name of O'Connor, who styles himself Cear-Rige = hoary or high chief of his people. He was imprisoned by the British Government on a charge of treason, but on his own showing, and he may have been right, for his incorruptible patriotism. Be this as it may, he published, or there was published for him, a book in two volumes—the first containing what he calls his *Demonstration*, and the second his Chronicles of Eri. The demonstration consists in applying a so-called Irish key to Greek, Latin, and other Aryan vocables, and while within this area the etymology is sometimes not amiss, but then he goes full tilt at any thing in any language. In the scripture name, Chedorlaomar, King of Elam, O'Connor discovers the four elements Ce' = earth—dor is du'ur = water—laom = fire and ar or athar = air. The Phenician town, Sidon, is Sgadan = herring, for does not Pliny leave it on record that the coast of Sidon was a favourite resort of fish! On such etymologies he elaborates a Chronicle of Ireland equally reliable with the foundation on which it rests. Now we confess for ourselves that we owe this book a grudge, for at a time when we were sufficiently credulous in such matters, it set us off on a wild-goose chase, rummaging in every old Irish book within our reach, trying to authenticate the vocables with which this worthy divined, till at length we were driven to the conclusion that several of them had no existence but in his own brain, in which sense and nonsense had become so hopelessly intertwined as to defy any prospect of disentanglement. The most feasible theory on which a considerable portion of Dr M.'s etymologies can be explained is, we are persuaded, the O'Connor mania. Some of his wildest, or next to the wildest, etymologies we have found in O'Connor's "Demonstration." The Gaelic Hallejujah is found there, and somewhat more candidly than Dr Mackay he renders it *alloil-luaidh* = dismal praise, and to be consistent stoutly maintains that the Jews mode of praise was very dismal! This might pass for etymology in 1799—and yet Edward Lhuyd published his noble Archaeologiæ in 1707, nearly a century earlier; but how so intelligent a writer as Dr Mackay undoubtedly is, could expose himself and his language to the mockery of Sabbath school children by this grotesque rendering of hallelujah (if we must gravely parse it)—halel-u = praise 'ye—halelu Jah = praise ye Jah, passes comprehension on any other ground than the O'Connor mania. Doubtless, Dr Mackay has sat at the feet of O'Connor and has outrivalled his teacher. As for *amen*, a glance at any Hebrew Lexicon might have taught him that the Gaelic *am* = time or season, has not the remotest connexion with it; the fundamental idea of *amen*, in common with a considerable number of its derivative vocables in Hebrew and kindred languages being—*truth*. Hence the agreement with which it is rendered in most Aryan tongues; *e.g.*,

our own Gaelic *gu deimhin*=gu firinneach, Manx *dy firinnagh*, Welsh *yn wir*, Italian *in verita*, Spanish *en verdant*, French *en verité*, German *vahrlich*, English *verily*. Who can doubt the connection of these expressions with each other, and no more do *we* doubt that they are derived not from the Latin *verus* but from a much older source—our own Gaelic *fior* (fir)=true. And what is it but to err still more egregiously when this same *am*=season is made to represent *mo* in *parliamo*, as the index of time. Had the writer given *beurlamaid* as the equivalent of *parliamo*, and of the French *parlons*, and made our *mid* or *med* (an old plural of *mi*) the equivalent of *mo*, of Latin *mus* and Greek *men* and *metha*, he would have been walking in the right direction. Our Gaelic *beurla*, though now restricted to the sense of English formerly meant language in general, for Edward Lhuyd, in his introduction to his Irish Grammar says of that language "ged nach i mo bheurla mhatharail"—though it be not my mother tongue. And now to dismiss the Semitic affinities, we are very far from saying that such do not exist. We have a strong opinion that though comparatively few, there are affinities which are unmistakable between the great divisions of the Aryan and Semitic, and of which the Celtic family contains the most striking on the Ayran side; but we do say, in all good feeling, that Dr M. is not the man to deal with what is confessedly one of the most difficult problems within the range of linguistic science.

As for such expressions as "Kick the bucket," "Davy Jones' locker," "Cut your stick," &c., we feel confident that persons of less fertile fancy than our author's are not in the least disposed to question their maternity, nor are they unable to comprehend the idea which they convey. Let them, therefore, in all reason, be restored to the language of their birth.

We come now to a field on which, if anywhere, we are entitled to look for judicious and discriminative treatment—that of Gaelic unlocking the difficulties of English; and yet on this his own chosen field our author betrays strange incapacity. Let us give an example or two.

1. Amaze—amazement. We hold with Dr Mackay that these words are of Celtic origin, but to offer as their Gaelic representatives *masan* and *masanach* is absurd. The root is the first syllable *am*.

Uamh=awe, fear,—hence *uamhas* (old form, uamad or uamas)=amazement; another noun is *uamhunn*=fear (old form, uamunn). Welsh *ofn ofnid ofnol, e.g.*, ofn y pobyll=uamhunn a phobuill, the fear of the people; also the Latin *omen* and English *omen* and *ominous*. Adjective *uamhasach* =awful or amazing. Then from the same root you have *uamh-fhear*= awe-man or giant, and a modern form *famhar*. May not thus the Greek *fobos*=fear, and *fobeo*=I fear, be from this root also? At the least it may be accepted that the Greek *thauma* (old form, thaumad or thaumat), wonder, and *thaumazo*, I wonder, am amazed, are cognate, if not derivative.

2. It was indicated in the outset that, to the etymologist, acquaintance with the oldest forms of any language with which he is dealing is of the utmost importance. Had the old spelling of *carome*=lent, been known to our author, it would have saved him from one at least of his mistakes. In the French version of Calvin's works the spelling, if we remember aright, is always caresme, and in this old spelling, as pretty often is the case in other instances, you have the clue to the true derivation. Lent

in the Catholic Church, as most people know, has reference to our Saviour's forty days' fast in the wilderness, and is styled *quadragesima*, or fortiethday, and thence Italian *quaresima* or digiuno di 40 giorni; Spanish, cuadragesima or cuaresima. So the French *caresme* modern careme is simply a modification of quarantieme. Turning again to the Celtic terms for lent, in none of them do we find a trace of the *cathreim*=order of battle etymology, *e.g.*, Gaelic *cairbheas*, Irish *carghas*, Manx *chargys*, Welsh *y grawys*, Armoric *coaras*; and yet when *cairbh-eas*= flesh-destitution, or want, offers itself as at least a plausible etymology, we are reminded of two things; (1) the suspicious resemblance of most of these words to quadragesima, *alias* caresima; and (2) that the Celts must have received their lent with the introduction of the Catholic form of Christianity.

3. Besides all this, the reader is too often treated to etymologies which do not afford even a plausible resemblance to the words for which they are offered for substitutes. Too often have the weapons of sarcasm been flung, and flung to some purpose, against what is styled *phonetic* etymology; but here the reader every now and then encounters in sound and in sense alike the most unaccountable violations of probability. Who but our author could gravely offer for *canopy*, *ceann-bhrat*, or *ceann-bheart* =head covering or head-dress? How could the latter be transferred into the former? whereas you have but to assume that *cainpe*=hemp, was the material of which canopies, draperies, couches, &c., were originally made, and you have an etymology which is thoroughly satisfactory in every way.

Canape or *cainp*=hemp. Irish *canaib* and *cnaib*, Arm. *canaib*, Latin *cannabis*, Greek *cannabis*, Sanscrit *sana*, Italian *canapa* and *canape*, Spanish *canamo*, Fr. *chanvre*, Lithuarean *kanape*, Dutch *kennip*, Prussian *konopea*, Islandic *hanp*, Anglo-Saxon *haenep*, Old German *hanaf*, English *hemp*. The immense area over which this word is known would of itself go far to indicate that of textile fabrics it may have been the earliest material. The most obvious derivatives are the following:—In Gaelic, *canaipe fhliuch* = the wet sheet in which delinquents not many ages ago professed penitence in Scotland; Spanish, *canope* = a couch, *canapo* and *canapalo* = cable, cordage; Sp. *canomas*, Gaelic *canaibeas*, English *canvas* and, Query, English *cable*.

4. Once more in the line of strictures, it must be obvious, on the slightest reflection, that a word cannot have but one origin—the origin cannot be this or that, and more especially when the this and that are wide as the poles asunder. Where a definite conclusion cannot be reached, better were it to leave the word alone, and that on the plain principle that better far is no beacon than a false one and no guide than a blind one. Every now and again you come upon an alternative etymology in this book; while a single glance can satisfy you that the alternatives have not the remotest connection with each other. Take one instance, and only one for this line of remark is quite as distasteful to the writer as it can be to the author. On page 417, for soar=to mount in the air, you have the etymology submitted in the optional style—first, *saor*=free and verb set free (though we should prefer so-ar=easily mounting, easily rising aloft, as the more likely); but if either the one or other, how could it be *sár*, the radical idea of which is *oppression*. Compare the following

affinities:—*Sár* is used adverbially to qualifiy nouns and adjectives and verbs exactly as the Scotch and Germans use it—*sair* and *sehr*, and English *sore*, *e.g.*, *sar-laoch*=a thorough hero, *sar-mhaith*=thoroughly good, &c. Verb *saraich*=to distress, oppress. Hence, sharaich (harich), Greek *harasso*, and English *harass*.

While in the interests of Gaelic scholarship we have felt bound to show the defects of this book, it were more than ungracious to pass silently over its merits. The author's intimate acquaintance with the nooks and crannies of our national literature has enabled him to bring into prominence several hitches in the etymologies of others, which cannot fail to tend to further investigation. Besides all this, there are words of doubtful meaning, and of no meaning, on which he has put his finger, and if he has failed in some instances to light upon the true etymology others who look at them from a wider point of view may be able to furnish the true interpretation. Let it also be cheerfully conceded that a considerable portion of Dr Mackay's etymologies are very solid and very suggestive. These, if separated from those which are but vague and haphazard guesses, and more fully fortified and illustrated by the results of comparative philology, would form a contribution to the whole subject of the relation of the Celtic and Teutonic dialects which should merit the warm gratitude of scholars. When circumstances permit we hope to return to the subject, and to dwell more on these instances in which our author has hit the mark.

KILMORACK. AND. D. MACKENZIE.

REST IN THE FIGHT.

—o—

From the life-wearing battle for bread,
From the weary trammels of toil,
Where Autumn's enchantments in glory are spread,
I hie with delight for awhile:
The slave may worship his wealth,
And ne'er from his idol-shrine range;
But richer is he who enriches his health,
By tasting the pleasures of change.

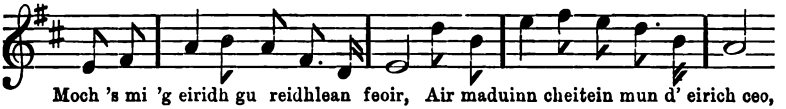
I'll away to the blue Highland hills,
'Mid Nature's sweet virginal dreams,
Where the dark pines sigh to the song of the rills,
Or croon to the music of streams;
Where flowers their beauty reveal,
Where winds soft melodies blow,
Where the careworn heart of the toiler can feel
The peace of a heaven below.

There the fire of the soul is renewed
By the touch of a magic hand;
There the eye with a song-gleam flash is imbued
'Neath the spells of the mountain land—
Away unfettered and free,
Away from the pallor of toil,
The mountains and glens of the Highlands give me
To roam in, to roam in awhile.

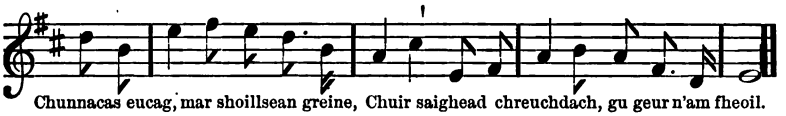
SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

ORAN GAOIL.

Slow, with feeling.



Moch 's mi 'g eiridh gu reidhlean feoir, Air maduinn cheitein mun d' eirich ceo,



Chunnacas eucag, mar shoillsean greine, Chuir saighead chreuchdach, gu geur n'am fheoil.

Key D.

: r . m | s : l . s : m ., d | r : — : d' . l | r' : m' . r' : d' ., l | s : —

: d' . l | r' : m' . r : d' ., l | s : l : r . m | s : l . s : m ., d | r : —||

Ged their iad riumsa gu 'm bheil thu dubh,
'S ann tha do bhraighe leam geal mar ghru,
Tha do ghruaidh mar an caoran coille,
Is boi'che sheallas ri latha fliuch.

Do shlios mar chanach, air feadh nan tom,
No mar eala, 's i snamh nan tonn,
Do bheul, dearg tana, o'n cubhraidh anail,
'S tu 's binne, banail, a sheinneas fonn.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh ged tha thu mor,
'S gach sruthan uaibhreach tha suas na d' phor,
'S tu 'n fhior bhean uasal, do 'n nadur uallach,
'S tu 's grinne dh' fhuaitheas, 's as gile meoir.

Thug mise gaol dut, a gheug nam buadh,
'S tu 'n ainnir fhinealt, dha 'n geill an sluagh,
Corp fallain direach, mar chraobhan ginis,
Le meoir a cinntinn, fo bhlath a suas.

'S truagh nach ro mi mar an driuchd.
'S tus' ad' fhlur ann am bun na'n stuchd,
Chumain urachd ri bun gach flur dhiot.
'S cha leiginn lub orr ri teas no fuachd.

Cait an teid mi no co an taobh,
'S gu'm faigh mi t-eugais a chuir air chul
Ged theid mi dh' Eirinn, no fhad s is leur dhomh,
Cha'n fhaic mi te bhios co maiseach gnuis.

Se bhi air faondraidh an eilean fais,
An riochd na h-eala gun churam bais
Gun sgaoilinn sgiathan a ghaoil ri d' chliathaich
'S cha bhithinn fiata ri chuir an sas.

NOTE.—Mrs Mary Mackellar, the well-known poetess, sending us the above song, wrote regarding it as follows:—"The above song was composed by a Lochaber gentleman in praise of the late Mrs Macdonald, Inch, Brae-Lochaber, a lady who was so surpassingly lovely that she was considered the very queen of beauty in her day in the Highlands. This unfortunate gentleman, who loved so well in vain, taught the song to a servant he had, who had a fine voice, and he used to make her sing it whilst he lay near her with his face buried in the grass listening to his own sad verses. Even years after he was married to another—and his beloved the wife of a more successful suitor—he used to go to her to sing it to him whilst he the while lay suffering over again the same old pain. I got the song when recently in Fort-William, from a young lady, and to hear her play and sing it made it in very deed seem to me the pathetic wail of a sorrowful heart." W. M'K.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

—o—

[CONTINUED.]

XIX. KENNETH, afterwards created Earl of Seaforth, Viscount Fortrose, and Baron Ardelve, in the peerage of Ireland. From his small stature, he was more commonly known among the Highlanders as the "Little Lord." He was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of January 1744, and at an early age entered the army. As a reward for his father's loyalty to the House of Hanover during the troubles of 1745, and his own steady support of the reigning family, he was, by George III., in 1766, raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount Fortrose, and Baron Ardelve, in the Kingdom of Ireland, and in 1771 he was created Earl of Seaforth in the peerage of the same kingdom. To evince his gratitude for this magnanimous act, in 1778 he offered to raise a regiment for general service. The offer was accepted by his Majesty, and a fine body of 1130 men were in a very short time raised by the Earl, principally on his own estates in the north, and by gentlemen of his own name. Of these five hundred were raised among his immediate vassals, and about four hundred from the estates of the Mackenzies of Scatwell, Kilcoy, Redcastle, and Applecross. The officers from the south to whom he granted commissions in the Regiment brought about two hundred men, of whom forty-three were English and Irish. The Macraes of Kintail, who had always proved such faithful followers and able supporters of the House of Seaforth, were so numerous in the regiment that it was known more by the name of the Macraes than by that of Seaforth's own kinsmen, and so much was this the case that the well-known mutiny which took place in Edinburgh, on the arrival of the regiment there, is still called "the affair of the Macraes"* The regiment

* The Seaforth Highlanders were marched to Leith, where they were quartered for a short interval, though long enough to produce complaints about the infringement of their engagements, and some pay and bounty which they said were due them. Their disaffection was greatly increased by the activity of emissaries from Edinburgh, like those just mentioned as having gone down from London to Portsmouth. The regiment refused to embark, and marching out of Leith, with pipes playing and two plaids fixed on poles instead of colours, took a position on Arthur's seat, of which they kept possea-

was embodied at Elgin in May 1778, aud was inspected by General Skene, when it was found so effective that not a single man was rejected. Seaforth, who was on the 29th of December 1777 appointed Colonel, was now promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant, and the regiment was called the 78th, or Ross-shire Regiment of Highlanders.

The grievances complained of at Leith having been removed, the regiment embarked at that port, accompanied by their Colonel, the noble Earl, and the intention of sending them to India then having been abandoned, one half of the regiment was sent to Guernsey and the other half to Jersey. Towards the end of April 1781 the two divisions assembled at Portsmouth, whence they embarked for India on the 12th of June following, being then 973 strong, rank and file. Though in excellent health, the men suffered so much from scurvy, in consequence of the change of food, that before their arrival at Madras, on the 2d of April 1782, 247 of them died, and out of those who landed alive only 369 were in a fit state for service. Their Chief and Colonel died before they arrived at St Helena, to the great grief and dismay of his faithful followers, who looked up to him as their principal support. His loss was naturally associated in their minds with the recollections of home, with melancholy remembrances of their absent kindred, and with forebodings of their own future destiny, and so strong was this feeling impressed upon them that it materially contributed to that prostration of mind which made them the more readily become the victims of disease. They well knew that it was on their account alone that he had determined to forego the comforts of a splendid fortune and high rank to encounter the privations and inconveniences of a long voyage, and the dangers and other fatigues of military service in a tropical climate.*

His Lordship, on the 7th of October 1765, married Lady Caroline Stanhope, eldest daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington, and by her—who died in London from a consumption under which she laboured for nearly two years, on the 9th of February 1767, at the early age of twenty,† and was buried at Kensington—he had issue, an only daughter, Caroline, born in London on the 7th of July 1766. She married Count Melfort, a nobleman of the Kingdom of France, but originally of Scottish extraction, and died without issue in 1847.

Thus the line of George, second Earl of Seaforth, who died in 1633, became extinct; and it now becomes necessary to carry the reader back to Kenneth Mòr, third Earl of Seaforth, to pick up the chain of legitimate succession. It has been already shown how the lineal descent of the old line of Kintail has been directed from heirs male in the person of Ann, Countess of Balcarres, daughter of Colin, first Earl of Seaforth.

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sion for several days, during which time the inhabitants of Edinburgh amply supplied them with provisions and ammunition. After much negotiation, a proper understanding respecting the causes of their complaint was brought about, and they marched down the hill in the same manner in which they had gone up, with pipes playing; and, "with the Earls of Seaforth and Dunmore, and General Skene, at their head. They entered Leith, and went on board the transports with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness." In this case, as in that of the Athole Highlanders, none of the men were brought to trial, or even put into confinement, for these acts of open resistance.—*Stewart's Sketches—Appendix p. lxxxiv.*

* Stewart's Sketches, and Fullarton's History of the Highland Clans and Highland Regiments.

† Scots Magazine for 1767, p. 538.

Kenneth Mòr had three sons, Kenneth Og, his heir and successor, whose line terminated in Lady Caroline, Countess Melfort; John of Assynt, whose only son, Kenneth, died without issue; Hugh, who died young; and Colonel Alexander, afterwards designated of Assynt and Conansbeg, and who married Elizabeth, daughter of John Paterson, Bishop of Ross, and sister of John Paterson, Archbishop of Glasgow. He had an only son and six daughters. The daughters were Isabella, who married Basil Hamilton of Baldoon, became mother of Dunbar, fourth Earl of Selkirk, and died in 1725; Frances, who married her cousin, Kenneth Mackenzie of Assynt, without issue; Jane, married Dr Mackenzie, a cadet of the family of Coul, and died at New Tarbet, 18th September 1776 [Scots Magazine, vol. 38, p. 510]; Mary, married Captain Dougal Stewart of Blairhall, M.P., a Lord of Session and Justiciary, and brother of the first Earl of Bute, with issue; Elizabeth, died unmarried at Kirkcudbright, on the 12th of March 1796, aged 81 [Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 66, p. 357]; and Maria, who married Nicholas Price of Saintfield, County Down, Ireland, and had issue. She was maid of honour to Queen Caroline, and died in 1732 [Burke's Landed Gentry]. The son was Major William Mackenzie, who married Mary, the daughter and co-heiress of Mathew Humberstone, Lincoln, by whom he had issue, two sons, first, Thomas Frederick Mackenzie, who assumed the name of Humberston on succeeding to his mother's property, and who was Colonel of the 100th Regiment of foot; and second, Francis Humberston Mackenzie. Major William had also four daughters; Frances Cerjat, who married Sir Vicary Gibbs, M.P., his Majesty's Attorney-General, with issue; Maria Rebecca, married Alexander Mackenzie of Breda, younger son of John Mackenzie of Applecross, with issue; and Helen, who married Major-General Alexander Mackenzie Fraser of Inverallachie, fourth son of Colin Mackenzie of Kilcoy, Colonel of the 78th Regiment, and M.P. for the County of Ross, with issue. William died on the 12th of March 1770, at Stafford, Lincolnshire [Scots Magazine, vol. 32, p. 167]. His wife died on the 19th of February 1813, at Hartley, Herts [Scots Magazine, vol. 75, p. 240]. Colonel Thomas F. Mackenzie Humberston, it will be seen, thus became male heir to his consin, Earl Kenneth, who died, without male issue, in 1781, and who, finding his property heavily encumbered with debts from which he could not extricate himself, conveyed the estates to his cousin and heir male, Colonel Thomas, in the year 1779, on payment to him of £100,000. He died, as already stated, in 1781, and was succeeded by his cousin,

XX. Colonel Thomas Frederick Mackenzie Humberston, in all his extensive estates, and in the command of the 78th Ross-shire Highland Regiment, but not in the titles and dignities, which ended with his predecessor. When, in 1778, the 78th was raised, Thomas T. F. Mackenzie Humberston was a captain in the 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards, but notwithstanding this he accepted a captaincy in Seaforth's regiment of Ross-shire Highlanders. He was afterwards quartered with the latter regiment in Jersey, and took a prominent share in repelling the attack made on that island by the French. Soon after, in 1781, he embarked with the regiment to the East Indies, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was at Port Preya when the outward bound East Indian

fleet under Commodore Johnston was attacked by the French. He happened at the time to be ashore, but such was his ardour to share in the action that he swam to one of the ships engaged with the enemy. As soon as he arrived in India he obtained a separate command on the Malabar Coast, but in its exercise he met with every discouragement from the Council of Bombay. This gave him a greater opportunity of distinguishing himself, for under all the disadvantages of having money, stores, and reinforcements withheld from him, he undertook, with 1000 Europeans and 2500 Sepoys to wage an offensive war against Calicut. He was conscious of great resources in his own mind, and harmony, confidence, and attachment on the part of his officers and men. He drove the enemy out of the country, defeated them in three different engagements, took the city of Calicut, and every other place of strength in the kingdom. He concluded a treaty with the King of Travancore, who was reinforced with a force of 1200 men. Tipoo now proceeding against him with 30,000 men, more than one-third of whom were cavalry, Colonel Mackenzie Humberston repelled their attack, and by a rapid march regained the Fort of Panami, which the enemy attempted to carry, but he defeated them with great loss. He served under General Mathews against Hyder Ali in 1782; but during the operations of that campaign, Mathews gave such proofs of misconduct, incapacity, and injustice, that Colonels Macleod and Humberston carried their complaints to the Council of Bombay, where they arrived on the 26th of February 1783. The Council ordered General Mathews to be superseded, appointed Colonel Macleod to succeed him in command of the army, and desired Colonel Humberston to join him. They both sailed from Bombay on the 5th of April 1783, in the *Ranger* sloop of war; but, notwithstanding that peace had been concluded with the Mahrattas, that vessel was attacked on the 8th of that month by the Mahratta fleet, and after a desperate resistance of four hours, was taken possession of. All the officers on board were either killed or wounded, among them the young and gallant Colonel Mackenzie Humberston, who was shot through the body with a four pound ball, and died of the wound at Geriah on the 30th of April 1783, in the 28th year of his age. He had thus only been Chief of the Clan for the short space of two years, and, dying unmarried, he was succeeded by his only brother,*

XXI. Francis Humberston Mackenzie, afterwards raised to the peerage by the title of his ancestors, Earl of Seaforth. This nobleman, in many respects a very able and remarkable man, was born in 1754, in full possession of all his faculties; but a severe attack of scarlet fever from which he suffered when about twelve years of age, deprived him of hearing and almost of speech. As he advanced in life he again almost entirely recovered the faculty of speech, but during the latter two years of his life, grieving over the loss of his four promising sons, all of whom predeceased him, he became quite unable, or rather never made any attempt to articulate. He was in his youth intended by his parents to follow the naval profession, but his physical misfortunes made such a career impossible.

Little or nothing is known of the history of his early life. In 1784, and again in 1790, he was elected M.P. for the County of Ross. In 1787,

* Douglas' Peerage.

in the thirty-third year of his age, he offered to raise a regiment on his own estates for the King's service, to be commanded by himself. In the same year the 74th, 75th, 76th, and 77th Regiments were raised, and the Government declined Mr Mackenzie's offer; but agreed to accept his services in the matter of procuring recruits for the 74th and 75th. This did not please him, and he did not then come prominently to the front. On the 19th of May 1790, he renewed his offer, but the Government informed him that the strength of the army had been finally fixed at seventy-seven regiments, and his services were again declined. He was still anxious to be of service to his sovereign, and when the war broke out, in 1793, he again renewed his offer, and placed his great influence at the service of the Crown; and we find a letter of service granted in his favour dated the 7th of March 1793, empowering him, as Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant, to raise a Highland battalion, which, being the first embodied during the war, was to be numbered the 78th, the original Mackenzie regiment having had its number previously reduced to the 72d. The battalion was to consist of 1 company of Grenadiers, 1 of light infantry, and 8 battalion companies. The Chief at once appointed as his Major his own brother-in-law, Alexander Mackenzie of Belmaduthy, a son of Kilcoy, then a captain in the 73d Regiment, and a man who proved himself on all future occasions well fitted for the post. The following notice, headed by the Royal arms, was immediately posted throughout the Counties of Ross and Cromarty, on the mainland, and in the Island of Lewis :—

"Seaforth's Highlanders to be forthwith raised for the defence of his Glorious Majesty, King George the Third, and the preservation of our happy constitution in Church and State.

"All lads of true Highland blood willing to show their loyalty and spirit, may repair to Seaforth, or the Major, Alexander Mackenzie of Belmaduthy; or the other commanding officers at headquarters, at . . . . where they will receive high bounties and soldier-like entertainment.

"The lads of this regiment will live and die together, as they cannot be draughted into other regiments, and must be reduced in a body, in their own country.

"Now for a stroke at the Monsieurs, my boys! King George for ever! Huzza!"

The machinery once set agoing, applications poured in upon Seaforth for commissions in the corps from among his own more immediate relatives, and from others who were but slightly acquainted with him.*

The martial spirit of the people soon became thoroughly roused, and recruits came in so rapidly that on the 10th of July 1793, only four months after the granting of the Letter of Service in favour of Seaforth,

* Besides Seaforth himself, and his Major mentioned in the text, the following, of the name of Mackenzie, appear among the first list of officers :—

Major.—Alexander Mackenzie of Fairburn, General in 1809.

Captains.—John Mackenzie of Gairloch, "Fighting Jack," Major 1794, Lieutenant-Colonel the same year, and Lieutenant-General in 1814. Died the father of the British Army in 1860; J. Randoll Mackenzie of Suddie, Major-General in 1804, killed at Talavera 1809.

Lieutenant.—Colin Mackenzie, Lieutenant-Colonel 91st Regiment.

Ensigns.—Charles Mackenzie, Kilcoy; and J, Mackenzie Scott, Captain 57th Regiment. Killed at Albuera.

the regiment was marched to Fort-George, inspected and passed by Lieut.-General Sir Hector Munro, after which five companies were immediately embarked for Guernsey, and the other five companies landed in Jersey in September 1793, after which they were sent to Holland.

On the 13th of October in the same year, Seaforth offered to raise a second battalion for the 78th, and on the 30th of the same month the King granted him permission to raise five hundred additional men on the original letters of service. This was not, however, what he wanted, and on the 28th of December following he submitted three alternative proposals, for raising a second battalion, to the Government. On the 7th of February 1794, one of these was agreed to. The battalion was to consist of eight battalion and two flank companies, each to consist of 100 men, with the usual number of officers and non-commissioned officers. Seaforth was, however, disappointed by the Government; for while he intended to have raised a second battalion to his own regiment, an order was issued, signed by Lord Amherst, that it was to be considered as a separate corps, whereupon the Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant addressed the following protest to Mr Dundas, one of the Secretaries of State:—"St Alban Street, 8th February 1794.—Sir,—I had sincerely hoped I should not be obliged to trouble you again; but on my going today to the War Office about my letter of service (having yesterday, as I thought, finally agreed with Lord Amherst), I was, to my amazement, told that Lord Amherst had ordered that the 1000 men I am to raise were not to be a second battalion of the 78th, but a separate corps. It will, I am sure, occur to you that should I undertake such a thing, it would destroy my influence among the people of my country entirely; and instead of appearing as a loyal honest chieftain calling out his friends to support their King and country, I should be gibbeted as a jobber of the attachment my neighbours bear to me. Recollecting what passed between you and me, I barely state this circumstance; and I am, with great respect and attachment, sir, your most obliged and obedient servant. (Signed), F. H. MACKENZIE." This had the desired effect, the order for a separate corps was rescinded, and a letter of service was granted to Seaforth on the 10th of February 1794, authorising him, as Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant, to add the new battalion, of which the strength was to be one company of Grenadiers, one of light infantry, and eight battalion companies to his own regiment. The regiment was soon raised; and inspected and passed at Fort-George in June of the same year by Sir Hector Munro, and in July following the King granted permission to have it named, as a distinctive title, "The Ross-shire Buffs." The two battalions were amalgamated in June 1796. Another battalion was raised in 1804—Letter of Service, date 17th April. These were again amalgamated in July 1817.* Though the regiment was not accompanied abroad by its Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant, he was always most solicitous for its reputation and welfare, as we find from the various communications addressed to him regarding the regiment and the conduct of the men by Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Mackenzie of Fairburn, who was appointed

* For these particulars we are mainly indebted to Fullarton's Highland Clans and Regiments, and to Stewart's Sketches.

Lieutenant-Colonel from the first battalion,* and now in actual command, but as the history of the 78th Highlanders is not our present object, we must meanwhile part company with it and follow the future career of Francis Humberston Mackenzie. As a reward for his eminent services to the Government he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Ross, and, 26th October 1797, raised to the dignity of a peer of the United Kingdom as Lord Seaforth and Baron Mackenzie of Kintail, the ancient dignities of his house, with limitation to heirs male of his body. His Lordship, having resigned the command of the 78th, was, in 1798, appointed Colonel of the Ross-shire Regiment of Militia. In 1800 he was appointed Governor of Barbadoes, an office which he held for six years, after which he held high office in Demerara and Berbice. While Governor of Barbadoes he was at first extremely popular, and was distinguished for his firmness and even-handed justice, and he succeeded in putting an end to slavery, and to the practice of slave-killing in the island, which at that time was a pretty common occurrence, and deemed by the planters a venial offence punishable only by a small fine of £15. In consequence of this humane proceeding he became obnoxious to many of the colonists, and he finally left the place in 1806. In 1808 he was made a Lieutenant-General. These were singular incidents in the life of one who may be said to have been deaf and dumb from his youth; but who, in spite of these physical defects sufficient to crush any ordinary man, had, by the force of his natural abilities and the favour of fortune, been able to overcome them sufficiently to raise himself to such a high and important position in the world. He also took a lively interest in all questions of art and science, especially in natural history, and displayed at once his liberality and his love of art by his munificence to Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the youth and struggles of that great artist and famous painter, and by his patronage of others. On this point a recent writer says —"The last Baron of Kintail, Francis, Lord Seaforth, was, as Sir Walter has said, 'a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by painful natural infirmities.' Though deaf from his sixteenth year and though labouring under a partial impediment of speech, he held high and important appointments, and was distinguished for his intellectual activities and attainments. . . . . His case seems to contradict the opinion held by Kitto and others, that in all that relates to the culture of the mind, and the cheerful exercise of the mental faculties, the blind have the advantage of the deaf. The loss of the ear, that 'vestibule of the soul,' was to him compensated by gifts and endowments rarely united in the same individual. One instance of the Chief's liberality and love of art may be mentioned. In 1796 he advanced a sum of £1000 to Sir Thomas Lawrence to relieve him from pecuniary difficulties. Lawrence was then a young man of twenty-seven. His career from a boy upwards was one of brilliant success, but he was careless and generous as to money matters, and some speculations by his father embarrassed and distressed the young artist. In his trouble he applied to the Chief of Kintail. 'Will you,' he said in that theatrical style common to Lawrence, 'will

* J. Randoll Mackenzie, also from the first battalion, was appointed senior major.

you be the Antonio to a Bassanio?' He promised to pay the £1000 in four years, but the money was given on terms the most agreeable to the feelings, and complimentary to the talents of the artist. He was to repay it with his pencil, and the Chief sat to him for his portrait. Lord Seaforth also commissioned from West one of those immense sheets of canvas on which the old Academician delighted to work in his latter years. The subject of the picture was the traditionary story of the Royal hunt, in which Alexander the Third was saved from the assault of a fierce stag by Colin Fitzgerald, a wandering knight unknown to authentic history. West considered it one of his best productions, charged £800 for it, and was willing some years afterwards, with a view to the exhibition of his works, to purchase back the picture at its original cost. In one instance Lord Seaforth did not evince artistic taste. He dismantled Brahan Castle, removing its castellated features, and completely modernising its general appearance. The house, with its large modern additions, is a tall, massive pile of building, the older portion covered to the roof with ivy. It occupies a commanding site on a bank midway between the river Conon and a range of picturesque rocks. This bank extends for miles, sloping in successive terraces, all richly wooded or cultivated, and commanding a magnificent view that terminates with the Moray Firth.*

The remarkable prediction of the extinction of this highly distinguished and ancient family is already well known to the reader, and its literal fulfilment is one of the most curious instances of the kind on record. There is no doubt that the "prophecy" was well known throughout the Highlands generations before it was fulfilled. Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," says that "it connected the fall of the house of Seaforth not only with the appearance of a deaf 'Cabarfeidh,' but with the contemporaneous appearance of various different physical misfortunes in several of the other Highland Chiefs, all of which are said to have actually occurred within the memory of the generation that has not yet passed away. Mr Morrit can testify thus, for that he heard the prophecy quoted in the Highlands at a time when Lord Seaforth had two sons alive, and in good health, and that it certainly was not made after the event," and then he proceeds to say that Scott and Sir Humphrey Davy were most certainly convinced of its truth, as also many others who had watched the latter days of Seaforth in the light of those wonderful predictions.†

* Review of "The Seaforth Papers" in the *North British Review*, 1863, by the late Robert Carruthers, LL.D.

† "Every Highland family has its store of traditionary and romantic beliefs. Centuries ago a seer of the Clan Mackenzie, known as Kenneth Oag (Odhar), predicted that when there should be a deaf Caberfae the gift-land of the estate would be sold, and the male line become extinct. The prophecy was well known in the North, and it was not, like many similar vaticinations, made after the event. At least three unimpeachable Sassenach writers, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr Morritt of Rokeby, had all heard the prediction when Lord Seaforth had two sons alive, both in good health. The tenantry were, of course, strongly impressed with the truth of the prophecy, and when their Chief proposed to sell part of Kintail, they offered to buy in the land for him, that it might not pass from the family, One son was then living, and there was no immediate prospect of the succession expiring; but, in deference to the clannish prejudice or affection, the sale of any portion of the estate was deferred for about two years. The blow came at last. Lord Seaforth was involved in West India plantations, which were mismanaged, and he was forced to dispose of part of the "gift land." About the same time the last of his four sons, a young man of talent and eloquence, and then

His Lordship outlived all his four sons as predicted by the Brahan Seer. His name became extinct, and his vast possessions were inherited by a stranger, Mr Stewart, who married the eldest daughter, Lady Hood. She afterwards, by accident, killed her own sister; and the sign by which it was to be known that these events were about to happen was also foretold in a remarkable manner, namely, that there would be in the days of the last Seaforth four great contemporary lairds, distinguished by physical defects predicted by the Seer. Sir Hector Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, was buck-toothed, and is to this day spoken of among the Gairloch tenantry as "An-tighearna Stòrach," or the buck-toothed laird. Chisholm of Chisholm was hair-lipped, Grant of Grant half-witted, and Macleod of Raasay a stammerer.*

In addition to the testimony of those whose names we have already stated, we shall give that of a living witness. Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, in a letter addressed to the writer, dated May 21, 1878, says—"Many of these prophecies I heard of *upwards of* 70 *years ago*, and when many of them were *not* fulfilled, such as the late Lord Seaforth surviving his sons, and Mrs Stewart Mackenzie's accident, near Brahan, by which Miss Caroline Mackenzie was killed."

One cannot help sympathising with the magnificent old Chief as he mourned over the premature death of his four fine sons, and saw the honours of his house for ever extinguished in his own person. Many stories are related of his munificent extravagance at home, sailing round the West Coast while on his visits to the great principality of the Lews, and calling on his way hither and thither on the other great chieftains of the West and Western Islands. Of him Sir Walter Scott says in his "Lament for 'the last of the Seaforths'"—

In vain the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deadened thine ear and imprisoned thy tongue,
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of thy genius they could not oppose;
And who, in the land of the Saxon or Gael
Could match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell?
In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell!
Of the line of MacKenneth remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

We shall here close our sketch of him in the language of one whom we have had occasion already to quote with considerable approbation:—"It was said of him by an acute observer and a leading wit of the age, the late Honourable Henry Erskine, the Scotch Dean of Faculty, that 'Lord Seaforth's deafness was a merciful interposition to lower him to the ordinary rate of capacity in society,' insinuating that otherwise his perception and

representing his native County in Parliament, died suddenly, and thus the prophecy of Kenneth Oag was fulfilled.—

Of the line of Fitzgerald remained not a male
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail."

—*The late Robert Carruthers, LL.D., in the North British Review.*

* For full details of this remarkable instance of family fate, see "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer."

intelligence would have been oppressive. And the aptness of the remark was duly appreciated by all those who had the good fortune to be able to form an estimate from personal observation, while, as a man of the world, none was more capable of generalizing. Yet, as a countryman, he never affected to disregard those local predilections which identified him with the County of Ross, as the genuine representative of Kintail, possessing an influence which, being freely ceded and supported, became paramount and permanent in the County which he represented in the Commons House of Parliament, till he was called to the peerage on the 26th October 1797, by the title of Lord Seaforth and Baron of Kintail, with limitation to heirs male of his body, and which he presided over as his Majesty's Lord-Lieutenant. He was commissioned, in 1793, to reorganise the 78th or Ross-shire Regiment of Highlanders, which, for so many years, continued to be almost exclusively composed of his countrymen. Nor did his extraordinary qualifications and varied exertions escape the wide ranging eye of the master genius of the age, who has also contributed, by a tributary effusion, to transmit the unqualified veneration of our age to many that are to follow. He has been duly recognised by Sir Walter Scott, nor was he passed over in the earlier buddings of Mr Colin Mackenzie; but while the annalist is indebted to their just encomiums, he may be allowed to respond to praise worthy of enthusiasm by a splendid fact which at once exhibits a specimen of reckless imprudence joined to those qualities which, by their popularity, attest their genuineness. Lord Seaforth for a time became emulous of the society of the most accomplished Prince of his age. The recreation of the Court was play; the springs of this indulgence then were not of the most delicate texture; his faculties, penetrating as they were, had not the facility of detection which qualified him for cautious circumspection; he heedlessly ventured and lost. It was then to cover his delinquencies elsewhere, he exposed to sale the estate of Lochalsh; and it was then he was bitterly taught to feel, when his people, without an exception, addressed his Lordship this pithy remonstrance—'Reside amongst us and we shall pay your debts.' A variety of feelings and facts, unconnected with a difference, might have interposed to counteract this display of devotedness besides ingratitude, but these habits, or his Lordship's reluctance, rendered this expedient so hopeless that certain of the descendants of the original proprietors of that valuable locality were combining their respective finances to buy it in, when a sudden announcement that it was sold under value, smothered their amiable endeavours. Kintail followed, with the fairest portion of Glenshiel, and the Barony of Callan Fitzgerald ceased to exist to the mortification, though not to the unpopularity of this still patriarchal nobleman among his faithful tenantry and the old friends of his family."*

His Lordship married, on the 22d of April 1782, Mary Proby, daughter of Baptist Proby, D.D., Dean of Lichfield, and brother of John, first Lord Carysfort, by whom he had issue, a fine family of four sons and six daughters, first, William Frederick, who died young, at Killearnan; second, George Leveson Boucherat, who died young at Urquhart; third, William Frederick, who represented the County of Ross in Parliament, 1812, and died at Warriston, near Edinburgh, in 1814; and fourth, Francis John, a midshipman in the Royal Navy, died at Brahan, in 1813.

* Bennetsfield MS.

They all died unmarried. The daughters were, Mary Frederica Elizabeth, who succeeded him; second, Frances Catherine, died without issue; third, Caroline, accidentally killed at Brahan, unmarried; fourth, Charlotte Elizabeth, died unmarried; fifth, Augusta Anne, died unmarried; and sixth, Helen Ann, married the Right Honourable Joshua Henry Mackenzie of the Inverlael family, and anciently descended from the Barons of Kintail, a Lord of Session and Justiciary, by the title of Lord Mackenzie, with issue.

Lord Seaforth, having survived all his male issue, died on the 11th of January 1815, at Warriston, near Edinburgh, the last male representative of his race. His Lady outlived him, and died at Edinburgh on the 27th February 1829. The estates, in virtue of an entail executed by Lord Seaforth, with all their honours, duties, and embarrassments, devolved upon his eldest daughter, then a young widowed lady,

XXII. Mary Elizabeth Frederica Mackenzie, Lady Hood, whom Scott commemorated in the well-known lines.—

> And thou, gentle dame, who must bear to thy grief,
> For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
> Whom brief rolling moons, in six changes have left
> Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft;
> To thine ear of affection how sad is the hail
> That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail.

She was born at Tarradale, Ross-shire, on the 27th of March 1783, and married at Barbadoes on the 6th of November 1804, Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards K.B., Vice-Admiral of the White, and, in 1806, M.P. for Westminster. Sir Samuel died at Madras on the 24th December 1814, without issue. Lady Hood then returned to Great Britain, and, in 1815, took possession of the family estates, which had devolved upon her by the death of her father without male issue, when, as we have seen, the titles became extinct. She married, secondly, on the 21st of May 1817, The Right Honourable James Alexander Stewart of Glasserton, a cadet of the house of Galloway, who assumed the name of Mackenzie, was returned M.P. for the County of Ross, held office under Earl Grey, and was successively Governor of Ceylon, and Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands. He died on the 24th of September 1843. Mrs Stewart-Mackenzie died at Brahan Castle, on the 28th of November 1862, and was buried in the family vault in the Chanonry or Cathedral of Fortrose. Her funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in the Highlands of Scotland, several thousands of persons being present on foot, while the vehicles numbered over 150. By the second marriage she left issue—Keith William Stewart-Mackenzie, now of Seaforth; Francis P. Proby, died without issue; George A. F. W., married a daughter of General T. Marriott, and died in 1852 without issue; Mary F., married The Honourable Philip Anstruther, with issue; Caroline S., married J. B. Petre, and died in 1867; and Louisa C., who married William, second Lord Ashburton, with issue—one daughter. Mrs Stewart-Mackenzie and her husband were succeeded by their eldest son,

XXIII. Keith William Stewart-Mackenzie, now of Seaforth, late Captain in the 90th Regiment of foot, and Colonel Commandant of the Ross-shire Rifle Volunteers. He married first, Hannah, daughter of James Joseph Hope-Vere of Craigiehall, with issue—James Alexander Francis

Humberston Mackenzie, younger of Seaforth, a Captain, 9th Lancers; Susan Mary, married the late Colonel John Constantine Stanley, second son of Edward, Lord Stanley of Alderley, with issue, two daughters; Julia Charlotte S., married the late Arthur, 9th Marquis of Tweeddale; and Georgina H., who died young.

He married secondly, Alicia Almeira Bell, with issue, one daughter.

Having brought the history and genealogy of the ancient house of Kintail and Seaforth down to the present time, we shall next consider the question of the present CHIEFSHIP of the Clan, and give the genealogy of Allangrange to date. We shall afterwards, as specimens, give that of the House of Hilton—the representative of which is senior cadet of the Clan; and a history and genealogy of the next in seniority,—the family of Gairloch, and its branches of Letterewe, Mountgerald, Belmaduthy, Portmore, Lochend, Muirton, Davochcairn, and Flowerburn.

THE HIGHLAND BRIDE.

To-night my boat shall leave the shore,
  To night I'll bear my love away,
A chieftain's daughter I adore,
  And feeble he who love would stay.
Tho' faint the moon, though dark the sky,
  Tho' sullen sounds the rushing tide,
Yet bravely on my boat shall fly
  To bear away my Highland bride.

We pledged our troth by Heav'n above,
  Then who shall scorn our mutual vow?
A father's anger ripens love,
  Yea, prompts my deed of daring now.
Not Duart's massive walls can keep
  The prisoned maiden from my side;
I'll o'er the wave-encircled deep,
  And bear away my Highland bride.

Away! away! the boat fast sped,
  Sunk far behind dark Morven's shore,
Love's eyes repelled the darkness dread,
  Love's might impelled the yielding oar.
Lone Duart loomed! far rose a flare
  A maiden's eyes the signal spied,
A lover's heart and arms were there,
  To bear away his Highland bride.

'Twas love's bright flash! 'twas freedom's hope
  Joy lit despair's sad solitude;
Thro' tender hands swift flew the rope,
  On sea-washed rocks a maiden stood.
My own! rejoice! I'm here! I'm here!
  No more we'll parted be, he cried.
To Morven, love, my boat I'll steer,
  And bear away my Highland bride.

One kiss of love dispelled dismay,
  His boat a willing maiden bore;
Wild rushed the blast, high leapt the spray,
  And dashed the waves with joyous roar.
Away, ye tempests, rudely blown!
  Her sacred charm our course will guide;
Blow on your glee! she is my own!
  I've dared! and won my Highland bride.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

THE GAELIC NAMES OF TREES, SHRUBS, PLANTS, &c.

By Charles Fergusson.

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|Concluded.|

Oak.—Latin, *Quercus robar;* Gaelic, *Darach.* This monarch of the forest is certainly a native of the Highlands, though some writers, of the class who grudge to see anything good either in the Highlands or in the Highlanders, try to maintain that it was not anciently found north of Perthshire. This, however, is clearly settled by the great quantity of huge oak trees found embedded at great depths below the surface in peat mosses all over the Highlands and Islands. All our earliest bards and writers mention the oak, and Ossian, who is believed to have flourished in the third century, sings of hoary oak trees dying of old age in his day :—

"Samhach 'us mor a bha 'n triath
Mar dharaig 's i liath air Lubar,
A chaill a dlu-gheug o shean
Le dealan glan nan speur ;
Tha 'h-aomadh thar sruth o shliabh,
A còinneach mar chiabh a fuaim."

"Silent and great was the prince,
Like an oak tree hoary, on Lubar,
Stripped of its thick and aged boughs
By the keen lightning of the skies ;
It bends across the stream from the hill ;
Its moss sounds in the wind like hair."

There are many huge oak trees in different parts of the Highlands, which are certainly several hundred years old, such as at Castle Menzies, where there are oaks about 20 feet in circumference. Those trees must be very old, as it is proved that the oak on an average grows only to about from 14 to 20 inches in diameter in 80 years. The wood of the oak, being hard, strong, and durable, was used by the Highlanders for almost every purpose possible—from building their birlinns and roofing their castles, down to making a cudgel for the herdsman or shepherd, who believed the old superstition that his flock would not thrive unless his staff was of oak. And after the Highlanders had laid aside their claymores, many an old clan feud was kept up, and many a quarrel between the men of different glens or clans was settled, by the end of a "cuileir math daraich." The bark was of course much used for tanning leather, and also for dyeing a brown colour, or, by adding copperas, a black colour. The veneration which the Druids had for the oak is too well known to need mentioning here ; and it seems also to have been the custom in early times to bury the great heroes under aged oak trees, for the bard Ullin, who was somewhat prior to Ossian, says in "Dan an Deirg," singing of Comhal, Ossian's grandfather :—

"Tha leaba fo chos nan clach
Am fasgadh an daraig aosda."

"His bed is below the stones
Under the shade of the aged oak."

The Highlanders used a decoction of oak bark for stopping vomiting, and they also believed that a decoction of the bark and acorns was the best possible antidote for all kinds of poison or the bite of serpents. They also believed that it was the only tree for which a wedge of itself was the best to split it, which gave rise to the old Gaelic proverb—"Geinn dheth fein a sgoilteas an darach" ("A wedge made of the self-same oak cleaves it.") The Gaelic bard, Donnachadh Ban, refers to this belief in one of his beautiful songs—

"'S chuala mi mar shean-fhacal
Mu'n darach, gur fiodh corr e,
'S gur geinn' dheth fhein 'ga theannachadh
A spealtadh e 'na ordaibh."

PINE (WEYMOUTH).—Latin, *Pinus Strobus;* Gaelic, *Giuthas Sasunach.* This beautiful tree was first introduced from England to Dunkeld, where the first trees of it were planted in 1725.

PLANE.—Latin, *Acer Pseudo-plantanus;* Gaelic, *Pleintri,* or *Plinntrinn.* The first of these Gaelic names, which sounds so very like the English, is given by Alex. Macdonald (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair) in his Gaelic list of trees already referred to. The second is given by Lightfoot, as the Gaelic name in use for this tree when he travelled in the Highlands in 1772. The plane is a native of the Highlands, where it grows to an immense size, as may be seen by the following extract from the New Statistical Account of the dimensions of plane trees growing at Castle Menzies, parish of Weem—"solid contents of a plane, 1132¼ feet; extreme height, 77½: girth at ground, 23; at four feet, 16. Of a second plane, girth at four feet from ground, 18½ feet; and of a third at four feet, 20½ feet." The wood of this tree, which is white and soft, was much used by the Highlanders for turning; and Lightfoot mentions that they made a very agreeable wine of the sap of the plane, as they did of the birch and maple.

RASPBERRY.—Latin, *Rubus Idæus;* Gaelic, *Subhag,* or *Saidheag.* The wild raspberry is one of our native wild fruits, and grows very commonly all over the Highlands, where it also grows very well in a cultivated state in gardens. The distilled juice of this fruit was once very much used by the old Highlander in cases of fever, as it is very cooling. Lightfoot says that the juice of this fruit was used in the Isle of Skye, when he was there, as an agreeable acid for making punch instead of lemons.

ROWAN, or MOUNTAIN ASH.—Latin, *Pyrus Aucuparia;* Gaelic, *Caorunn.* This beautiful and hardy tree is a native of the Highlands, where the wood of it was once much used by wheelwrights and coopers; but the great use the Highlanders made of the rowan tree, since the days of the Druids, was for their superstitious charms against witchcraft. I may give Lightfoot's account of what the Highlanders did with the rowan in 1772—"The rowan-berries have an astringent quality, but in no hurt-

ful degree. In the island of Jura they use the juice of them as an acid for punch; and the Highlanders often eat them when thoroughly ripe, and in some places distil a very good spirit from them. It is probable that this tree was in high favour with the Druids, for it may to this day be observed to grow, more frequently than any other tree, in the neighbourhood of those Druidical circles of stones so often seen in North Britain; and the superstitious still continue to retain a great veneration for it, which was undoubtedly handed down to them from early antiquity. They believe that any small part of this tree, carried about with them, will prove a sovereign charm against all the dire effects of enchantment or witchcraft. Their cattle also, as well as themselves, are supposed to be preserved by it from evil, for the dairymaid will not forget to drive them to the shealings or summer pastures with a rod of this tree, which she carefully lays up over the door of the "sheal bothy," and drives them home again with the same. In Strathspey they make, for the same purpose, on the first day of May, a hoop of rowan wood, and in the morning and evening cause all the sheep and lambs to pass through it."

WILLOW.—Latin, *Salix;* Gaelic, *Seileach.* Lightfoot mentions sixteen, and Linnæus twenty varieties of the willow, natives of the Highlands, and many more have been discovered since their day. The willow was a very valuable tree indeed for the old Highlanders, and they converted it into almost endless purposes. The wood, which is soft and pliable, they used in many ways, and the young twigs, of course, for basket work, and even ropes. The bark was used for tanning leather, and the bark of most of the varieties was also used to dye a black colour, while that of the white willow gave a dye of a cinnamon colour. The following extract from "Walker's Hebrides" describes the uses made of the willow in the Isles:—"The willows in the Highlands even supply the place of ropes. A traveller there has rode during the day with a bridle made of them, and been at anchor in a vessel at night, whose tackle and cable were made of twisted willows, and these, indeed, not of the best kind for the purpose; yet, in both cases, they were formed with a great deal of art and industry, considering the materials. In the islands of Colonsay, Coll, and Tyree, the people tan the hides of their black cattle with the bark of the grey willow, and the barks of all the willows are capable of dyeing black. The foliage of the willow is a most acceptable food for cattle, and is accordingly browsed on with avidity both by black cattle and horses, especially in autumn. In the Hebrides, where there is so great a scarcity of everything of the tree kind, there is not a twig, even of the meanest willow, but what is turned by the inhabitants to some useful purpose."

YEW.—Latin, *Taxus Baccata;* Gaelic, *Iuthar.* This valuable tree is a native of the Highlands, where the remains of some very old woods of it are to be found, as at Glenure, in Lorn, which takes its name from the yew. There are also single trees of it of immense size, and of unknown antiquity in the Highlands, such as the famous old yew in the churchyard of Fortingall, in Perthshire, described by Pennant, as he saw it in 1772. He gives the circumference of it as 56½ feet, and it was then wasted away to the outside shell. Some writers calculate that this tree must have taken 4000 years to grow that size; it is impossible now to tell its age with any certainty. But when we consider its immense size, and

the slow growing nature of the yew, it is certainly one of the oldest vegetable relics in the world. When writing out this paper, I wrote to the minister of Fortingall to enquire what state the old yew was in now, and was glad to hear from that gentleman that part of it is still fresh, and sprouting out anew, and likely to live a long time yet. We read of another very large yew tree, which grew on a cliff by the sea side in the island of Bernera, near the Sound of Mull, and which, when cut, loaded a six-oared boat, and afforded timber enough, when cut up, to form a very fine staircase in the house of Lochnell. The wood of the yew is very hard. elastic, and beautifully veined, and was much prized by the old Highlanders for many purposes, but the great use to which they put it was to make bows. So highly was the yew esteemed for this purpose that it was reckoned a consecrated tree, and was planted in every churchyard so as to afford a ready supply of bows at all times. And in fact, so commonly were the bows made of yew, that we find in Ossian and in the early bards the bow always alluded to as "the yew," or "my yew," as in "Dan an Deirg," we have,—

"Mar shaighead o ghlacaibh an iughair,
Bha chasan a' siubhal nam barra-thonn."

And also in Diarmaid, when that hero heard the sound of his comrades hunting on Beinn Ghuilbeinn he could remain quiet no longer, but exclaimed—

"A chraosnach dhearg ca bheil thu?
'S ca bheil m' iughar 's mo dhorlach?"

Smith, in his "Sean Dana," in a note to "Dan an Deirg," says :—Everybody knows the bow to have been made of yew. Among the Highlanders of later times, that which grew in the wood of Easragan, in Lorn, was esteemed the best. The feathers most in vogue for the arrows were furnished by the eagles of Loch Treig; the wax for the string by Baile-na-gailbhinn; and the arrow-heads by the smiths of the race of Mac Pheidearain. This piece of instruction, like all the other knowledge of the Highlanders, was couched in verse—

"Bogha dh' iughar Easragain,
Is ite firein Loch-a-Treig;
Ceir bhuidhe Bhaile-na-gailbhinn,
'S ceann o 'n cheard Mac Pheidearain."

That the Highlanders in the early days of Ossian used the yew for other uses than making bows is proved by the passage in Fingal, describing Cuchullin's war chariot—

"'Dh' iuthar faileasach an crann,
Suidhear ann air cnamhan caoin."

"Of shining yew is its pole;
Of well-smothed bone the seat."

And that our ancestors, in the third century, overshaded their graves with

yew trees, as we do still, is proved by the passage in Fingal, where, after Crimor and Cairbar fought for the white bull, when Crimor fell, and Brasolis, Cairbar's sister, being in love with him, on hearing of his death, rushed to the hill and died beside him, and yew trees shaded their graves—

"Bhuail cridhe 'bu tla ri 'taobh,
Dh' fhalbh a snuagh 'us bhris i tro' 'n fhraoch,
Fhuair i e marbh ; 'us dh' eug i 's an t-sliabh ;
'N so fein, a Chuchullin, tha 'n uir,
'S caoin iuthar 'tha 'fas o'n uaigh."

"Throbbed a tender heart against her side,
Her colour went ; and through the heath she rushed ;
She found him dead ; she died upon the hill.
In this same spot, Cuchullin, is their dust,
And fresh the yew-tree grows upon their grave."

ARSSMART (SPOTTED).—Latin, *Polygonum persicaria ;* Gaelic, *Am Boinne-fola.* This is a very common plant in the glens and low grounds of the Highlands. It is easily known by the red spot on the centre of every leaf, about which the Highlanders have a curious old superstition, viz. :—That this plant grew at the foot of our Saviour's cross, and that a drop of blood fell on each leaf, the stain of which it bears ever since. A decoction of it was used with alum to dye a bright yellow colour.

BEAR-BERRY.—Latin, *Arbulus uva-ursi ;* Gaelic, *Braoileagan-nan-con.* The berries of this plant are not eaten, but the old Highlanders used the plant for tanning leather, and its leaves were used as a cure for the stone or gravel. It is the badge of the Colquhouns.

BILBERRY, or BLAEBERRY.—Latin, *Vaccinium uliginosum ;* Gaelic, *Lus-nan-dearcag,* or *Dearcag Monaidh.* I need give no description of this well-known plant, but may mention that its berries were used in olden times for dyeing a violet or purple colour. Of this plant Lightfoot says—"The berries, when ripe, are of a bluish black colour, but a singular variety, with white berries, was discovered by His Grace the Duke of Athole, growing in the woods midway between his two seats of Blair Athole and Dunkeld. [I may add that this is now known to be a distinct species—the *Vaccinium myrtillus fructu-albo* of botanists.] The berries have an astringent quality. In Arran and the Western Isles they are given in cases of diarrhœa and dysentery with good effect. The Highlanders frequently eat them in milk, which is a cooling, agreeable food, and sometimes they make them into tarts and jellies, which they mix with whisky, to give it a relish to strangers." The blaeberry is the badge of the Buchanans.

BIRD'S-FOOT TREFOIL.—Latin, *Lotus corniculatus ;* Gaelic, *Bar-a'-mhilsein.* This beautiful bright yellow flower grows all over the Highlands. It is very much relished by sheep and cattle as food, and was used by our ancestors for dyeing yellow.

COLT'S-FOOT (COMMON).—Latin, *Tussilago farfara ;* Gaelic, *An gallan gainmhich ; 'Chluas-Liath.* This plant, with its broad greyish leaves, grows very common in the Highlands, by the side of streams, and in boggy places. A decoction of it was used for bad coughs or sore breasts.

CROTAL, or LICHEN (PURPLE DYERS).—Latin, *Lichen emphalodes;* Gaelic, *Crotal.* This small plant, which grows all over stones and old dykes in the Highlands, is still very much used by Highlanders for dyeing a reddish brown colour. It was formerly much more used, particularly for dyeing yarn for making hose, and so much did the Highlanders believe in the virtues of the crotal that, when they were to start on a long journey, they sprinkled some of the crotal, reduced to a powder, on the soles of their hose, as it saved their feet from getting inflamed with the heat when travelling far.

ELECAMPANE.—Latin, *Inula helenium ;* Gaelic, *Ailleann.* This is one of the largest of our herbaceous plants, as it grows to the height of several feet. It gives a very bright blue colour, and it was much used for such by the Highlanders, who added some whortle berries to it to improve the colour.

HEATHER.—Latin, *Erica cinerea ;* Gaelic, *Fraoch.* The heather, the badge of the Clan Donald, needs no description, but I may give Lightfoot's account of what the Highlander made of it in his day:—"The heather is applied to many economical uses by the Highlanders. They frequently cover their houses with it instead of thatch, or else twist it into ropes and bind down the thatch with them in a kind of lattice work; in most of the Western Isles they dye their yarn of a yellow colour, by boiling it in water with the green tops and flowers of this plant. In Rum, Skye, and the Long Island, they frequently tan their leather with a strong decoction of it. Formerly the young tops of it are said to have been used alone to brew a kind of ale, and even now, I was informed (1772), that the inhabitants of Isla and Jura still continue to brew a very potable liquor by mixing two-thirds of the tops with one-third of malt. This is not the only refreshment that the heather affords. The hardy Highlanders frequently make their beds with it, laying the roots downwards and the tops upwards, which, though not quite so soft and luxurious as beds of down, are altogether as refreshing to those who sleep on them, and perhaps much more healthy."

HONEYSUCKLE (DWARF).—Latin, *Cornus succica ;* Gaelic, *Lus-a'-chraois.* This elegant little plant grows very common in Athole, and, I believe, in many parts of the Northern Highlands, especially Lochbroom. It has a white flower, followed by red berries, which have a sweet taste. The old Highlanders believed that if those berries were eaten they gave an extraordinary appetite, from which it took its Gaelic name, which I find in an old work translated "Plant of Gluttony."

LADIES' MANTLE.—Latin, *Alchemilla vulgaris ;* Gaelic, *Copan-an-driuchd,* or *Cota-preasach nighean an Righ.* This pretty little plant grows in dry pastures and on hill-sides all over the country, and there are endless superstitions connected with it, and virtues ascribed to it by the Highlanders, which, if the half only were true, would make it one of the most valuable plants growing. Both its Gaelic names are very descriptive of the leaf of the plant, the first—"Cup of the dew," refers to the cup-shaped leaf in which the dew lies in large drops every morning; and the second—"The king's daughter's plaited petticoat," refers to the well-known likeness of the leaf, when turned upside down, to a plaited petticoat, which might indeed be a pattern for a king' daughter.

MOTHER OF THYME.—Latin, *Thymus serpyllum;* Gaelic, *Lus Mac-Righ-Bhreatuinn.* This sweet-scented little plant was believed by the Highlanders to be a preventive or cure for people troubled with disagreeable dreams or the nightmare, by using an infusion of it like tea.

MUGWORT.—Latin, *Artemisia vulgaris;* Gaelic, *An Liath-lus.* Till very lately, or perhaps yet, in some of the out-of-the-way glens, this plant was very much used by the Highlanders as a pot herb, as also was the young shoots of the nettle, just as they use kale or cabbage now.

SHEPHERD'S PURSE.—Latin, *Thlaspi Bursa-pastoris;* Gaelic, *Sporan-buachaill.* This plant is still very much used in the Highlands for applying to cuts or wounds to stop the bleeding, and it was much more so in olden times, when such were more common.

SEA WARE.—Latin, *Fucus Vesiculosus;* Gaelic, *Feamuinn.* This plant is very much used still in the maritime parts of the Highlands in many ways. It makes an excellent manure for the land, and in some of the isles it forms part of the winter fodder of cattle, and even deer in hard winters sometimes feed on it, at the recess of the tide. Lightfoot says that in Jura, and some of the other isles, the inhabitants used to salt their cheeses by covering them with the ashes of this plant, which abounds with salt. But the great use of the sea ware was for making kelp, which used to be very much made in the Isles, and in fact gave employment to the most of the inhabitants there. The way in which it was made was:—The sea ware was collected and dried, then a pit about six feet wide and three deep was dug, and lined with stones, in which a small fire was lighted with sticks, and the dried plant laid on by degrees and burnt, when it was nearly reduced to ashes the workman stirred it with an iron rake till it began to congeal, when it was left to cool, after which it was broken up and sent to the market. The average price of kelp in the Isles was about £3 10s per ton, but when extra care was taken, and skill shown in the preparation of it, it was worth more.

SILVER WEED, or WILD TANSY.—Latin, *Potentilla Anserina;* Gaelic, *Bar-a'-bhrisgein.* Of this plant Lightfoot says:—"The roots taste like parsnips, and are frequently eaten by the common people either boiled or roasted. In the islands of Tyree and Coll they are much esteemed as answering the purposes of bread in some measure, they having been known to have supported the inhabitants for months together during scarcity of other provisions. They put a yoke on their ploughs and often tear up their pasture grounds with a view to eradicate the roots for their use, and as they abound most in barren and impoverished soils, and in seasons that succeed the worst for other crops, so they never fail to afford the most seasonable relief to the inhabitants in times of the greatest scarcity. A singular instance this of the bounty of Providence to those islands."

TORMENTIL.—Latin, *Tormentilla Erecta;* Gaelic, *Bar-bhraonan-nan-con.* This little plant may be said to grow almost everywhere in the Highlands, where it was once much used for tanning leather, for which purpose it is far superior even to oak bark. We read that in Coll the inhabitants turned over so much of the pasture to procure the roots of this plant that they were forbidden to use it at all by the laird.

ST JOHN'S WORT.—Latin, *Hypericum Perforatum;* Gaelic, *Achlasan Challum-Chille.* The old Highlanders ascribed many virtues to this well-

known plant, and used it in many ways. Boiled with alum in water it was used to dye yarn yellow, and the flowers put in whisky gave it a dark purple tinge, almost like port wine. Superstitious Highlanders always carried about a part of this plant with them to protect them from the evil effects of witchcraft. They also believed that it improved the quality and increased the quantity of their cows' milk, especially if the cows were under the evil effects of witchcraft, by putting this plant into the pail with some milk, and then milking afresh on it. Another Gaelic term for this herb is *an galbhuidhe*, and is thus alluded to in "Miann a' Bhaird Aosda":—

"Biodh sobhrach bhan a's aillidh snuadh
Mu'n cuairt do m' thulaich 's uain' fo dhriuchd,
'S an neoinean beag 's mo lamh air cluain
'S an *ealbhuidh*' aig mo chluais gu h-ur."

VIOLET (SWEET).—Latin, *Viola Oderata;* Gaelic, *Sail-chuaich.* This fragrant little flower grows all over the Highlands, and it was much used by the Highland ladies formerly, according to the following directions:—

"Sail-chuach 's bainne ghabhar,
Suadh ri t' aghaidh;
'S cha'n eil mac Righ ar an domhain
Nach bi air do dheidh."

("The violet and milk of goat
Rub to thy face,
And not a king's son throughout the globe
But will thee race.")

WHORTLE-BERRY.—Latin, *Vaccinium vitis-idœa;* Gaelic, *Lasnam-braoileag.* This plant, known to every Highlander, grows on the hills all over the Highlands. The berries were much used by our ancestors as a fruit, and in cases of fever they made a cooling drink of them to quench the thirst. This is the true badge of the Clan Chattan.

WOOD PEASE.—Latin, *Orobus tuberosus;* Gaelic, *Cor, Cor-meille,* or *Peasar-nan-Luch.* The roots of this plant was very much prized by the old Highlanders, as they are yet by most Highland herds or school boys. They used to dig them up and dry them and chew them like tobacco, and sometimes added them to their liquor to give it a strong flavour. They also use it on long journeys, as it keeps both hunger and thirst away for a long time; and in times of scarcity it has been used as a substitute for bread.

YARROW, or MILFOIL.—Latin, *Achillea millifolium;* Gaelic, *A' chait-hir-thalmhain.* This plant, so well-known to every old Highland house-wife, was reckoned the best of all known herbs for stopping the bleeding of cuts or wounds, and for healing them, and it is even yet made into an ointment in some out of the way glens in summer, that it may be at hand in winter, when the plant cannot be procured. They also believed that it was the best cure for a headache to thrust a leaf of this plant up the nostrils till the nose bled,

CAPTAIN FRASER OF KNOCKIE'S AIRS AND MELODIES OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE following letters—one from Sir Walter Scott, addressed to Captain Fraser, and hitherto unpublished, and the other from Mr Thomson, Edinburgh, will, we doubt not, be read with some curiosity. For these interesting documents we are indebted to Mr John Noble, bookseller, Inverness, who found them among some of Captain Fraser's papers which came into his possession :—

(Letter from Sir Walter Scott.)

"DEAR SIR,—The pressure of business attending my office at the end of the Session, rendered harder by the indisposition of three of my colleagues, has prevented my acknowledging your various communications until I should have time to write at full length.

"The plan you propose of having your work presented to the King by the Duke of Buccleuch is totally impossible, because the Duke is a minor, a student at Cambridge, and does not attend Court, or take upon him the exercise of his rank and privileges. His uncle would not approve of his assuming any premature step of this kind, nor would it be consistent with etiquette. The customary way is to make such request through the Secretary of State, or King's Private Secretary. But there can be no doubt that if Lord Huntly inclined to take the trouble it could not be in better or more appropriate hands.

"Respecting the prospectus itself, I am obliged in candour to state that it contains too many subjects of a nature totally unconnected and even discrepant to entertain any hope that it will be popular in its present shape. The mingling of statistics with antiquities may be natural enough, but do let us have the music, with the musical anecdotes and historical circumstances allied, separated from and independent of other matter.

"Respecting general points, you may rely upon it that by mixing many subjects together you will greatly injure the popularity of the work, whereas if you give us the music and its history alone, you can at your leisure prepare and publish your tracts upon the other subjects announced in your prospectus. I am under the necessity of adding that controversial matters, and such as relate to men's private history and private affairs, do not enter with propriety into books which are to be addressed to the Sovereign. It is also matter of etiquette that the dedication should only be an inscription, it not being held respectful to deliver to the King, either in speech or in print, a long discourse. Mention, therefore, of private misfortunes and injuries would be improper in such a work, and the omission of these would be of the less consequence; although they are what is necessarily most interesting to the writer, it is very difficult to put them into such a shape as can anywise interest the public.

"I am afraid you will consider this advice of mine very intrusive, but you asked to have my opinion, and I must give it with sincerity. I have never known a book well received which involved too many subjects unconnected with each other, and with your skill, taste, and musical knowledge, you should certainly make the music your first object, laying aside

everything that is not naturally connected with it. Besides, the swelling out your work with miscellaneous matter unconnected with the principal subject, will be attended with much expense, and, in proportion, diminish the author's profits.

"I have received safely the two Gaelic manuscripts, which are to me, however, a fountain sealed and a book shut, notwithstanding the ancient Gaelic. I should like to see some of the contents literally translated, but being of such recent date, I am afraid you will hardly be able to bring the contents to bear on the Ossianic controversy. I will keep the manuscript with great care at your disposal. I have endeavoured to express my opinion respecting the work to Lady Huntly, with whom I had the honour of corresponding about something else.—I have the honour to be, Dear Sir, your obedient servant,

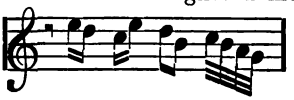
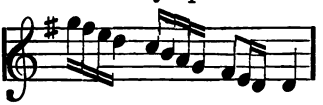
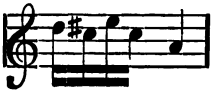
(Signed) "WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 12th March 1825.

"My address for some time hence will be Abbotsford, Melrose."

(Letter from John Thomson, Esq., Edinburgh.)

"MY DEAR SIR,—I presume you have received a letter which I wrote about ten days since, and entrusted to Mr Paul's care to be conveyed to you. I have since received your parcel, but the gentleman who handed it in having left no address, I must trust to his calling for this answer before he leaves town.

"Having carefully examined the airs you have sent me, I must frankly confess that they have disappointed me, with one or two exceptions. They are almost all too florid for national melodies, and in many cases they are not at all characteristic, *i.e.*, they have not the peculiar Highland accent which would stamp them as real national Highland airs. It is one thing to have melodies composed by a Highlander, and quite another to have Highland melodies, for in the former case the airs may have no distinctive features at all, while in the other the distinctive feature is absolutely necessary. My own compositions are not necessarily Scotch, because I am a Scotchman, and so of the Highland melodies you have sent me, the following bar  in the 'Fall of Foyers' is common to every species of melody except national, and the conclusion  is even more objectionable. Observe what a contrast is 'He is gone to the mountain,' and the 'Cow-boy.' The three last bars of the dirge are inadmissable in a national melody, nay, the character of the air is violated by such florid passages. In 'Ye lovely blossoms,' such passages as  and are not Highland.

"Thus, then, I would class them :—

"1st, Good and genuine—'The Fiery Cross'; 'O! Mourn the Chief'; 'The crazed and captive'; 'The lonely Isle'; 'The Cowboy'; 'He is gone to the mountain'; 'Come, let us to Killin'; 'Dear Albyn.'

"2d, Requiring to be simplified, but good also—'Dear Maid'; 'Dirge'; 'Ye lovely blossoms'; 'O can you love me?'

"3d, Not characteristic—'When Abercrombie'—too Irish, and like the 'Rose Tree'; 'The Fall of Foyers'—too English; 'The heath this night'; 'The Maid of Killin'—too Irish.

"4th, Indifferent—'The Poet's Grave'; 'Bird of the Wilderness.'

"But in calling the two first classes good, I do not mean to imply that they are by any means what I expected in Highland melodies.

"Those which I have heard Mrs Macleod of Macleod, senior, sing were wild and plaintive in a remarkable degree, totally unlike other music. They were sung with Gaelic words, and the effect was striking.

"Such are the kind of Highland melodies I had in my mind when I expressed myself to you so warmly in admiration of them. The accompaniments, I am sorry to say, will not do—besides being too incorrect for publication, they want character, and are greatly overloaded with notes. Should this, however, not appear to you and your friends a sufficiently strong objection to their retention, I must be relieved from all responsibility of superintendence which could for a moment imply my sanction.

"Would it not be better at once to apply to Mr Finlay Dun to arrange the whole, which I daresay he would undertake, commencing immediately, —for, as I have already told you, it is impossible for me until after this time next winter—and I cannot think of sanctioning the appearance of any number of the work unless the arrangements are entirely remodelled.

"It is better to tell you the real truth now, that there may be no future misapprehension on the subject.—Yours truly,

(Signed) "JOHN THOMSON.

"Edin., 5th November 1839."

EWEN MORRISON'S RAID ON HARRIS.

THE traditional account of the origin of the Morrisons is as follows :—They are, according to some, descended from one Mary, but who this Mary was they do not say; by others that they sprung from Morus, son of Kinaunus, natural son of one of the Kings of Norway. The Seanachies of the Western Isles emphatically assert that they are descended from Muire, Aulay Macaulay's sister; that she and her brother being invited by Liot, or Macleod, she either accompanied or followed the latter to Lews, where she married, ultimately settled at Ness, and became the mother of one son and several daughters. Whether Muire, Moire, Marion, or Muriel, whichever is the correct name, was married to a native of the Long Island, of Skye, of the Mainland, or to a Norwegian, it is impossible to say, but it is evident that the son's designation was from the mother—for he was called "Gille Mhuire," a designation which, in course of usage, assumed its present form, "na Moireasonich," or Morrisons, though they are sometimes called "Clann Mac Gille Mhaithrail."

One early summer morning in the fourteenth century, a large band of the Morrisons of Ness, under the command of their Chief, "Eoghamn Mac Gille Maithrail," attacked the Macaulays of Uig, killing many of them, and carrying away much spoil, and then proceeded southward to ravage the Island of Harris. They arrived at the township of Hushinish, a little after daybreak. The hamlet was still and quiet, none of its inhabitants being yet astir, with the exception of a boat-builder and his two sons, who were busily engaged on a boat they were building, and which had to be ready by a certain day.

They were thus up betimes on the morning in question, busily prosecuting their calling at the north end of the hamlet, when, unfortunately for them, they were observed by the Morrisons advancing in their direction, though yet some distance away. They approached the boat-builders cautiously; and the first notice the elder received of their approach was the appalling sight of his murdered sons lying dead at his side, the Morrisons having shot them down with a volley of barbed arrows. The unhappy man was so suddenly, and in such a terrible manner, made aware of his situation that he scarcely knew what to do. To defend himself against such preponderating odds he knew to be impossible. Acting on the impulse of the moment, he took to flight, ran for his life in the direction of the sea-shore, hotly pursued by the Morrisons, shooting their arrows after him in such rapid succession, that they fell around him thick as hail. He, however, managed to escape scatheless; by almost supernatural strength and swiftness, he reached the sea, at a spot near which was the entrance to the cave known as Geo Mor Fladail, and of the existence of which the Morrisons were ignorant. He leaped at once into the foaming sea, and swam into the cave. Though there is a beach of considerable size within the cave, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, its entrance, from which the sea never recedes, is so small that it cannot be seen from the top of the perpendicular rock which towers above it. No sooner therefore, did the carpenter disappear in the sea than the Morrisons thought him drowned, and that their arrival in Harris would be still unknown to the inhabitants, whom they intended to spoil, and slaughter in cold blood. Under this impression they returned to Hushinish, and massacred its inhabitants to a man, after which they attacked the adjacent townships, and annihilated the people in the same remorseless manner.

The boat-builder, meantime, left the cave, and finding a boat, keel upwards, about high-water mark, he launched it, and placing the dead bodies of his sons on board, proceeded to the Island of Berneray, in the sound of Harris, a distance of some thirty miles. Arriving there he informed Macleod, the Chief of that island, of what had taken place at Hushinish, at the same time showing him the dead bodies of his sons. Macleod lost no time in raising the war-cry, to which a hearty response was given; and in a short time Macleod and his hardy followers were sailing for the mainland of Harris to oppose the murderous progress of their enemies. The plunderers had, meantime, attacked Bunamhaineder, Ardhasaig, Leachdin, Tarbert, Diraclite, and Luskintyre. They then crossed to the island of Tarusay, plundering and slaughtering indiscriminately, male and female, as they went.

It was only on his arrival at Tarbert that Macleod and his followers

learned that the Morrisons had crossed over to Tarnsay, but no sooner did they make this discovery than they directed their course to that island. Berneray, as we shall continue to call Macleod, landed at a place on the island then nameless, but which, since, has been called Rudha Chinnigir, or Victor's Point. Arriving at the village of Tarnsay, Berneray found the Morrisons regaling themselves after having massacred every soul on the island, and listening for a moment at the window of the house in which they were feasting, he heard one of them remark that something very wonderful was wrong with him, "For," said he, "although I can chew my food as well as ever, I cannot swallow anything." "And that is a great pity," said Berneray loud enough to be heard by the revellers, "for soon you will neither be able to chew or swallow." In a second the speaker inside was a corpse by Berneray's well-directed arrow, shot in through the window. This was the common signal for a general attack, but though the Harrismen urged their leader to allow them enter the building, and extinguish the Morrisons before they could defend themselves, Berneray would give no such permission. "Allow the savages," he said, "to come outside; give them a chance to fight for their lives." The Harrismen had not long to wait, for they had scarcely taken up their position when they were furiously attacked by the Morrisons. Berneray led, and was the first to strike a terrible blow, which fell with both skill and might, at the enemy, for two Morrisons fell lifeless as soon as they appeared outside. A dreadful hand-to-hand fight commenced, and the carnage was truly horrible. Heads were lopped off, and cloven in dozens. The Morrisons for a short time fought bravely enough, but they were at length compelled to give way before the terrible onslaught of Berneray and his followers, whose every blow told with mortal effect, and finding that their case was desperate, the Morrisons retreated, shouting at the top of their voices, "Gu sgeir, gu sgeir, a bhallachaibh Leodhais" (To the rock, to the rock, ye lads of Lews). The rock was a small one in the vicinity of the place where the fight took place, and although it can be reached dry-shod at low water, the sea surrounded it at full flood. To this rock the Morrisons fled for safety; but being closely followed by Berneray and his men, it soon proved a place of poor refuge for the now miserable wretches, for on it Berneray made terrible havoc, having, with one solitary exception, slain the whole gang. The rock received that day the name of the Sgeir bhuailte, or Smitten rock, which it bears to the present time, and when any great disturbance of the sands takes place by the storm, large numbers of men's bones may yet be seen around the Smitten rock.

The solitary Morrison who escaped with his life was "Eoghainn Mac Gille Mhaithrail" himself—which he did by jumping into the sea, and swimming across the sound to the mainland of Harris. He landed at a rock on *Traigh Thorgobosd*, or the shore of Torgobost, which rock has been called "Sgeir Eoghainn," or Ewen's Rock, ever since. Though Eoghainn managed to escape with his life, he carried with him fearful marks of the terrible combat, having no less than nine arrows deeply embedded in his back and thighs, the wounds of which he bore during the remainder of his life.

Eoghainn Mac Gille Mhaithrail must have been possessed of prodigious

strength, otherwise he could never have accomplished the feat above described —fight so bravely for his life at Tarnsay, and afterwards swim across a sound fully two miles in breadth, while his flesh was literally torn by arrows and swords, and nine of the former sticking in his body.

A few years after these events occurred, a Harrisman, called Iain Mac Dhomhnuill Mhic Aonghais, or John, son of Donald son of Angus, a native of Berneray, went to the Lews to buy horses. He arrived at the parish of Ness about sunset; and, approaching a township, he met a man pulling heather, who had just finished his day's work, and was putting on his long woollen vest before starting home, when Iain came up to him. After the usual salutations and questionings, the stranger was invited to share the usual hospitality and shelter for the night; an invitation which was readily accepted. After the other members of the family had retired for the night, the host and the stranger sat beside the fire for some time, relating stories of the olden times to one another. The host at length remarked that it was a custom in the Lews, before retiring for the night, to make a "Garradh cul has," or warm their loins before the fire. Suiting the action to the words, he turned his back to the fire, and raising his feille—a loose sort of garment shaped more like a female's petticoat than the modern kilt—began to warm himself. Neither kilts of the present style nor trousers were in use in Lews in those days. Iain noticed that the man's loins had been at one time subjected to a dreadful laceration, and remarked—

"It was not at the fireside that you got these marks, my friend."

"Bu dhian do dha laimh ga 'n cur ann," or diligent were both thy hands inflicting them, answered the host gravely.

"This is not a time to remember bad deeds," rejoined the other.

"Nor am I going to do so; if you had not treated me so I would assuredly have served you as you did me."

The reader would have already corrrectly surmised that Iain's host was none other than Eoghainn Mac Gille Mhaithrail, the hero of Sgeir Eoghainn, and on discovering who his entertainer was, Iain became doubtful as to his personal safety; but Eoghainn, noticing his agitated state, assured him that he had heartily forgiven him for the past, and that he was not only free from danger in his house, but that he would have full protection from himself while in the Lews.

With this assurance Iain retired to bed, and slept as sound as ever he did in his life. In the morning he was served with the best breakfast that Eoghainn's press could afford. Before leaving, the latter requested John to accompany him to the stable to see a pair of beautiful black horses which he had just put in. Iain went, and admiring the horses, said, "They are a splendid pair, indeed. It is not in every man's stable the like of them could be seen." "I hope then," said Eoghainn, "that you will be pleased to accept them as an acknowledgment from me, in return for the chastisement you gave me at Tarnsay, for ever since that day I have not followed the life of a raider." Iain, it need hardly be said, accepted the horses with many acknowledgments and thanks.

The island of Tarnsay, and the other portions of Harris plundered by the Morrisons, were pleasant and fertile places; were soon again peopled; and were in a few years as flourishing and populous as ever.

MAC IAIN.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE following queries indicate how this new feature of the *Celtic Magazine* is likely to be appreciated. We respectfully request our friends, learned in such matters, to aid us and those requiring information by answering such queries as may from time to time be put in this department. To secure insertion, contributions must reach us in every case *not later than the 15th* of each month before publication. Parties will please to be as concise and exact in both queries and answers as possible. In all cases the full name and address must be sent us *in confidence*, where contributors do not wish their names to appear.

DUNBAR.—Sir,—Finding by a note in your last issue that you propose opening a Note and Query column in your Magazine, I ask permission through that medium about some Dunbars whose genealogies I am anxious to ascertain. James Dunbar, merchant, burgess of Inverness, was dead ante 1655, and was—when in the flesh—immediate elder brother to Alexander Dunbar of Balmuckitie, merchant, burgess, and Provost of Inverness. James left two daughters, Christian m. Robert Barlow of Mulderge, and Janet m. another James Dunbar. Janet and James had a son, Alexander, who in later years was styled of Balmuckitie, owning it by disposition from Alexander the said Provost. Were Alexander, the Provost, and James his brother descended from Mr Thomas Dunbar, Dean of Moray, and Mr Alexander, also Dean of Moray, his eldest son, who had charters of Balmuckitie in 1607, and if so, how did the younger brother own it? Who also was the elder James's spouse, and of what family was the younger James? -I am, yours, &c., F. MEDENHAM.

THE CHIEF OF THE MACKENZIES.—I am glad to see that you are going to open the pages of your Magazine for the purpose of obtaining information regarding the genealogies of our Highland families. Can you, who are so well informed on all questions affecting the Clan Mackenzie, inform me if Allangrange is really the undoubted Chief of the Clan? Who composed the jury that voted him Chief at Tain in 1829? The Chiefship was claimed at the same time by the late Captain William Mackenzie of Gruinard, and some years before by a Captain Murdo Mackenzie, of London. What relationship to Seaforth were these claims founded upon, and how were they disposed of? If Allangrange is really Chief, failing his succession, who would, in that case, be Chief of the Clan? These are important questions to

London. A CABAR.

GRIZELL URQUHART AND ISABELLA MACLEOD.—Sought; the further history of two ladies named Grizell Urquhart and Isabella Macleod. The former was sole surviving child of Colonel James Urquhart, the last direct representative of the Urquharts of Cromarty. He died in 1741—so said—and was buried on 2d of January of that year. She is said by the *Baronage* to have died unmarried. The latter, Isabella, was the eldest daughter of Rorie Macleod of Cambuscurrie, in Ross-shire. He married in 1686, and she is said by the Baronage to have been "honorably married." Elsewhere they are both said to have been married to husbands, named *Ros, Rose, Ross*, or *Rosse*. Any light into this Scotch mist will oblige, KRUKS.

THE CHIEF OF THE MATHESONS.—Who is the present Chief of the Mathesons of Lochalsh? It is understood that Alexander Matheson of Ardross and Lochalsh, M.P., does not claim that distinction. Is this the case? Was the late Sir James Matheson of the Lews, as said by some, Chief of the Mathesons of Sutherland? Who is the present Chief? MATHON.

THE CUTHBERTS OF INVERNESS.—Can any of your readers tell me if any representatives of this old family are still in existence, and, if so, what position they occupy? I find members of the family were married into nearly all the leading families in the Highlands, and in this way, about two hundred years ago, Cuthbert blood came into my own family. I am thus anxious to learn all I can about the Cuthberts of Castlehill, Inverness.

Leeds. ANGLO-CELT.

HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.—Can you or any of your readers inform me if there is any unpublished MS. History of this Clan or any other documents which would throw light on its origin and early annals. ANTIQUARIAN.

THE ORIGINAL MACKENZIES OF SAND.—Who was spoken of as "Sand" (Gairloch) about the year 1743? In an old business book, goods are frequently invoiced to "Sand," or to be placed to "Sand's account." The enquirer would be glad to learn by whom he was represented at his death. M.M.C.

HOSSACK.—To whom was Katharine, daughter of Provost John Hossack, of Inverness, married in 1745? and who was the father of her husband?

Moorside, Chester.

THE "EDUCATIONAL NEWS" ON TEACHING GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

NOTHING could better show the great progress which common sense is making on this question than a leading article which appeared in a recent issue of the *Educational News* on Mr Jolly's report to the Education Department. Though it is uncommonly like what we have ourselves repeatedly said on the same subject, it is such a sign of the times, coming from such a quarter as the organ of the Educational Institute of Scotland, that, with no little pleasure, we reproduce it in these pages. For the great change of opinion in educational circles on this all-important question to Highlanders, we are greatly indebted to Mr Jolly, H.M.I.S., who, though not a Highlander himself, seems to be getting, the more he becomes acquainted with the country and its requirements, more Celtic in spirit than the Highlanders themselves; and his last and best report was so thoroughly practical and sensible as apparently to revolutionize educational opinion in favour of the Highlands. The *News* says:—

In a large number of Highland parishes, Gaelic is the vernacular tongue of the people. The younger children are acquainted with Gaelic, and with Gaelic alone. English is, in their own phrase, "*the* other language," of which they profess no knowledge. We are not to discuss here the merits of the Gaelic language, nor the question whether its continuance as a living, spoken language should be fostered and encouraged. These questions lie outside the scope of our present purpose. That Gaelic has a literature of its own, a literature "varied, abundant, and powerful, full of fine sentiment, pleasant humour, lyrical beauty, deep feeling, practical wisdom, and natural life," no one will deny. How far the continuance of Gaelic as a spoken language hinders the development of the Celt, and operates as a barrier to success in life, is an open question, the discussion of which may be safely left in the hands of such champions as Professor Blackie. What we have to deal with is a practical question of pressing importance—the question, as Mr Jolly well says, "of the right use in schools of the daily language of 300,000 of our people." We cannot give this question the go-by. It must be faced and solved; and the sooner it is manfully faced, the sooner shall we arrive at a solution.

It is to betray the grossest ignorance of all true education to say that we ought to ignore Gaelic, and teach every child English from the very beginning. We cannot do this even if we would, and we should not do it even if we could. The child thinks in Gaelic, speaks in Gaelic—all its associations are suggested by Gaelic, and English is as much a foreign tongue as Greek or Hebrew. It is utterly impossible to teach these Highland children except through the medium of their own tongue. We fancy this is now generally admitted; and certain homeopathic concessions in the Code would seem to indicate that the fact has penetrated into the recesses of the Department. We would refer our readers to Mr Jolly's remarks on this point, all of which are sensible and judicious.

But it is equally patent that, if the scholars are to be taught through the medium of Gaelic, the teacher must be acquainted with that language; and here we are brought face to face with a difficulty which, at this moment, is engaging the anxious consideration of all who are interested in the education of the Highlands and Islands. How are Gaelic-speaking teachers to be obtained? The supply already falls far short of the demand; and our own advertising columns bear striking testimony to this, containing, as they have done for some months past, continuous advertisements for teachers in some of the Islands, the repetition of which shows the difficulty of securing, we shall not say

high-class men, but men of any sort. And, in this respect, we are not sure whether the state of matters that existed previous to the passing of the Act of 1872 was not better than that which now exists. Previous to that time, a Certificated Teacher was not essential in every Public School. No school could obtain grants, unless the teacher were certificated; but, in many cases, school managers were content to secure the services of a fair Gaelic-speaking teacher, and forego the grants, rather than be compelled to shut their school altogether. Now, however, the requirement of a certificate is obligatory; and the number of Gaelic-speaking certificated teachers is growing rapidly and ominously less. From pretty accurate information, which we have been enabled to collect, we have come to the conclusion that, unless some remedy be speedily applied, Gaelic-speaking teachers will become extinct. This does not arise, in any degree, from any unwillingness on the part of the Highland youth to adopt the profession of teaching. Naturally they are fond of it. They see in it a means of raising themselves in the social scale; and numbers, we are convinced, would annually offer themselves for admission to our ranks, were not the door, through no fault of their own, shut in their face. And this comes to pass in this way.

A large proportion of our teachers now come annually from our Training Colleges. Admission to these Colleges is guarded by a stringent admission examination. We do not mean to say that this examination is too stringent. We do not think it is. But, in the meantime, it practically acts as an effectual bar against the admission of all who have not enjoyed a *good preliminary training*. And it is just at this point that the Highland difficulty comes in. Candidates from the Highlands have not within their reach the means of obtaining this preliminary training. We have it on the authority of the Principal of one of our Training Colleges that, at the last examination for admission, more than twenty-six Gaelic-speaking young men—all of them purpose like, sterling young fellows—presented themselves, not one of whom came up to the Government requirement. We are not far wide of the mark when we say that not more than two per cent. of those who passed the last examination were Gaelic speaking. The natural effect of this is obvious. Young men, who would form excellent teachers, and do incalculable service in our Highland straths and glens, will seek some other avenue into public life, and will not run the risk of being rejected when they come seeking admission into the ranks of the teaching profession.

What remedy can be proposed for this state of matters? Some would at once answer that the standard for admission should be lowered. We believe no one who has the best interests of the Highlands at heart would make any such suggestion. The Highlands require high-class teachers as much as any part of Scotland. The true remedy lies in devising some means whereby these lads shall obtain the necessary preliminary training. This they cannot obtain in many parts of the Highlands. "To come out." in order to obtain it, involves expense, and money is not over plentiful in the Highlands. We fear it would be idle to ask the Department to do anything in the way of instituting *preliminary* bursaries. There are practical difficulties in the way of a very serious kind. But surely there are enough spirit and patriotism in the Highlands to induce the people to take this matter into their own hands. They have raised upwards of £10,000 to found and endow a Gaelic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. The half of this sum would institute a number of bursaries, to enable young men to start on equal terms with the more favoured Southerner. The bursaries need not be of large amount. A Highland lad can make a little go a long way. His wants are few; and we are satisfied that a sum of £10 or £15 would enable him to attend some public institution where the defects of his early training could be made up, and where he would have the opportunity of proving that, on equal terms, he can hold his own against all comers.

The Highland glens may be dotted with elegant school buildings. These buildings may gladden the eye and adorn the country. They may be equipped with all the most recent educational appliances; but they will not become centres of light and culture, until they are manned by intelligent, well trained teachers, who, from their knowledge of the native tongue, shall be able to reach the heart, as well as the intelligence, of their scholars, and so to call forth those latent energies which will enable them successfully to commence the battle of life. How to procure such teachers is a problem the solution of which deserves the most serious consideration, and to which we shall be glad to lend any assistance in our power.

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.

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III.

THE year 1801 will long be memorable in the Highlands of Scotland as that which first gave us in our mother-tongue a complete translation of the entire Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. But the completion of that noble work, imperishable monument though it be to the piety and the patriotic enterprise of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, cannot be said to have to any great extent put the Word of God in the hands of the Highland people. Of these, the minutes of the Society bear that, so far as could be ascertained, there were at the time "300,000 who understood no other language but Gaelic, or at least were incapable of receiving religious instruction through any other." The same estimate is repeated in 1811 by the first promoters of the Gaelic School Society. It may therefore be accepted as substantially correct. In a subsequent chapter we shall inquire how far it could be said that these 300,000 Gaelic-speaking people were able to read the Gaelic Bible if they possessed it. What most concerns us at present is to remember that not more than five hundred complete copies, all told, of the Old Testament were now available for distribution; and what were they among so many as 300,000 souls? By the time Dr Stuart was ready with the third volume of the translation, the first, second, and fourth volumes had already to a great extent been disposed of; so that in our far Highland glens many an aged saint of those days, hungering for the Word, must have felt himself in a predicament not unlike that of the school-boy who, after an early and frugal breakfast, found that before completing the four or five miles walk to school the barley bannock intended for his mid-day meal had already been forestalled! Moreover, the few remaining complete copies of the work were in a form both expensive and exceedingly inconvenient for use; there being four volumes of the Old Testament, and the New Testament, which made a fifth volume, being of an entirely different size. A new issue of the work, in more portable form, and at a moderate price, was thus imperatively called for; and to this task the directors of the Society now vigorously applied themselves, as a matter which they felt to be essential to the success of their great and benevolent enterprise. But the new labour brought them a rich crop of new anxieties, the main interest of which, to the present generation, centres in the objections urged against the re-publication of Dr Smith's translation of the Prophets. On the merits of that old controversy we have long ago formed our own conclusions. But we cannot discuss them here—all discussion on points of sacred criticism and Biblical interpretation being properly excluded from the *Celic Magazine*. It may, however, be freely admitted, even in these pages, that grave inconveniences could scarcely fail to attend the common use in our land of a Gaelic Bible which uttered a sound to any serious extent discordant with the utterances of the authorized English version. The writer once had himself an experience of what may be called a minor inconvenience of this sort, which was yet for the moment sufficiently disconcerting. And it was occasioned,

not by Smith's Prophets, but by one of the few discrepancies between the English Bible and the Gaelic quarto of 1826. Happening to spend a few days in a country place where a Gaelic Bible was not at hand, he prepared his Gaelic sermon on a text taken from the English Bible. A long walk on a fine summer morning brought him to church just in time to go straight into the pulpit, where, on opening the Gaelic Bible—let the candid reader judge of his dismay—he found that the text as therein translated, though not materially differing from the English, yet missed entirely the point on which was meant to hinge the whole burden of "the following remarks!" That the public use of Dr Smith's Prophets side by side with the English Bible would certainly have led to inconveniences of graver import than this, is sufficiently evident, for the divergence of the former from the latter is in many passages marked and significant. Whether on critical grounds the divergence was a virtue or a blemish we do not here inquire. What most concerns us here is to know that in yielding to the objections urged against Dr Smith's work, the directors were careful to leave on their records a lasting testimony of their high opinion of his learning and ability as a Biblical scholar. "Dr Smith in translating his portion had been at very considerable pains to make himself acquainted with the Eastern style of writing, with the views of the prophets and the particular events to which their predictions referred. In doing this he found it necessary to consult a great number of the most learned authors on the subject, and from observations of his own he compared a summary view of the Old Testament prophets, explaining their figurative style of writing and making out the objects they had in view in each particular chapter." The directors so much approved of the work that they agreed to be at the expense of printing one thousand copies of it "in a frugal manner" for use in their schools.*

With this handsome compliment to Dr Smith, those who revere his memory can afford to be content, satisfied as well they may be that the directors of the Society, in throwing overboard his portion of their great work, were constrained to do so by the force of circumstances which, apart altogether from the merits of the work or the competency of the translator, it was impossible for them to disregard. For alike the temper of the times and the views of inspiration then universally held in Scotland were such that the question to be disposed of was really whether King James' English should give place to Dr Smith's Gaelic, or *vice versa*. That the two could not stand together was a foregone conclusion. So put, and in all the circumstances, the matter could at the time admit of no other verdict than that which was given. When, however, the revisers now sitting from time to time in the Jerusalem chamber have completed their difficult and most delicate task, it is not unlikely that some one may be bold enough to raise the question whether that verdict ought not then to be reconsidered.

Thus it became necessary to find a new translator for the Prophets. Dr Smith could, of course, have no hand in undoing his own work, and

* This work is not in my possession, but through the kindness of Mr Donald Mackinnon, I am favoured with the following note regarding it:—"Dr Smith was a voluminous writer. His prophetical book is 'A Summary View and Explanation of the Writings of the Prophets, 12mo: Edinburgh 1787." There was a "New Edition revised by the Rev. Peter Hall, M.A., 12mo: London 1835."

Dr Stewart, of Luss, who readily undertook the rest of the work, felt himself restrained, as a point of honour, from touching the work of his friend and fellow-labourer in the original version of 1783-1801. The task of bringing the obnoxious "Prophets" into harmony with the English version fell thus to the pen of Dr Alexander Stewart, the distinguished author of our best existing Gaelic grammar, and the minister successively of Moulin, Dingwall, and Canongate. His fee was one hundred guineas.

The Society's appeal for the funds required to produce this new work met with a response so liberal that it was resolved to contract for an issue of 20,000 copies instead of 10,000, as was at first intended. The estimate for paper and printing was £2284 10s, "a sum greatly beyond what they have as yet collected; notwithstanding which, the directors, confiding in Providence and in public generosity, ordered the work to the above extent to be put to the press, and it is now carrying on (1804) under the immediate superintendance of a clergyman eminently well qualified for the office, but advancing more slowly than could be wished." Among many "impediments" to the progress of the work the directors mention "the workmen's total ignorance of the language in which they print and the singular difficulty of the Gaelic orthography." "Errors, consequently, are frequent, and many proofs of the same portion are requisite." The report of 1806 "regrets that the new edition of the Gaelic Bible has not been carried on with that expedition which would accord with their own wishes and the expectations of the public. But the revised copy extending to the book of Hosea is now prepared for the press." The work was completed in 1807. It is in two volumes 12mo, containing only the Old Testament, but uniform with the Luss New Testament (1796), of which a large supply was still on hand.

Among collectors of Gaelic books there is more or less prevalent a sort of vague impression that the British and Foreign Bible Society's first edition of the Gaelic Bible was printed from the types set up for this edition of 1807 by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge—a misconception probably suggested by Reid's statement *in loco* that "the Society offered the British and Foreign Bible Society half the impression, on condition that they paid their share of the expense, *which was accepted.*" In the minutes of the Society we can trace no evidence of such a transaction. On the contrary it seems to us that by implication at least there is evidence that, though it may have been contemplated, the transaction in question was never really entered into. For the minutes contain an expression of the Scotch Society's gratification that besides the 20,000 copies of its own edition, an additional issue of 20,000 copies was also to be printed in London at the expense of the English Society. Be that matter, however, as it may, it is clear that the two editions were printed from types manifestly different. Both editions were published in 1807, but the Scotch edition has a somewhat larger page and type than the English. The former uses throughout the long old-fashioned *s*, like *f*, in the text and notes, whereas the latter has the modern form of that letter. The sheets, moreover, are differently numbered for the binder, and the number of sheets in the two editions is not the same. But there is a more material difference between them. "In many places," as Reid observes, of the British and Foreign Bible Society's edition, Dr Daniel Dewar, afterwards the learned Principal of Marischal College in Aberdeen, on

whom devolved the labour of putting it through the press, "follows the original translation of Smith in preference to the altered one of Stewart." These deviations from the Scotch Society's revised version are not so many or of so great moment as Reid's words would seem to imply. For the most part they are not more serious than the change by Principal Dewar in Isaiah i. 25, of *shalchar* and *staoin* in Stewart's version to *shloit* and *shalchar* respectively. The only changes of note that we have marked are in Isaiah ix., where it may be well to compare the three versions of Smith, Alexander Stewart, and Principal Dewar :—

Smith.	*Stewart.*	*Dewar.*
1. Ach cha bhi 'na dheigh so dorchadas anns an fhearann a bha 'na theinn: anns an aimsir a chaidh seachad dh' islich e fearann Shebuloin, agus fearann Naphthali; ach anns an aimsir dheireanaich rinn e glormhor e: eadhon slighe na fairge, taobh thall Iordain, Galile nan cinneach.	Gidheadh cha bhi an doillearachd mar a bha ri linn a hamhghair, an uair a bhuail e gu h-eutrom an toiseach talamh Shabuloin agus talamh Naphtali, agus na dheigh sin bhuail e ni bu truime e air slighe na fairge, taobh thall Iordain, Galile nan cinneach.	Ach cha bhi dorchadas inute-san a bha ann an teinn: oir anns an aimsir caidh seachad, dh'islich e talamh Shubuloin agus talamh Naphthali, ach anns an aimsir dheireanaich rinn e glormhor e, air slighe na fairge, taobh thall Iordain, Galile nan cinneach.

Similar changes may be seen in verses 2, 3, and 5 of the same chapter.

After all, however, Principal Dewar's changes on Dr Alexander Stewart are small game indeed compared with the latter's changes on the original version of Dr Smith. We hope ere long to bring out a reprint of that most interesting work. Meanwhile such readers of the *Celtic Magazine* as cannot turn to the book itself may compare the rival versions in the following extracts, which are taken at random :—

Smith.	*Alex. Stewart.*
Isaiah x. 1.—Mo thruaighe iadsan a ta breithneachadh breitheanais eucoraich; na scriobhuichean a ta 'g orduchadh foirneirt.	Is truagh dhoibhsan a ta 'g orduchadh reachdan eucorach, na scriobhuichean a ta 'g aithneadh forneirt.
5. Ho! do'n Asirianach, slat mo chorruich, an lorg aig am bheil 'na laimh acfuinn 'm fheirge!	Ho Asirianaich, slat mo chorruich—agus am bata nan laimh 's e sin m'fhearg.
Isaiah ix. 5.—Oir luireach-luirgnean a' ghaisgeich armaichte fa chomhrag, agus an trusgan air a thumadh ann am moran fala, bithidh air son losgaidh, eadhon nan connadh air son an teine.	Oir tha gach uile chath an fhir chogaidh le cruaidh iomairt, agus eudach air a thumadh ann am fuil; ach bithidh so le losgadh, agus connadh air son an teine.
Isaiah i. 1.—Faisneachd Isaiah mhic Amois, a dh' fhoillsicheadh dha, &c.	Taisbeanadh Isaiah mhic Amois, a chunnaic e, &c.
Isaiah i. 5.—Ciod am ball air am buail sibh a ris, air an leag sibh tuille smachdachaidh? tha'n ceann uile tinn, &c.	C'ar son a bhuailear sibh mi 's mo? theid sibh ni 's faide agus nis faide air seacharan. Tha' ceann uile tinn, &c.
Isaiah i. 13 (*last clause*).— . . . an trasg agus la an toirmeisg.	. . . is eu-ceart eadhon an co-ghairm naomha.
Isaiah i. 17.—Leasaichibh an ni a ta air a thruailleadh.	Deanaibh fuasgladh air an fhear tha saruichte.
Isaiah i. 27.—A braighdean.	A muinntir iompaichte.
Isaiah i. 30.—Mar chraoibh chuilinn.	Mar dharaig.

The changes in Isaiah ii. are even more numerous; but let us open the book elsewhere—

Isaiah xli. 1.—Do 'm' ionnsuidhsa thigeadh na cinnich iomallach le ur-neart inntinn; is ath nuadhaicheadh na sloigh an neart. Thigeadh iad am fagus; labhradh iad; tionnsgnamid ar tagradh cudromach le cheile.	Bithibh 'n' ur tosd a' m' lathair, O eileana, agus ath-nuadhaicheadh na sloigh an neart; thigeadh iad am fagus, an sin labhradh iad; dluthaicheamid r'a cheile chum tagraidh.

Those who compare Isaiah xxxviii. as rendered by Smith, Stewart, and Dewar, respectively, and all the more if they are at home in the literature of that remarkable and very difficult chapter, will find therein much food for reflection. In verses 12, 13, 14, and 16, Smith's translation differs materially from the other two; and he gets rid of the topical difficulties of verses 21 and 22 by bodily transplanting them so as to stand, the former between verses 8 and 9, and the latter between verses 6 and 7. Dewar deals with the same difficulty, practically to the same effect, but by the simpler contrivance of treating as one long parenthesis the whole passage from verse 7 to verse 20 inclusive, which, accordingly, he encloses within brackets. Stewart's version stands in our Gaelic Bible unchanged to this day. Even Clerk and Maclachlan let it alone.

If now the reader who has access to an Irish Bible will compare it with even the meagre extracts here given, he cannot fail to observe that, though Stewart had Smith's version before him, he yet goes back in his choice of words and phrases to lean on the staff of Bedel rather than take the arm of his countryman. How is this? It comes not, we believe, of chance. Nor is it all due to the instinctive sensibility with which a man like Stewart, deeply imbued with the high evangelical views of Simeon, would shrink from anything that to his mind savoured of heterodoxy, powerful as in his case such an influence must certainly have been. We believe that all through the Eastern Highlands Kirke's Bible had by this time rooted itself deeply in the religion of the people. Not, as will be seen further on, that it was largely read *by* the people, but it was read *to* them largely by catechists and exhorters—read to them especially in the regular ministrations of the "reader" on the Lord's-Day. Nay, it was read often at firesides, sick-beds, and late-wakes, by readers, if one may so speak, who could not themselves read, but who as listeners, entranced by the reading of others, and often as they trod life's weary way meditating what they heard read, had learned to recite from memory large portions of the Scriptures. The peculiar phrases of Kirke's Bible, all the more perhaps that their very peculiarity separated them by deeper lines from the secular phrases of this mundane moil and from "the wicked songs of their half-heathen sires," became thus embalmed in their memory as the cherished symbols of the things of God and the soul and heaven—the *lingua sacra* of their seasons of sweet communion, holy meditation, and high angelic ecstasy. Well do we remember a remarkable instance of this in the person of an aged relative who died forty years ago on the banks of the Nairn, at the great age of 87. He could not read the Gaelic Bible, or like the famous minister of Coll in Samuel Johnson's day, he did not like it.* But he ever held family worship in Gaelic, with the English Bible open before him; and it seems now to us as if the strange, old-world Gaelic he thus used to read were none other than Kirke's, which he had learned in the way just described from the reading of Alasdar Vaus or other like worthies of Strathnairn in the olden time.

* "Mention was made of the Erse translation of the New Testament, which has lately been published, and of which the learned Mr Macqueen of Skye spoke with commendation, but Mr Maclean said he did not use it because he could make the text more intelligible to his auditors by an extemporaneous version."—*Johnson's Journey in the Highlands, by Macnicol, p.* 187.

Not many Sabbaths ago a similar instance flashed back upon us in the pulpit like the light of other days. The text was 1 Kings xvii. 14, "Cha chaithear an soitheach mine agus cha teirig an corn olaidh." But in the swell and swing of rising thought this strange phrase ever more rang out, "Ni 'n caithear barille na mine 's ni 'n teirig do chruisgin na h-ola." Whence came the phrase? Bedel being dead yet speaketh. Those who in his words first found light and life unto their souls, spake them to my relative, and the old man, dead these forty years, was now speaking them again back to me. And here is something written in the Society's minutes which looks not unlike a corroboration of the theory: The General Assembly had ordained some years in advance that, as soon as the Gaelic Bible of 1807 was ready, none other should be used in the public worship of God. But from the north-eastern Synod there came to the Assembly a strongly-worded overture praying the Assembly to rescind this order. Why? What other Bible could they use but Kirke's? And when they could not take the book to the pulpit they just rehearsed it without the book, or their favourite portions of it, by the help of the English Bible. This was, we believe the popular feeling in Stewart's day all through the Eastern Highlands from Perth to Strathnaver. Stewart himself, if he drank not of that feeling with his mother's milk, yet spent his life in the focus of its influence. What wonder, then, if, being human, though a prince among Gaelic scholars, he should on this sacred ground lean back from the living, clear-cut, idiomatic, every-day Gaelic of Dr Smith to the *lingua sacra* of the people among whom he did his life-work?

DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D.

BURIED GAELIC SONGS.

It is too commonly supposed that all the Gaelic poems which have been printed are accessible to the reading public. Such is far from being the case. The old collections of Gaelic poems are very scarce. It was with great difficulty that I procured a copy of Ronald Macdonald's work. I had to pay fifteen shillings for it. Gillies' work cannot be purchased at all. I got my copy of the work, not for money, but by good luck. I have the copy which belonged to the Rev. Dr Macgregor. I know of only two copies of this collection on this side of the Atlantic; Mr Campbell, in his Leabhar na Feinne, says he knows of only thirteen copies in the old country. Even Stewart's collection, Turner's collection, the Inverness collections, and Macfarlane's collection, are scarce works.

Our late collections, such as Leabhar na Feinne, Sar-obair nam Bard, and the Oranaiche, contain the greater number of the best poems in the old collections, but they do not contain all the good poems in those works.

Why should good poems lie buried in books which cannot be obtained? Any person who would collect and publish those poems in the old collections which do not appear in the new collections, would be doing good service in the cause of Gaelic literature, and also conferring a great favour upon all readers of Gaelic, by giving them access to new fields of pleasure.

Ronald Macdonald's collection was published in the year 1776. It contains 106 poems. Of these 53 appear in Sar-obair nam Bard, 3 in Menzies's collection, 2 in Munro's Ailleagan, 1 in Leabhar na Feinne, 1 in the Melodist, and 1 in Mac Mhaighstir Alastair's work. Of the remaining 45 poems I cannot find any in our present collections. Four of them are by Iain Dubh Mac Iain Mhic Ailein, 2 by Iain Lom, 2 by Iain Mac Ailein, 1 by Ruairidh Mac Mhuirich, and 1 by Mairearad Nighean Lachainn. Iain Dubh Mac Iain Mhic Ailein was a Macdonald; Iain Mac Ailein was a Maclean.

Gillies' collection was published in 1786. It contains 117 poems. Of these 22 are in Leabhar na Feinne, 20 in Sar-obair nam Bard, 3 in Sinclair's Oranaiche, 1 in Menzies' collection, and 1 in Mackenzie's Jacobite Songs. There are 61 poems in this collection which are not to be found elsewhere. Three of these are by Iain Lom.

A. & D. Stewart's collection was published in 1804. It contains 128 poems. Of these there are 34 in Sar-obair nam Bard, 9 in Leabhar na Feinne, 9 in Menzies' collection, and 2 in Mackenzie's Jacobite Songs. Of the remaining poems, 22 are by Rob Donn, and 13 by William Ross. These, of course, are in the works of those poets. There are 39 poems in this collection which do not appear elsewhere.

The first Inverness collection was published in the year 1806. It contains 64 poems, all of which, except eleven, are in our present collections.

Turner's collection was published in 1813. It contains 122 poems. Of these only 51 are to be found in our late collections. Of the 71 which have not been reprinted, 3 are by Mairearad Nighean Lachainn, 8 by Iain Lom, 5 by Ailean Buidhe, 3 by Shaw, and 1 by Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh.

Patrick Macfarlane's collection was published in the year 1813. It contains 45 poems. They are all, except six, in our present collections. Two of the poems which have not been reprinted are by the Rev. Mr Maclagan, and possess much merit.

The six collections I have examined contain 238 poems which are not in the works which can be now purchased. A few of these poems are doubtless worthless, and do not deserve to be reprinted. I do not think, however, that there is even one utterly worthless poem either in Ronald Macdonald's, Gillies', or Macfarlane's collection. I would like to see everything in these very excellent works reprinted.

But could a collection containing those poems in the old collections which do not appear in the new collections, be sold? I should think so. Would not every person who reads Sar-obair nam Bard like to have it? For my own part I would gladly take ten copies of the work. It could be sold, I suppose, for about ten shillings a copy.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA, January 22, 1879.

Literature.

—o—

GENEALOGICAL TABLES OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE. By Major JAMES D. MACKENZIE of Findon; from the Author, or JOHN NOBLE, Inverness.

WE sometimes feel that the good old saying, that one can have too much of a good thing, may, with no little force, be applied to the quantity of matter appearing in the *Celtic Magazine* for the last seventeen months about the Clan Mackenzie. While we sometimes felt this, we found ourselves very much relieved by the fact that only one solitary voice reached us during the whole of that period with a complaint of the nature here indicated. This may possibly be due more to the characteristic long-suffering of our countrymen than to any merit or attractiveness which our continued lucubrations possessed. At the same time we felt that the reader would soon find out for himself that though those articles were only designated a "History of the Clan Mackenzie," they were, in point of fact, a great deal more—were, to a great extent, a history of the North West Highlands of Scotland; for it would be impossible, even were it desirable, to write a history of any important clan without relating a great deal concerning the others, and about many of the feuds and contentions so long chronic north of the Grampians. If, even after these preliminary remarks, any one be left who can yet find an excuse for objecting to so much Mackenzie literature, we vouchsafe the information, that it is our intention to give such an opportunity of retaliation. We intend to continue the history of the various clans; and, when we have finished the Mackenzies, we shall present them, in their turn, with a strong dose of Cameron or Macdonald, and so on, until we have given a separate history of all the principal clans in the North. With this explanation we proceed to notice briefly the valuable and laborious work before us; and we do so with the greater pleasure from its being the work of two gentlemen of a class who generally prefer dignified ease or wild sport to labour of this description. A gentleman in Findon's position would never be induced to enter such a difficult field, unless he felt that he owed a duty to his clan, and, especially, to the memory of his late brother, who worked so hard for many years collecting materials among old MSS., sasines, deeds, in the Register House, and elsewhere, which, in consequence of his sudden death, it was feared, would never see the light. Persons like ourselves have often to work in such fields from a double motive—the necessity of securing a return for our labour perhaps being sometimes as great an inducement as mere love for the work itself; and this is why we feel specially grateful to Major Mackenzie for placing before the public, from purely patriotic motives, the valuable and extensive materials collected by his late brother, with what additions he was himself able to make to them.

The work consists of thirteen large sheets of Tables, showing the origin and descent of all the principal families of Mackenzie, and their matrimonial connections with the other powerful houses throughout the Highlands, such as the Earls of Ross, Macdougalls of Lorn, and other

distinguished families. The descent of the clan from the early Kings of England, Scotland, and Man, is carefully traced. The traditional progenitor of the clan, Colin Fitzgerald, of Ireland, is placed at the top of the tree, and his ancestry traced back to the year 800, over many impossible heights, and across wide and unbridgeable valleys of history and tradition—first to Ireland, and then to the famous Gherardini of Florence. Our own views, supported by the best modern authorities, of this fabulous and misty origin of the clan is already well known to the reader, and the only reference to it with which we shall burden this notice, is to remark that we have, in our Introduction to the History of the Clan Mackenzie in numbers xxv. and xxvi. of the *Celtic Magazine*, devoted more space to the discussion of the origin of the clan and its founder than Major Mackenzie has devoted in all his letter-press to the whole clan; and while we think he said all that could be said for the Fitzgerald origin, and said it well, we cannot avoid pointing out the error, or oversight, into which he has fallen when he wrote the footnote on page 8—on the face of it an after-thought—and where he describes the writer of the History in the *Celtic Magazine* as "begging the whole question," of the origin of the clan, in the face of the fact, well known to the reader, that we devoted about twenty pages of closely printed letter-press to the discussion of it. Without this explanation, readers of Findon's pamphlet would naturally assume that the question was never discussed by us at all. That assumption would be incorrect; we discussed it fully, and to that discussion we refer the reader. Poor Colin Fitzgerald is fast disappearing, for even Findon has now reduced him to "the Colin of tradition." But we cannot resist the temptation to quote the late editor of the *Inverness Courier*, Robert Carruthers, LL.D., as a set-off against the views adopted by the reviewer of the Tables in a recent issue of that paper. The Doctor says —"This chivalrous and romantic (Fitzgerald) origin of the Clan Mackenzie, though vouched for by certain charters and local histories, is now believed to be fabulous. It seems to be first advanced in the seventeenth century, when there was an absurd desire and ambition in Scotland to fabricate and magnify all ancient and lordly pedigrees. Sir George Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate, and Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, the first Earl of Cromarty, were ready to swear to the descent of the Scots nation from Gathelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, and Scota, his wife, daughter of Pharoah, King of Egypt; and, of course, they were no less eager to claim a lofty and illustrious lineage for their own clan. But authentic history is silent as to the two wandering Irish knights, and the reported charters (the elder one being, palpably, erroneous) can nowhere be found. *For two centuries after the reigns of the Alexanders the district of Kintail formed part of the lordship of the Isles, and was held by the Earls of Ross.*"

Major Mackenzie informs us that the materials from which the Tables were made up were collected by his late brother, Lewis Mark Mackenzie of Findon, whose intention of connecting the whole in a history of the clan was frustrated by his early death, and in order to save from the wreck of time such details as remained, Findon drew out the tables as they are now presented, and published them for the benefit of his clan and countrymen, and by doing this he has earned, and we trust is receiving,

their gratitude in the only appropriate manner—purchasing the work. To put the tables in their present shape was itself no light task, and it would be found almost impossible to do even that, were the materials otherwise perfect, without committing errors. No doubt a few such will be discovered, but they are trifling in comparison with the vast mass of correct information given. Findon himself is sensible of not a few faults, and modestly thinks that the arrangement could also be improved. This is likely enough, but it is much easier to suggest improvements on a completed work than to prepare and finish it as this one is finished, if the great difficulty is considered of tracing the ramifications of a hundred families for six hundred years, and of placing them clearly in view. Possibly few people can appreciate these difficulties more than we do, and, knowing them, it would be most ungenerous to cavil at trifling errors that were, in the circumstances, unavoidable. The amount of authentic information and detail given is simply marvellous, and it is quite impossible that any one who takes an interest in Highland family genealogies can be without a copy of Major Mackenzie's Tables.

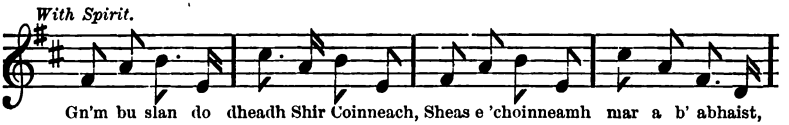
The "History of the Clan Mackenzie," now passing through the press, by the writer of this article, is, in its scope and aims, quite a different work to Findon's, while it also will contain complete genealogies of all the principal families of Mackenzie. Its general character may be seen from the following reference to it by Major Mackenzie:—"It was the intention of my brother also to write a complete history of the clan and its branches, but as this portion of his design is actually being executed in a highly interesting work now publishing at Inverness, I have not deemed it necessary myself to add much letter-press to the tables, believing that authentic and full information will be given in that work regarding the origin and the possessions of the various families." This paragraph illustrates, by no means too favourably, the kindly spirit which Major Mackenzie exhibited towards our labours from the beginning; and it is only right to say that he never hesitated to give us any information in his power on any obscure point on which we had occasion to consult him, while he, in the most courteous manner, sent us for perusal all the Mackenzie MSS. histories in his possession.

REAL HIGHLAND HONOURS.—Cluny Macpherson of Cluny ought to be, if he is not, the proudest man in the Highlands. We do not know any other at this moment who occupies such a proud and honourable position. While he is himself Colonel of the Inverness-shire Rifle Volunteers, his eldest son and heir, Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Macpherson, is in command of the 42d Royal Highlanders, or Black Watch, and his second son, Lieutenant-Colonel Ewen Macpherson, commands the 93d Sutherland Highlanders—two of the finest regiments in the world. Long live Cluny and his gallant sons!

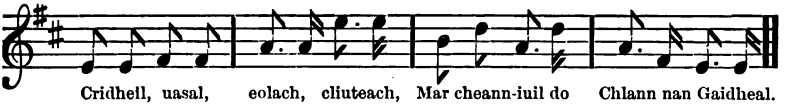
Another Highland Chief, one of the good old sort of whom we often read, but now seldom see, Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, has been appointed by Her Majesty Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Ross, a real and well-merited honour. *Gu ma fada beo an Sàr Ghaidheal.*

ORAN DO SHIR COINNEACH GHEARRLOCH.

With Spirit.



Gn'm bu slan do dheadh Shir Coinneach, Sheas e 'choinneamh mar a b' abhaist,
Long life and health to good Sir Kenneth, Who graced our festival as usual,



Cridheil, uasal, eolach, cliuteach, Mar cheann-iuil do Chlann nan Gaidheal.
Cheerful, noble, learned, hououred, Worthy guide to Clann na Gaidheal.

KEY D.

| m . s : l ., r | t ., s : l . r | m . s : l . r | t . s : m ., d

| r . r : m . m | s ., s : r' ., r' | l . d' : s ., d' | s ., m : r ., r ||

Ochd ceud deug, naoi deug 's tri fichead,
Sin a bhliadhna 's math leinn aireamh,
Fhuair sinn urram bho Shir Coinneach,
'N gaisgeach tapaidh 's Triath air Gearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Iuchair-ghliocais an taobh tuatha,
Gu'm a buan an t-urram dhasa,
Ceann na ceille, steidh nam buadhan—
Deadh Shir Coinneach uasal Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Cha'n eil goill aige dha 'n arach,
'S iad na Gaidheil fhein bu chinntich,
Sheas iad cruadalach ro dhileas
Le craobh-shinnsridh Oighre Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Tha gach tighearn' is duin' uasal,
'S an taobh tuath gu leir ag ratainn,
Nach eil uachdaran cho buadhach
Ri Sir Coinneach uasal Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Tha gach oganach 's gach buachaill,
Tha gach tuathanach 's gach armunn,
Deas gu eiridh, ealamh, uallach,
Mar bu dual do mhuinntir Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

'S mairg a dhuisgeadh ann 's an uair sin
Aobhar gruaim no culaidh thaire;
'S grad a chiosaichte gach fuathas
Le Clann Eachainn Ruaidh á Gearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Fhad sa ruitheas uisg a fuaran,
Fhad sa ghluaiseas tonn air saile,
Gus an traigh na h-eoin na cuaintean,
Gu'n robh buaidh air teaghlach Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

The year we love to mind and cherish
Is eighteen hundred and seventy-nine,
When we were honoured by the presence
Of Sir Kenneth, Chief of Gairloch.
Long life and health, &c.

In the North he's Wisdom's key,
Long that honour be his portion,
Sagacious head and source of virtue,
Good Sir Kenneth, pride of Gairloch.
Long life and health, &c.

He keeps no Lowlanders to foster,
Native Celts he finds more faithful,
Always standing brave and trusty
Round th' ancestral-tree of Gairloch.
Long life and health, &c.

It's maintained by all the gentry,
And the chiefs throughout the Highlands,
There's not a laird with all the virtues
Of Sir Kenneth, laird of Gairloch.
Long life and health, &c.

From the farmer to the shepherd,
From the stripling to the hero,
All are willing, swift, and ready,
As of yore, to rise with Gairloch.
Long life and health, &c.

Woe to him who roused at that time
Ghost of shamefulness or anger,
Quick subdued would be the spectre
By Clann Eachainn Ruaidh of Gairloch.
Long life and health, &c.

Long as water flows from fountain,
Long as billows roll on ocean,
Till the birds the sea drink empty,
Let virtue grace the House of Gairloch.
Long life and health, &c.

NOTE.—The above song, in praise of Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., was composed by Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness, and sung by him at the late dinner of the Gaelic Society, amidst unbounded enthusiasm. The air is a spirited one, and is well known in the West Highlands. For the benefit of the English reader a literal translation, by the Editor, is given.

W. M'K.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

THE CHIEFSHIP.

IT would have been seen that the male line of Colonel Alexander Mackenzie of Assynt became extinct on the death of Francis Humberston Mackenzie, the last Lord Seaforth, who died in 1815, surviving all his male issue. It will also be remembered that the male line of George, second Earl of Seaforth, who died in 1651, terminated in Kenneth, nineteenth Baron of Kintail, whose only issue was Caroline, married to Count Melfort. It was previously shown that the lineal descent of the original line of Kintail was directed from heirs male in the person of Anna, Countess of Balcarres, daughter of Colin, first Earl of Seaforth; and the male line of Colonel Alexander Mackenzie of Assynt having terminated in "the Last of the Seaforths," we must again carry the reader back to a collateral branch to pick up the legitimate succession, and, as far as possible, settle the question of the present Chiefship of the Clan.

Various gentlemen have been and are claiming this highly honourable position, and this is not to be wondered at, when it is kept in mind that whoever establishes his right thereto, establishes at the same time his right to the ancient honours of the House of Kintail. It has been already pointed out elsewhere that the original title of Lord Mackenzie of Kintail did not come under the attainder which followed on the part which Earl William took in the Rising of 1715, and it follows that the present Chief of the Mackenzies in virtue of that position, as heir male of the first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, is entitled to assume that title; and it therefore becomes a very important duty in a work like this, to make the question as clear as possible and finally dispose of it once and for all.

We have before us the claim and pedigree of a Captain Murdoch Mackenzie, "of London," who claimed "the titles, honours, and dignities of Earl of Seaforth and Baron Mackenzie of Kintail," in virtue of the claimant's pretended descent from the Honourable John Mackenzie of Assynt, second son of Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth. According to this pedigree the Honourable John Mackenzie had a son, "Murdoch Mackenzie of Lochbroom, who, having shown a disposition of enterprise

like his kinsman Earl William, left his native parish in 1729 or 1730, first for Aberdeen and afterwards for Northumberland, where, in consequence of the unsettled state of Scotland, he resided with his family." Murdoch had a son, John Mackenzie, "born in Beadnall, Parish of Bamborough, County Northumberland in 1738, married Miss Isabella Davidson in 1762, and died in 1780, in his forty-second year." This John had a son, "Captain Murdoch Mackenzie, the claimant, born at Beadnall, County of Northumberland, 1763, married 1781, Miss Eleanor Brown, of the same place, and has issue. He commanded the ship, Essex, transport, 81, of London, during the late war (1815). Being desirous to see his clan in the North, in 1790 he visited the late Francis Lord Seaforth, who, in the true spirit of Scotch sincerity, hospitality, and nobility, received him with demonstrations of pleasure. After talking over family matters, his Lordship candidly said that Captain Murdoch ought to have been the peer in point of primogeniture." A short account of the family accompanies the pedigree, which concludes thus:—"In consequence of the death of the last peer it has been discovered in Scotland that the titles and family estates have devolved upon Captain Murdoch Mackenzie, of London. This gentleman is naturally anxious to establish his rights, but being unable to prosecute so important a claim without the aid of sufficient funds, he has been advised to solicit the aid of some individuals whose public spirit and liberal feelings may prompt them to assist him on the principle that such timely assistance and support will be gratefully and liberally rewarded. Captain Mackenzie hereby offers to give his bond for £300 (or more if required) for every £100 that may be lent him to prosecute his claim—the same to become due and payable within three months after he shall have recovered his title and estates." It will appear from the last clause that Captain Murdoch was a most cautious man. We have not learnt the result of this appeal, but Captain Murdoch Mackenzie certainly did not establish his claim either to the titles or to the estates of the last Lord Seaforth.

It is, however, placed beyond doubt by the evidence produced at the Allangrange Service in 1829, that Kenneth, not Murdoch, was the name of the eldest son of the Honourable John Mackenzie of Assynt, and there is no trace of his having had any other sons. By an original Precept issued by the Provost and Magistrates of Fortrose, dated 30th October 1716, the son of the late John Mackenzie of Assynt is described as "Kenneth Mackenzie, now of Assynt, grandchild and apparent heir to the deceased Isobell, Countess Dowager of Seaforth, his grandmother on the father's side." In the same document he is described as her "*nearest* and lawful heir." It will thus appear that Captain Murdoch Mackenzie's genealogy is incorrect at the very outset, and if further proof be wanted that the descendants of John Mackenzie of Assynt are extinct, it will be found in the fact that the succession to the representation and honours of the family of Seaforth devolved on the male issue of Colonel Alexander of Assynt and Conansbay—a younger son, and in the parole evidence given by very old people at the Allangrange Service.

The claim of Captain Murdoch Mackenzie having failed, we must go back another step in the chain to pick up the legitimate succession to the honours of Kintail, and here we are met by another claim, put forward

by the late Captain William Mackenzie of Gruinard, in the following letter :—

"11 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square,
"London, 24th October 1829.

"My dear Allangrange,—Having observed in the *Courier* of the 21st inst., at a meeting at Tain, that you were proceeding with the Seaforth Claims, I take the earliest opportunity of communicating to you a circumstance which I am sure my agent, Mr Roy, would have informed you of sooner, did he know that you were proceeding in this affair; and which, I think probable, he has done ere this; but lest it might have escaped his notice, I deem it proper to acquaint you that on Mr Roy having discovered, by authenticated documents, that I was the lineal descendant of George, Earl of Seaforth, he authorised an English counsellor to make application to the Secretary of State to that effect, who made a reference to the Court of Exchequer in Scotland to examine the evidence —Mr Roy having satisfied them with having all which he required to establish my claim. I therefore am inclined to address you in order that you may be saved the trouble and expense attending this affair. Indeed, had I known you were taking any steps in this business, be assured I would have written to you sooner.

"I had not the pleasure of communicating with you since your marriage, upon which event I beg leave to congratulate you, and hope I shall soon have the pleasure of learning of your adding a member to the Clan Kenneth.—Believe me, my dear Mac, yours most sincerely,

"(Signed) WM. MACKENZIE.

"George F. Mackenzie of Allangrange,
by Munlochy, Ross-shire."

The Gruinard claim is founded on a Genealogical Tree in possession of the representatives of the Family, by which John, first of Gruinard, is made out to be the son of George of Kildun, second son of George, second Earl of Seaforth. It is generally believed among the clan that the descendants of this George, who was the *second* George of Kildun, are long ago extinct; but whether this be so or not, it can be conclusively shown, by reference to dates, that John, first of Gruinard, could not possibly have been his son. And to the conclusive evidence of dates may fairly be added the testimony of all the Mackenzie MSS. which we have perused, and which make any reference to John of Gruinard. In every single instance where he is mentioned, he is described as a *natural* son of George second Earl of Seaforth. Before he succeeded Earl George was known as (first) George of Kildun, hence the confusion and the error in the Gruinard Genealogical Tree. The "Ancient" MS. so often referred to in this work, and the author of which must have been a contemporary of John, first of Gruinard, says, that Earl George "had also *ane naturall* son, called John Mackenzy, who married Loggie's daughter." The author of the Ardintoul MS., who was the grandson, as mentioned by himself, of Farquhar Macrae, Constable of Islandonain Castle in Earl Colin's time, and consequently almost, if not contemporary with John of Gruinard, describing the effects of the disastrous battle of Worcester, informs us that Earl George, who was then in Holland, was informed of the result of the battle "by John of Gruinard, *his natural son*, and Captain Hector Mac-

kenzie, who made their escape from the battle," and that the tidings "unraised his melancholy, and so died in the latter end of September 1651." The Letterfearn MS. is also contemporary, as the author of it speaks of Earl Kenneth as "*now* Earl of Seaforth," and of Kildun, in the *present* tense, while he speaks of his father in the past, and says, "He (Earl George) left *ane natural son*, who *is* called John, who *is* married with Loggie's daughter."

It may be objected, however probable it may appear that these MSS. are correct, that they are not authentic. We have before us, however, a certified copy of a sasine, dated 6th day of February 1658, from the Part. Reg. Sasines of Inverness, vol. 7, fol. 316, from which we quote as follows:—"Compearit personally John M'Kenzie *naturall* broyr to ane noble Erle Kenneth Erle of Seaforth Lord of Kintail, &c., as bailzie in that part," on behalf of "the noble Lady Dame Isabell M'Kenzie Countess of Seaforth, sister german to Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbet, Knight, future ladie to the said noble Erle." There is still another document having a most important bearing on this question, recently discovered in the office of the Sheriff Clerk of Tain. It is a discharge by Patrick Smith of Bracco to Lord Seafort and his Cautioner, John Mackenzie of Gruinard, dated and registered in the Commissar Books at Fortrose, on the 4th December 1668. In this document Patrick Smith states that "Kenneth, Earl of Seafort, Lord Kintail, as principal, and John Mackenzie of Gruinyard, designit in the obligatione vnderwrytten his *naturall* brother as cautioner" by their band of 22 January 1656, band them to pay to him (the said Patrick), 6000 merks Scots, which band is registered in the Books of Council and Session, and ane decreet of the Lords thereof interponit thereto upon the 25 July 1665 by virtue of which he raisit letters of horning against them, and had the said John denuncit a rebel and at the horne, and thereupon obtained the gift of his escheit and life-rent; and that the said noble Earl, for relief of himself and his Cautioner, had made payment of the said 6000 merks, &c., for which said Patrick discharges them of the band, and resigns to the said John the gift of the escheit," the discharge being subscribed and registered, as already stated, at Fortrose, on the 4th December 1668, witnessed by Alex. Mackenzie "of Adross" (? Ardross), and written by Alexander Davidson, "writer in Fortrose." Further, George of Kildun married, first, Mary Skene, daughter of Skene of Skene, in 1661, as will be seen by a charter to her of her jointure lands of Kincardine, &c. (see Part. Reg. Sas. Invss., vol. ix., fol. 9). He married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of Urquhart of Craighouse. It will at once occur to the reader how absolutely impossible it was that George of Kildun, who only married his first wife in 1661, could have had a son, John of Gruinard, who obtained a charter in his favour of the lands of Little Gruinard, &c., in 1669, and who is, in that charter, designated "of Meikle Gruinard," while John of Gruinard's *wife* has lands disponed to her in 1655, *i.e.*, six years before the marriage of his reputed father George of Kildun? Further, how could John of Gruinard's second son, Kenneth, have married, as he did, the widow of Kenneth "Og," fourth Earl, who died in 1701, if John, his father, had been the son by a second marriage of "George of Kildin," who married his first wife in 1661? This is absolutely conclusive.

Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth, according to the Gruinard genealogy John of Gruinard's uncle, was born at Brahan Castle in 1635. He is described as "a child" in 1651 by a contemporary writer, who informs us that the Kintail people declined to rise with him in that year during his father's absence on the Continent, "because he was but a *child*, and his father, their master, was in life." Colin, first Earl of Seaforth, died in 1633, and, the author of the Ancient MS. informs us that "Earl George, being then the Laird of Kildun, married before his brother's death, the Lord Forbes's daughter." Thus, George of Kildun could not have been born before 1636 or 1637—and the date of his first marriage, twenty-four years later, tends to corroborate this. How then could he have a married son, John of Gruinard, whose *wife* obtained lands in 1655, *i.e.*, when Kildun himself was only about 18 years of age, and when John, then designated of Gruinard, was, in 1656, old enough to be cautioner for Earl Kenneth? Proof of the same conclusive character could be adduced, to any extent, but, in the face of the authentic documents already quoted, it appears quite superfluous to do so.

John first of Gruinard could not possibly have been a son of the second George Mackenzie of Kildun. He was undoubtedly the *natural* son of the first George who succeeded his brother Colin, as second Earl of Seaforth, and it necessarily follows that the representatives of John of Gruinard have no claim whatever to the Chiefship of the Clan or to the ancient honours of the family of Kintail. But the claim having been made it was impossible, in a work like this, to pass it over, though we would have much preferred that the question had never been raised.

ALLANGRANGE LINE.

HAVING thus disposed of the Gruinard claim, and the legitimate representation of the later Peers in the male line having become extinct, to pick up the chain of the ancient House of Kintail, we must revert to Kenneth first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail. It will be remembered that Kenneth had seven sons, three by the first and four by his second marriage, namely, by Anne Ross of Balnagowan, (1), Colin, his successor; (2), John of Lochlinn, who left an only daughter Margaret; and (3), Kenneth, who died unmarried. By his second wife, Isabel, daughter of Gilbert Ogilvie of Powrie, he had (4), Alexander, who died young; (5), George, who succeeded his brother Colin as second Earl of Seaforth, and whose line terminated in Lady Caroline; (6), Thomas of Pluscardine, whose male line is also extinct, and represented in the female line by Arthur Robertson now of Inshes, Inverness; and (7), Simon, after the death of his brother designated of Lochslinn, and whose representative has become and now is the male heir of the ancient family of Kintail, and Chief of the Clan Mackenzie.

SIMON MACKENZIE OF LOCHSLINN married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Peter Bruce, D.D., Principal of St Leonard's College, St Andrews, son of Bruce of Fingask, by Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Wedderburn of Blackness. By her he had five sons and one daughter. The first son was the famous Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate. His history is well known, and it would serve no good purpose to give a meagre account of him such as could be done in the space at our

disposal. He wrote various works of acknowledged literary merit, and his "Institutes" is yet considered a standard work by lawyers. He left an autobiography in MS., published in Edinburgh by his widow in 1716. The small estate of Rosehaugh, where his residence lay, was in his time profusely covered over with the shrub known as the Dog Rose, which suggested to the famous lawyer the idea of designating that property by the name of "Vallis Rosarum," hence Rosehaugh.

Sir George married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of John Dickson of Hartree, and by her had three sons—John, Simon, and George, all of whom died young, and two daughters—Agnes, who married James Stuart Mackenzie, first Earl of Bute,* and Elizabeth, who married, first, Sir Archibald Cockburn of Langton, with issue, and, secondly, the Honourable Sir James Mackenzie of Royston, Bart., with issue—George, who died without succession, and two daughters, married, with issue. Sir George married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of — Halliburton of Pitcur, by whom he had two sons and two daughters, all of whom died without issue except George, who succeeded his father as second of Rosehaugh, married, and had an only daughter who died without issue. It will thus be seen that the male line of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh also became extinct.

Simon Mackenzie, second son of the Honourable Simon of Lochslinn, married Jane, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, first of Ballone, brother to Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, and uncle to George, first Earl of Cromarty. The marriage contract is dated 1663. Simon died at Lochbroom in the following year, and left an only and posthumous son,

I. Simon Mackenzie, first of Allangrange, an advocate at the Scottish Bar. The property of Allangrange was acquired in the following way:—Alexander Mackenzie, first of Kilcoy, who was third son of Colin Cam, eleventh Baron of Kintail, had four sons, of whom the youngest, Roderick, obtained the lands of Kilmuir, in the Black Isle, and becoming a successful lawyer, Sheriff Depute and Member of Parliament, and was knighted by Charles II. Sir Roderick Mackenzie, then of Findon, acquired by the purchase of several properties, a very considerable estate, which, at his death in 1692, and on that of his only son the following year, were divided among his daughters, as heirs-portioners. The third of these daughters, Isobel, married (August 22, 1693) Simon Mackenzie, the Advocate, and brought him as her portion the Estate of Allan, formerly the property and residence of Seaforth, and which was thenceforth called by the name of Allangrange. By her he had issue (1), Roderick, who died before his father, unmarried; (2), George, who succeeded; (3), Kenneth; (4), William, a captain in the Dutch army, married, issue extinct; and (5), Simon, died in the West Indies, without issue.

Simon of Allangrange had also four daughters—Lilias, died unmarried; Elizabeth, married, in 1745, John Matheson of Fernaig; Eliza, married Ludovic, son of Roderick Mackenzie, fifth of Redcastle; and Isobel, married Murdo Cameron at Allangrange, with issue.

* For the Succession, see Retours of James, Marquis of Bute, 1721.

He married, secondly, on the 28th August 1718, Susanna Fraser, daughter of Colonel Alexander Fraser of Kinneries, known as the "Coroner"; male issue extinct. He was drowned in the river Orrin, returning from a visit to Fairburn, in February 1730, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

II. GEORGE MACKENZIE, who, in May 1731, married Margaret, granddaughter* of Sir Donald Bayne of Tulloch. The male representation of the Baynes terminated in John, and his daughter, Margaret, carried the lineal descent of that old and respectable family into the house of Allangrange. The Baynes were not originally a Ross-shire family, but a branch of the Clan Mackay which settled in the vicinity of Dingwall in the sixteenth century. By Margaret Bayne George had issue, five sons, (1), Simon, who died young in 1731; (2), William, who became a Captain in the 25th Regiment, died unmarried, in 1764; (3), George, died young; (4), Alexander, died unmarried, in 1765; and (5), John, who succeeded his father. He also had several daughters, (1), Margaret, who married, as his second wife, Alexander Chisholm of Chisholm, and by him had issue, his successor, William Chisholm of Chisholm, who, in 1795, married Eliza, daughter of D. Macdonell of Glengarry, and by her had Alexander William Chisholm of Chisholm, M.P., who died, unmarried, in 1838; and Duncan Macdonell Chisholm, who succeeded his brother as Chisholm of Chisholm, and, in 1859, died unmarried; also Jemima Chisholm, who married Edmund Batten, with issue; (2), Isobel, who married, in 1767, Simon Mackenzie of Langwell, a Captain in the 4th Regiment, with issue. George had six other daughters, all of whom died young or unmarried. He died in 1733, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

III. JOHN MACKENZIE, at an early age appointed Examiner of Customs in Edinburgh. He married, first, in 1781, Catherine Falconer, eldest daughter and co-heiress of James Falconer of Monkton, and granddaughter of the Right Honourable Lord Halkerton and the Honourable Jane Falconer. By the acquisition of this lady's fortune Allangrange was able to devote himself to agricultural pursuits, for which he had a strong prediliction, and in which he was eminently successful. His wife died in 1790. By her he had issue, (1), George Falconer, who succeeded him; (2), Jane Falconer, who married John Gillanders of Highfield, with issue; and two other daughters, both named Margaret Bayne, who died young.

He married, secondly, Barbara, daughter of George Gillanders first of Highfield, relict of John Bowman, an East India merchant in London, without issue. He died in 1812, and was succeeded by his only son,

IV. GEORGE FALCONER MACKENZIE, who was, in 1829, served male heir to his ancestor, the Honourable Simon Mackenzie of Lochslinn, and heir male in general to Simon's father, Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, as also to Lord Kenneth's brother, Colin, first Earl of Seaforth.†

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* See Marriage Contract, Allangrange Charter Chest.

† The following gentlemen composed the jury in the Allangrange Service:—Sir James Wemyss Mackenzie of Scatwell, Bart., M.P.; Sir Francis Alexander Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Colin Mackenzie of Kilcoy, advocate; William Mackenzie of Muirton, W.S.; Alexander Mackenzie of Millbank; Hugh Ross of Glastullich; Alexander Mackenzie of Woodside; Simon Mackenzie-Ross, younger of Aldie; Hugh James Cameron, banker, Dingwall; Alexander Gair, banker, Tain; John Mackenzie, David Ross, Hugh Leslie, William Fraser, and Donald Stewart, the last five, writers in Tain.

He matriculated his arms accordingly in the Public Register of the Lyon Office of Scotland, and on the 9th of January 1828, married Isabella Reid Fowler, daughter of James Fowler of Raddery and Fairburn, in the County of Ross, and Grange in Jamaica, and by her had issue, (1), John Falconer, who succeeded him; (2), James Fowler, now of Allangrange; (3), George Thomas, married Ethel Newman in London; (4), Sophia Catharine, died young; and (5), Anna Watson. He died in 1841, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. JOHN FALCONER MACKENZIE, who died, unmarried, in 1849, and was succeeded by his next brother,

VI. JAMES FOWLER MACKENZIE, now of Allangrange, Chief of the Mackenzies, and heir male to the dormant honours of the ancient family of Kintail and Seaforth. He is yet, 1879, unmarried.

The Honourable Simon Mackenzie of Lochslinn had three other sons by the first marriage—Thomas, first of Logie; John, first of Inchcoulter, or Balcony; and Colin, Clerk to the Privy Council and Commissioner in Edinburgh. Issue of all three extinct.*

THE OLD MACKENZIES OF DUNDONNELL.

THE Honourable Simon Mackenzie of Lochslinn, fourth son of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, married, secondly, in 1650, Agnes, daughter of William Fraser of Culbokie, relict of Alexander Mackenzie of Ballone, brother of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat. Failing the line of Allangrange, all the male issue of the Honourable Simon Mackenzie by his first marriage will have become extinct, when the Chiefship must be looked for among the descendants of his second marriage with Agnes Fraser, as above.

By this marriage the Honourable Simon Mackenzie had issue, Kenneth Mor, who became first of Glenmarksie and Dundonnell, and two daughters. The eldest daughter, Isobel, married Murdoch Mackenzie, sixth of Fairburn, with issue; and the other, Elizabeth, married the Rev. Roderick Mackenzie, laird and minister of Avoch, grandson of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail, with issue—John, second of Avoch, forfeited for having taken part in the Rising of 1715; several other sons, all of whom, except Roderick, predeceased their father, and four daughters; (1), Christian, married Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell; (2), Isobel, married Alexander Matheson of Bennetsfield; (3), Margaret, married John Macrae of Dornie; and (4), Anne who married the Rev. Lewis Grant.

I. KENNETH MOR MACKENZIE had the lands of Glenmarksie, and, in 1690, acquired the lands of Dundonnell from the Mackenzies of Redcastle. He afterwards acquired the lands of Meikle Scatwell, of which he had a Sasine, in 1693. He married Annabella, daughter of John Mackenzie first of Gruinard, by whom he had issue (1), Kenneth, his heir; (2), Alexander, of whom nothing can be traced; (3), Colin Riabhach of Ardinglash, who married Annabella, daughter of Simon Mackenzie of Logie, issue extinct; (4), Simon, of whom nothing is known; (5), Barbara, who married Alexander second of Ballone, with issue; (6), Sibella, who married John

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* See Findon's Genealogical Tables and the Allangrange Service.

Mackenzie second of Ardloch, with issue; and (7), Annabella, who married James Mackenzie of Keppoch, in Lochbroom, brother of Ardloch, with issue. Kenneth Mor was succeeded by his eldest son,

II. KENNETH MACKENZIE, second of Dundonnell, who married Jean, daughter of the Chisholm of Chisholm, by whom he had (1), Kenneth, his heir; (2), Alexander, a Captain in the 73d Regiment, who died in 1783; and (3), John, who married Barbara, daughter of Mackenzie of Ardloch, with issue, several sons, who died young, and two daughters, one of whom married Alexander Mackenzie of Riabhachan, Kishorn, with issue. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. KENNETH MACKENZIE, who married, in 1737, Jean, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, first Baronet of Scatwell, by whom he had (1), George, his successor; (2), Kenneth, a W.S., died in 1790; (3), William, an Episcopalian Minister, with issue; (4), Roderick, with issue; (5), Alexander, a Captain in the army, who died in India, without issue; (6), Simon, a Captain, who married, and died in Nairn in 1812; and (7), Lewis, also a Captain, who died in India. A daughter, Janet, married, in Jamaica, Colin Mackenzie, brother to George Mackenzie of Kildonan, Lochbroom. She died in 1783. Another daughter, Isabella, died unmarried. Kenneth's wife died in 1786. He died in 1789, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. GEORGE MACKENZIE, who married Abigail, daughter of Thomas Mackenzie, fifth of Ord, by whom he had (1), Alexander, who died young; (2), Kenneth, who succeeded his father; (3), Thomas, who succeeded his brother Kenneth; and (4), Jane, who married the Rev. Dr Ross, minister of Lochbroom, with issue. George was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

V. KENNETH MACKENZIE, who, in 1817, married Isabella, daughter of Donald Roy of Preeton, without issue. He left the estates to his brother-in-law, Robert Roy, W.S., who lost it after a long and costly litigation with

VI. THOMAS MACKENZIE, second surviving son of George, fourth of Dundonnell, and next brother of Kenneth. The estate was ruined by law expenses, and had to be sold. It was purchased by Murdo Munro-Mackenzie of Ardross, grandfather to the present proprietor, Murdo Mackenzie of Dundonnell. (See Mackenzies of Ardross.)

Thomas Mackenzie, sixth and last of the old Mackenzies of Dundonnell, married Anne, eldest daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, sixth of Ord, and by her had issue—(1), George Alexander, born in Ceylon, 10th July 1818, and married Louisa, daughter of Captain Stewart, Ceylon Rifles, without issue; (2), Thomas, who went to California, and of whom no trace; (3), John Hope, now residing at Tarradale, Ross-shire, married, in Ceylon, Louisa, daughter of Captain Stewart, and relict of his deceased brother, George Alexander, without issue; (4), a daughter, Helen, married the Honourable Justice Charles Stewart, in Ceylon, without issue; and (5), Isabella, who resides in Elgin, unmarried.

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.

IV.

COULD THE HIGHLANDERS OF 1807 READ IT?

"THE late publication of the Bible, in Gaelic, in a portable form, and at a very moderate price, and which those who cannot afford to purchase, may procure for nothing, has led many to inquire if the natives of the Highlands and Islands are very generally capable of making use of it." Such was the opening sentence of the first circular letter issued, on 27th December 1810, by the committee of the promoters of the Gaelic School Society. Before proceeding further with our history of the Gaelic Bible, and of the process of change and growth, so to speak, by which it reached its present form, it will be well to turn aside for a moment, and repeat the same inquiry. As we saw last month, no fewer than 40,000 copies of the Gaelic Scriptures were printed in 1807 for the use of the Scottish Gael; 20,000 by the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, who, with much labour and expense, had prepared the translation; and 20,000 by the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, who, as regards the cares and expense of translation, may almost be said to have entered into the labours of the sister Society.

But to what extent could it be said that the people for whose use this good work had been executed were sufficiently educated, especially in the reading of Gaelic, to profit by the inestimable boon?

Our search for the materials of an accurate reply to that question has been productive of more than the needful information. It has brought to our knowledge a vast mass of material, illustrative of the educational condition of the Highlands from 1600 down to the early years of the present century, on which we offer no apology for making much larger drafts than a bare answer to the question just asked would either require or permit. Indeed it may be well to state at once that this paper deals but remotely with the "Gaelic Bible," and mainly concerns itself with the general subject of

EARLY EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Before the Reformation it does not appear that in Scotland the education of the common people was ever, in any sense, a matter of State concern. But from early times the importance to the nation of an educated ruling class did not escape recognition. Thus it happened that as early as 1496 it was enacted that all barons and freeholders, under a penalty of £20, should put their eldest sons to school till they were competently grounded in Latin, after which they were obliged to study law for three years.

The General Assembly of 1597 gave to the state of the Highlands and Islands an amount of enlightened consideration from which great results might have been expected, were it not for the miserable embroglio of folly and wrongdoing with which James VI. compensated his native land for his corporeal absence in England. The condition of Scotland during the reign of this priggish, pig-headed monarch was truly deplorable. The hereditary feuds to which he found it a prey at the commence-

ment of his reign were unspeakably aggravated and embittered by his absurdly pedantic and truculent misgovernment. Unblushing greed, untamed ferocity, fiendish revenge, all licensed and protected at the cheap expense of unlimited flattery, filled the land with misrule and oppression; while ever and anon the people were startled with some new caprice, some wild fantastic antic, of the King's paradoxical vanity and wrong-headedness—the personal rule run mad—at whose grotesqueness we might well laugh, were not its meanness, or its cool remorseless cruelty, more likely to make us blush for shame or burn with indignation. The flood of ecclesiastical pitch, emptied on the bosom of his mother-land, from "the fountain of honour" by this "defender of the Faith," we forbear to touch. For at its best it was very unsavoury, and it is still hot enough to burn unwary fingers. That burn over Scotland's heart is not yet sufficiently healed to admit of the crust being removed, and the red scar mollified with ointment.

In times more recent than the seventeenth century, ecclesiastical confusion necessarily implied educational disorganisation. But the civil and social state of the Highlands in the reign of James VI., even if there existed no ecclesiastical hindrances, made the education of the people practically impossible. The merest glance at the history of the times yields ample proof that it was so. Think, for example, of the king's wild scheme for civilising the Western Isles by an invasion of Fifeshire farmers and fishermen, who, not so much by arms as by fomenting the basest treachery in families, and instigating to fratricide and murder, were to drive out the islanders and their chiefs as they would, to use his own words, "so many wolves and wild boares." Think of the later expedition in his name by Lumsden of Airdrie and Hay of Nethercliff, by means of the like treachery and bloodshed, to "colonise" the Lews. Or look at that edifying spectacle: the Catholic Earl of Huntly higgling with the king, whether for ten thousand pounds Scots, the price demanded by the royal and saintly bloodseller, or for four hundred, he could buy the privilege of letting loose the claymores of Badenoch to convert to the true Protestant faith "the barbarians" of Uist, Harris, Barra, and Benbecula. Or turn to the cruel feuds of the Colquhouns and the Campbells with the Macgregors, and the treacherous murder of the Macgregor Chief in cold blood, and by prostituted forms of law, with seven of his lieutenants, soon to be followed by the wholesale slaughter of his clan. Or take that outrageous episode in the Synod of Perth, when the infuriated Lord of Scone, as the King's Commissioner to the Synod, "roaring, gesticulating, protesting, and blaspheming" over the praying moderator, upset in his rage the table around which the worshippers were kneeling, and covered their persons and stifled their devotions with the green cloth from the overturned table. Or, in fine, weigh the significance of such daily occurrences as the banishment of the godly Robert Bruce to Inverness, and the public-spirited bailie, William Rigg, to some outlandish place in Caithness, just as the pious head of the Holy Eastern Church, who is also Emperor of Russia, would bundle off a brace of obnoxious subjects to Siberia. What conceivable scheme of popular education could be originated or carried out in such a state of national confusion?

And yet to that period we owe the formal enactment of the scheme of

national education which has been well called the crown of Scotland's glory. A school in every parish was the cherished idea of John Knox. But it remained for the Privy Council of James VI. to embody that grand idea in an Act. This was done in 1616. For more than a hundred years, however, the Act was in the Highlands at least a dead letter. It proceeds on the following narrative:—"For samikle as the King's Majestie, having a special care and regard, that the true religion be advanced and established in all partis of this Kingdom, and that all his Majestie's subjects, especially the youth, be exercised and trayned in civilitie, godliness, knowledge, and learning; and that the vulgar Ingleshe toung be universallie planted, and the Irishe language, which is one of the chieff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie, among the inhabitants of the Isles and Heylandis, may be abolished and removit. And whereas there is no means more powerful to further this his Majestie's princelie regard and purpose, than the establishing of schools in the particular paroches of this Kingdom, whair the youth may be taught at the least to write and reid, and be catechised and instructed in the grounds of religion. Therefore the King's Majestie, with advise of the Lords of his Secret Council, has thought it necessar and expedient that, in every paroch of this Kingdom, quhair convenient means may be had for intertayning a scoole, a scoole sall be established." Afterwards confirmed and modified by Parliament in 1633, 1646, and 1696, this enactment, after the days of James, was attended with most beneficial effects in many parts of the Kingdom. But in the Highlands and Islands, as we have seen, it long remained a dead letter. The clause last quoted of the Act, it will be observed, is so expressed as practically to anticipate our modern invention of a "permissive bill." The Act was to come into force only "quhair convenient means may be had for intertayning a scoole." And its avowed intention to supplant at once the language of the Highland people and their ancient religion, must have arrayed against it their strongest prejudices, even where the excuse of their poverty could not be pleaded. In point of fact, the poverty of the Highlands in these times is undoubted. Not only was money scarce, but famines and actual starvation were of common occurrence. And thus the number of parishes, "quhair convenient means" could not be found "for intertayning a scoole" must have been great. To obviate this undoubted difficulty some weak attempts were made to nibble timidly at the fringe of the rich embroidered pall which the barons and landowners had snatched from the coffin of the ancient Roman Church, and, rending it roughly asunder, had parted between them for their own adornment. Thus, in 1690, one year after the Revolution, vacant stipends within the Synod of Argyle were ordained to be applied, "with the consent of the heritors, for training young men at schools and colleges, as a necessary means for planting and propagating the gospel, and for introducing civility and good order into that country." In furtherance of the same end William III. gave to the same Synod, in 1696, a grant of the rents of the Bishopric of Argyle. In the same year the king gave also a grant of £150 a year out of the rents of the Bishoprick of Dunkeld, for erecting schools and schoolmasters' houses, and for the better endowment of schoolmasters "in the Highlands of the shires of Perth, Stirling, and

Dumbarton." But in the three cases the proverbial "slips 'twixt cup and lip" intervened as usual between the schoolmaster and the king's beneficent purpose, which somehow "was in great measure defeated."* In the same year the king erected a school in Maryburgh, now Fort-William, with a salary of £30 sterling; but in a few years the salary was withdrawn and the school was given up.

Such was the unhappy state of education in the Highlands when, in 1701, a few private gentlemen in Edinburgh, "who usually met as an association for the reformation of manners," agreed to use their endeavours to remedy these evils, and in the endeavour formed the first modest beginning of that great Society whose name occurs so often in these papers. The first experience of these gentlemen showed how great were the difficulties, and how powerful the prejudices, which they essayed to combat. The requisite funds were readily provided by voluntary subscription. But they soon found that a force more powerful than poverty was at work to keep the School Act of 1616 a dead letter in the Highlands. This is the short history of the Society's first school:—"Part of the money was applied towards the erection of a school in the parish of Abertarph, in Inverness-shire, being the centre of a country where ignorance and Popery did greatly abound; but the schoolmaster met with such discouragements from the inhabitants that, after a trial of a year and a-half, it was found necessary to suppress the school."† "Not disheartened," however, "by so inauspicious an event, the original contrivers of this design extended their views to the plantation of schools in other parts of the Highlands." "They published a memorial (1703) setting forth the disorders in those countries, and proposing various methods for redressing them, chiefly by promoting religion and virtue; they likewise pointed out how funds might be raised for those ends from vacant stipends, a general collection, and private subscriptions and mortifications. Copies of this memorial were dispersed among the members of the Scottish Parliament, and the draught of a bill for rendering effectual the scheme therein suggested, was prepared, but never passed into an Act."‡

While thus it was evident that the Scottish Parliament would hear of nothing that implied the disgorging of ever so small a portion of the ill-gotten spoils of its members, it is gratifying to observe that the General Assembly very heartily took up the matter. In 1704 an Act of Assembly was passed, "recommending a contribution" for the purposes above-mentioned. In 1706 the Commission of Assembly was instructed to "inquire how the Highlands and Islands were provided with schools, what places did most need them, and what encouragement might be expected by those who were inclined to form a Society for maintaining charity schools in those countries;" and, in 1707, the Assembly "appointed a select committee to consider this matter, who, after several conferences" with the promoters of the scheme, "published proposals for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and in foreign parts of the world." The result was eminently

* An Account of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, p. 3. Edinburgh 1774.

† An Account, &c., p. 4.

‡ Ibid.

satisfactory. From the old endowments of the Church, now firmly clutched by the nobles and landowners, not a shilling could, of course, be obtained. But "Her Majesty Queen Anne was graciously pleased to encourage the design by her royal proclamation" (1708); and, in 1709, on the funds from church collections and voluntary subscriptions exceeding the goodly amount, for the times, of £1000 sterling, she granted letters-patent, under the great seal of Scotland, for erecting certain of the subscribers into a corporation.

Thus was founded the great religious and educational charity, the first of all our countless similar societies in Scotland, whose name, in addition to many other inestimable blessings to the Highlands, will ever be honourably associated with the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the tongue of the Scottish Gael. In 1711, their capital now amounting to £3700, the directors of the Society settled a school in the lone isle of St Kilda, with a salary of 300 merks (£16 13s 4d). In the same year they resolved to erect "*eleven* itinerant schools, which, in order to be more extensively useful, should be stationed by turns in the places following:—One in Abertarph; two in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, in and about the Braes of Mar, on the heads of the rivers Don and Dee; a fourth in the bounds of the Presbytery of Sutherland; a fifth in the parishes of Duirness and Farr, in the Presbytery of Caithness; a sixth in the Presbytery of Skye; a seventh in some part of the Duke of Athole's Highlands, which should be specified by his Grace; the eighth in the parish of Glenelg; the ninth in the south isles and continent of Orkney; the tenth in the north isles thereof; and the eleventh in the isles and continent of Zetland."* The schoolmasters of the eight schools first named were to have each a salary of 300 merks and the other three of only 150 merks "until the Society's stock should be increased." The teachers were to remain for at least two years in the same station, and their circulation in their several districts was to be determined, "on proper information," by a committee of the Society. This committee was also empowered to provide school buildings, to appoint teachers, and furnish "a sufficient number of Bibles, New Testaments, Proverbs, Catechisms, &c.," for the schools. In 1712, five of these eleven schools were already in operation; next year there were twelve schools; and two years later twenty-five.

In 1717 the Society represented to the General Assembly that "in many places where the Society's schools are settled, there are no parochial schools, as provided by law, by which means it so happens, that the Society's schools serve only to ease the heritors and parishioners of the burden imposed on them by statute." The General Assembly of the same year "remitted the said matter to a committee," on whose report, in 1719, the Assembly passed an act "*recommending* to the several Presbyteries and Synods to carry into execution the powers vested in them by the Acts of Parliament in that case made and provided." In the same year the Assembly gave the Society £742 9s 7⅔d, and also renewed former recommendations in favour of its benevolent and patriotic objects. At this time the Society's capital had grown to £8168, and the number

* Society's minutes.

of schools, from 25 three years before to 48. The year 1825 witnessed the beginning of what has ever since been known as the Royal Bonnty, in a donation to the General Assembly by King George I. of £1000, to be employed for the "reformation of the Highlands and Islands and other places where Popery and ignorance abound."

Balked in their design to procure an endowment for schools out of the secularised wealth of the disendowed and disestablished Roman Church, the friends of education in Scotland were now looking for money in another direction. They claimed a share of the forfeited estates of decapitated or fugitive Jacobites. In this movement the Society took an eager interest. Its minutes teem with resolutions, reports, and voluminous memorials on the subject. When the Act 1, George I., cap. 54, was passed "for the more effectual securing of the peace in the Highlands of Scotland," the Society was at great pains in furnishing His Majesty's Commissioners with all needful information for their report. That report stated that 151 schools, exclusive of those already established, were absolutely necessary in the Highlands. Through information furnished by the Society the Commissioners were enabled to embody in their report a minute specification of the circumstances, and a "geographical description" of each of these 151 stations, where schools were most urgently needed. The amount required for the support of these schools was stated at £3000 per annum. Following on this report came the Act 4, Geo. I., cap. 8, which provides that out of the monies arising from the sale or rents of the forfeited estates, a capital stock of £20,000 be appropriated "towards erecting and maintaining schools in the Highlands of Scotland."

To secure the proper application of the money thus appropriated by Parliament, the Society used its utmost efforts and influence. It made repeated applications to the members of both Houses of Parliament for an Act directing the manner in which the £20,000 should be applied to the purposes to which it had been appropriated, and they even approached His Majesty by petition on the subject. But the result was only another experience of the difficulty of securing the application of "forfeited" funds to any useful public purpose. This was to the Society a great disappointment and sore discouragement, which was shown by withdrawing all its schools on or near the forfeited estates. But instead of despairing, it only set itself more earnestly than ever to its pious and patriotic work. From 48 schools and a capital of £8168 in 1719, its progress in 1728 had reached 78 schools, with 2757 scholars, though its capital was still not more than £9131 15s 9d. In 1733 the Society had 111 schools, and a capital of £14,694. In 1738, with the view of "curing that habit of idleness too prevalent in the Highlands," the Society obtained its "second patent," whereby it was empowered to instruct poor children "in husbandry, trades, and manufactures." This new enterprise resulted in a few salaried smiths, carpenters, millers, shoemakers, and other mechanics, being sent down to different parts of the Highlands;* but the scheme

* There were schools for (1), agriculture in Callander; (2), flax-dressing, weaving, spinning, &c., at Portsoy; (3), for linen manufacture at Logierait; (4), agriculture and gardening at Craig, near Montrose; (5), a blacksmith, shoemaker, cartwright, and ploughman at Lochcarron, in conjunction with the Board of Fisheries and

speedily fell through, and survives only in the form of schools for sewing and knitting. March 8, 1739, is memorable for a minute to the effect that Alexander Macdonald, one of the Society's schoolmasters (Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair), by recommendation of the Presbytery of Lorn, had composed a Gaelic and English vocabulary, printed for the use of the schools; the first schoolbook, so far as we can learn, that ever was printed in Scotch Gaelic. In 1748, the schools were 140, and the capital, by careful management, had grown to £22,237. In the same year it is recorded that Joseph Damer, Esq., an Irish gentleman, besides a donation to the funds of the Society, was at the expense of translating and printing 1000 copies of Baxter's Call in Gaelic. In 1753 the schools were 152, and the stock £24,308. In 1758 the Mother's Catechism was translated into Gaelic, and published by the Society for use in its schools. In the same year it is recorded that the Society, "finding that all endeavours used by them for having parochial schools settled in every parish, had hitherto proved ineffectual, and that no fewer than 175 parishes, within the bounds of 39 Presbyteries, where the Society's schools were erected, have no parochial schools, represented this matter to the General Assembly; who, having taken the same into consideration, made an act, *appointing* the several Presbyteries to inquire, whether or not a parochial school is established in every parish in their bounds, and where such schools are wanting, to make application to the Commissioners of Supply, in terms of law; *and also appointing the Procurator and Agent of the Church, at the public charge, to carry on all processes necessary for that purpose.*" The peremptory character of this act is in marked contrast to the mere "recommendation" of that of 1719.

Thus, by the labour of the schoolmaster, who in most cases was also the Christian missionary, was the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge preparing the untutored Highland people of these rude, unsettled times to enter with intelligence on the heritage of God's Word in their native tongue, the history of whose preparation has occupied us in the three previous papers of this series. How far the education thus imparted was really effectual in fitting the Highlander to read the Gaelic Bible, which, in 1807, was placed freely at his disposal, is an inquiry which must still be postponed to a future paper.

While correcting the proof of this paper I cannot help being struck with the great extent of quoted matter which it contains. And yet this quoted matter has cost me much more labour than that which is original. But where the page is most speckled with the inverted commas of quotation it is hoped that the thoughtful reader will not find the least of real historic interest. At all events the quotations are the fruit of a search whose labour has to the searcher not been devoid of pleasure. For not a little of this pleasure he desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr James Grant of the Historical Department of the General Register House, the learned author of the History of the Burgh Schools, and Mr Donald Macpherson of the Advocates' Library.

Manufactures; and (6), a smith and a gardener at Glenmoriston. A legacy for the purposes named in this second patent was applied partly in "buying wheels and reels, to be distributed in different places, and partly in putting out promising lads" from the Society's schools as apprentices to tradesmen and manufacturers. In this way "many young women have been taught to spin, and many young men have been instructed in *various branches of* trade and manufacture."

Will the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* allow me to submit to them a practical suggestion, which I think of some importance? Why should not the work of which this episode in our history of the Gaelic Bible is but a hasty and accidental specimen be gone about in a deliberate and systematic way? My somewhat promiscuous search for the materials of this paper has led me into vast quarries of precious historical matter, which a fire, such as raged the other day among the oldest records of the student life of our University, may any day put for ever beyond our reach?

Let us then have some sort of new SPALDING CLUB to look after these records of the past, which are fast mouldering to decay. They are not dead though buried: they are dumb only because the dust and rubbish of years sit heavily on their lips: clear this away and their mouth will discourse wonderful things of the bygone days and ways of our people.

DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D.

IAN MACTAVISH.

NESTLING in a beautiful and secluded glen, sheltered by the surrounding hills, near the picturesque Loch Riven in Strathnairn, might be seen, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, a small, yet comfortable homestead. The exceptional tidiness of the outhouses, the cleanliness of the cottage, and the evident attention bestowed upon the garden, plainly indicated that its occupant was a man of very different habits and temperament to the great majority of his fellow countrymen of that period. In fact, Ian Roy Mactavish was a man far in advance of his age in his ideas of political economy, though doubtless he was innocent of the meaning of the term. While the rest of the clan were thinking of nothing but fighting and destroying, preferring to raid into other territories for their supplies of cattle and forage, leaving their own land untilled and unproductive, Ian chose this, the most secluded and fertile spot he could find, built his cottage, planted his garden, sowed his crops, and brought home his young wife, Jessie, desiring to live at peace with all men. Little more than a year had elapsed in the most perfect happiness and security, when the summit of Ian's felicity was reached by becoming the proud father of a fine healthy boy. His wife was attended to on the auspicious occasion, by an elderly woman, Janet Macdougall, a noted character in the district, her fame having spread far and wide, as a successful midwife, or "howdie." Having also an extensive knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs, combined with great experience and shrewdness, she was universally applied to in cases of accident or illness—such a personage as a doctor being then unknown in the Highlands. Janet was a remarkable-looking woman, a tall spare figure, slightly bowed with advancing years, a pale, grave face, in which care and sorrow had drawn many a wrinkle, expressive

black eyes, fearless and bright when work was to be done, but which, in moments of repose, wore a sad, far-away, and eerie look. No one knew her age, and few her history, which, though humble, had been tragic. She was once a happy wife and mother, but her husband had fallen, claymore in hand, and face to the foe; her dwelling was burnt over her head, and herself and children were turned adrift helpless and alone on an unsympathetic world. By the time when she came to Strathnairn she was childless as well as widowed, and she ever after remained the same lonely woman, devoting her time and attention to the physical wants of those around her, in the capacity of midwife and general physician for the district. She was treated with considerable respect, combined with no little amount of awe, for she was popularly believed to be a Saibhscar, or gifted with second-sight, and many were the wonderful tales related of her visions and their strange fulfilment.

It was the afternoon of a fine autumn day, the parting rays of the declining sun illumined and beautified the scene, and played on the wavelets of the loch, till the water looked like molten gold, shining on the heather-clad hills, till they appeared crowned with a halo of many-coloured glory. Ian was engaged tending his cows, quietly grazing by the side of the loch, and chewing the cud with that air of placid contentment so characteristic of these docile animals when well cared for. Mactavish being an industrious man was enjoying himself and utilising his time fishing, as well as tending his cattle, which he could easily do with the valuable assistance of his faithful and well trained collie. As he angled in the loch or glanced at his herd, he felt supremely happy, free from any anxiety about his beloved wife, now so far convalescent, that Janet was leaving them that same day. He mused with pleasure on the thought of his infant son, how he would train him up with the same ideas as his own, that he might prove a blessing to him in his old age. These agreeable meditations were suddenly interrupted by old Janet, who had left the cottage and came to bid him farewell. While thanking her for her kind attention to his wife, he was struck with astonishment at the change that came suddenly over her countenance. She stood and looked earnestly in his face, her grey head bent forward, with a pair of staring eyes, which appeared to look through and beyond him, as it were, while her face became deadly white and drawn up as if with pain. For a moment or two she stood thus; then, with a low moan, she removed her fixed gaze, and trembling violently, sat down on the grass, moaning and lamenting, "Ochan! ochan! sad and sorry am I to see such a sight, and the poor young creature with the dear babe, what will she do, alas, alas." Ian was quite unable to comprehend what ailed her, and begged her to explain what was the matter. This Janet appeared most unwilling at first to do, continuing to lament to herself in half-broken sentences of which Mactavish could make no sense. When she became more composed she asked him if he had an enemy, from whom he had any reason to dread violence. He assured her that, to the best of his knowledge, he had no personal enemy, at the same time asking an explanation of her strange behaviour. Being so urgently pressed, she told him that she feared his life would not be a long one, for that she had a vision concerning him, and "Oh," she continued, while her voice trembled, "Oh, Mactavish,

it will not be long before you are called, for I saw the death shroud covering you up to your head, and ochan! ochan! there was a big rent in it too, which showed that it will be a violent death you will come to. Indeed, I am extremely sorry for you and your poor young wife, but it's too true, too true."

Mactavish was naturally startled and somewhat unnerved at this dreadful communication, but being by no means so superstitious as most of his countrymen, he soon rallied, and attempted to treat the matter lightly. Janet, however, was not to be shaken in her belief, and, getting annoyed at his incredulity, took leave of him and went on her way.

Mactavish resumed his sport, and tried hard to drive the ill-omened prediction from his mind. The day waned, and the shades of evening began to gather, throwing the valley into shadow, and making the hills, now dark and dull, stand out in bold relief against the grey sky. Ian had just succeeded in hooking a fine large fish, when a low growl from his faithful collie caused him to look hastily around to discover the cause of the dog's uneasiness. To his surprise and annoyance he observed a large party of armed Highlanders approaching, driving before them a great number of black cattle, whom he rightly conjectured were some of the aliens, who then held possession of the upper part of Stratherrick, returning from a successful foray. He felt vexed that they should have discovered his retreat, but he apprehended no danger until he saw two or three of the men detaching themselves from the rest, and beginning to drive his own small herd away to swell their creach from the Southron. In vain he ran and shouted, asking them to desist. It was by their captain's orders, they said, so with hurried footsteps, his heart beating with dread and burning with indignation, Ian approached the leader, and demanded the restoration of his cattle. "Why," he exclaimed, "why should you harry me; I am no enemy of yours, and have never injured any of you?"

"You are no friend of ours, and consequently good and fair game," answered the alien chief, a tall fierce-looking man, whose daring and adroitness in planning and executing raids, had made his name well-known and detested.

"But," pleaded Mactavish, "my few cows can make but little difference to you. You have already such a large booty, and these are all I have, restore them and leave me in peace; perhaps I may be able to do you as good a turn another day."

"Stop your talking and stand out of my way, fellow, or it will be worse for you," roughly answered the leader, at the same time pushing Mactavish aside.

"Well then," persisted Ian in despairing tones, "at least leave me one cow for the sake of my family, only one."

"No," roared the alien in a terrible voice, "not one, and if you hinder me any longer I'll burn your house over your head, and scatter the ashes to the four winds of heaven, and you and your family can dwell with the wild fox, where you'll have no need of a cow; take that, and hold your tongue," and, suiting the action to the word, he finished this brutal speech by giving Ian a back-handed blow in the face as he moved forward to pass him.

Such an insult was not to be tamely submitted to, and with an inarticulate cry of rage Mactavish darted forward, and, forgetting all prudence, struck madly at the chief with his fishing hook, which he still held in his hand. Before the blow could fall, however, one of the party interposed, and with the ever ready dirk, stabbed Mactavish in the side.

With a deep groan poor Ian sank on the purple heather, and without halting to see if the wound was fatal, or even to draw the dirk out of it, the aliens hurried on, grudging the time they had already spent over what they considered but a very small affair.

"Alas!" moaned poor Ian, as he lay helplessly on the ground, his life-blood crimsoning the fragrant heather, till it seemed to blush for the foul deed, and call aloud for vengeance against the cruel murderer, "alas, old Janet spoke the truth, though little did I think her vision would so soon come to pass. Woe is me, must I die here like a wild beast, with no friendly hand to close my eyes or to wipe the dews of death from my brow. My forefathers fought against the Keppochs, and fell gloriously on the fields of Mavil Roy and Inverlair, but I shall die like the goat on the hill top, and my flesh shall become the prey of the wild cats and the eagles. My poor wife, my beloved Jessie, who will tell you of your husband's death, who will speak words of comfort to the widow? Must I never see you more! never more see my darling boy! My treasures of love and hope, how can I die without seeing you once more! Oh, mo ghaoil, mo ghaoil, what have I done that I should be torn from your side, and crushed like an adder under the foot of the stranger? Cursed be the hand that struck me, may his arm wither and—— no, I will not curse, I leave vengeance to a Higher Power, it may be that my son will yet avenge the murder of his father."

Here the attention of Mactavish was claimed by his faithful collie, who had followed the cows for some distance, in the vain hope of turning them back, and now exhibited the utmost distress at seeing his master in such a sad condition, licking his hands and face, and whining and howling in the most dismal manner.

The sight of the dog roused in the dying man's breast such a longing once more to reach his home and see its beloved inmates, that with an energy born of despair, he rose to his knees, and with one arm resting round the dog's neck, attempted to crawl towards his cottage.

His young wife was waiting and watching for his return, the usual time of his coming arrived, but no Ian; an hour passed; Jessie wondered what was keeping him, perhaps she thought one of the cows had strayed, he would sure to be home soon now; so she mended the fire and sat nursing her baby, looking at him and discovering new charms, with the absorbed attention and concentrated love of a young mother for her first born; another hour passed; she began to get more anxious; and laying the child down, she went to the door and looked in every direction, but no sign could she see of husband, cows, or dog. Perplexed and alarmed she knew not what to do, or what to dread from this strange occurrence. There was no one to advise her or to console with her.

In fear and anxiety she wandered aimlessly through the house, or stood at the door watching in vain for the beloved form that would never more hasten to meet her. With troubled voice broken with sobs, she

called aloud again and again her husband's name. In vain; in vain! The night wind carried the sound away, and the cold pale moon looked calmly down, as if in mockery of her passionate grief. The feeble cries of her infant recalled her to the fireside, where she continued her weary vigil until midnight, when, hark! what was that? a scratching at the door! the pitiful whine of a dog! Quickly she opens the door, and calls the dog by name; he bounds in, barks furiously, and catching hold of her dress, attempts to draw her back again towards the door. She stoops to pat him, his shaggy coat is covered with dew, but it is not dew that leaves those dark footprints on the floor; and what mark is this that he leaves on her hand as he licks it? Ah! horror! it is blood! gracious heavens! what has happened? Overpowered with emotion she sinks into a chair, but the horror of the night is not yet passed, her cup of misery is not yet filled. The dog runs again to the door; with the dull, stony look of despair, she sees him re-enter, but who or what is it that accompanies him? A ghastly object, crawling slowly and painfully on hands and knees, bedabbled with blood, with dishevelled hair hanging over the deathly face; can this be her Ian? the stalwart, cheery man she parted with a few hours back. Spell-bound with terror she stands motionless, while slowly, painfully, the figure draws nearer her, with sad, sorrowful eyes, over which the film of death is rapidly drawing, it gazes on her, and essays to speak, but no sound comes from the parched lips. With a great effort it seizes her hand in its cold clammy palm, and at the touch the spell is broken. Jessie realizes that this is indeed her husband, and with a terrible cry falls senseless to the ground.

Day was dawning before Jessie recovered from her swoon, and oh! what a terrible awakening it was. As she slowly opened her eyes the first object that met her gaze was the staring eyes of a corpse, and as consciousness returned, she found her hand clasped by the cold stiff fingers of her murdered husband.

When she collected her scattered senses, so rudely shaken by this awful event, and began to realize her great loss, she gave way to the most extravagant grief, wringing her hands, tearing her hair, and beating her breast, while uttering the most piercing cries, at one time apostrophising her beloved one with every endearing term, while she bathed his cold face with torrents of tears. Anon, with dry eyes and outstretched hand, she would call down curses on the head of the perpetrator of the cruel deed, and cry aloud for vengeance; then again she would melt into lamentations. "Oh Ian! my love! my love! will you never speak to me more, shall I never again see the love-light in your eye, or feel the warm pressure of your lips, never, never, your eyes are fixed and your lips are cold in death, and I am alive to see it; oh! would that I were dead, how shall I live without you? my husband, my first and only love."

The wailing cries of the neglected infant now recalled her attention to it. "Cry on, poor babe," she exclaimed, "you little know the loss you have sustained, never will you feel the watchful love and care of a father. Ochan! ochan! I will cherish you that you may live to revenge his untimely death; see this dirk I draw from the gaping wound, see it covered with the life-blood of your father, may you live my child, and one day sheath it in the black heart of his murderer."

As she became calmer she began to think what was best for her to do. There was no dwelling within several miles, and besides, being in perfect ignorance from whom, or for what cause, her husband had met his death, she was afraid to go to strangers for help; at last she concluded to go to her father's house, where she would be sure of assistance.

Having, with many tears and choking sobs, performed the last sad duties to the dead, she left the faithful dog in charge of his beloved master, and taking her infant in her arms, set out on her long and lonely journey.

Wearily she plodded on, weak from her recent illness, and, borne down with grief, she felt at times as though she must give up the attempt, and lie down and die, but then the thought of her dead husband lying in the desolate cottage would nerve her to make still another effort to obtain assistance, and have his remains, properly interred. At length she reached her father's house, and told her sad tale, which was listened to with the greatest horror of the deed, and sympathy for herself. Her father and some friends at once started to fetch the body of poor Mactavish, and a sad, sad, sight it was for the young widow to see the funeral cortege return. First came, with solemn tread, the piper, the mournful wailing notes of the lament announcing the approach of the funeral party long before they came in sight; then came four strong young men bearing on their broad shoulders the mortal remains of their murdered friend. Behind followed Jessie's father and a large party of friends and relatives, all armed with dirk and broadsword, for in those wild, unsettled times they were never sure but they might be interrupted, even on such a melancholy and peaceful errand as they were now engaged in.

The broken-hearted Jessie could not bear the idea of returning to her cottage, where every object would constantly remind her of her bereavement. She therefore decided to remain with her father, and after the furniture and plenishing had been removed, the cottage, which had been built and furnished with such loving care, and bright hopes of happy years to be spent in it, was left to ruin and decay, a striking monument of the uncertainty of man's life and enjoyment.

Jessie called her boy Ian, after his father, and when he grew old enough to understand her, she would talk to him by the hour together, of his dead father, praising his virtues and deploring his untimely end. This sort of conversation made a great impression upon the child's mind, ending, as it usually did, by the dirk being shown to him encrusted with the blood of his father.

Thus, his mother fired his imagination, and incited his young mind to thoughts of revenge and retaliation. The dirk being the only clue they had to the murderer, she gave it to young Ian when he was old enough to wear it, and told him to always have it ready until he should find the man, and sheath it in his heart. As he grew up, and his disposition and temper became more developed, it was seen that he was in temperament the very opposite to his father. Bold and courageous, he rather courted than shrunk from danger. Restless and daring, he looked with disdain upon the simple life of a husbandman. His ardent nature made him burn to distinguish himself in deeds of warlike skill and dauntless courage. These qualities, combined with a hardy robust frame, and

very handsome features, made him conspicuous among his companions, and attracted the attention of the Laird of Gorthlick, who was so taken with his appearance and manner, that he determined to save him from the drudgery of a farmer's life, and give him a chance of pushing his fortunes in a more congenial sphere. Ian was, accordingly, much to his own delight and to the satisfaction of his mother, admitted an inmate of the castle, as a sort of confidential attendant or page to its master.

Here several years passed swiftly and happily; young Mactavish daily growing in the favour of his patron, who, having no son of his own, gradually came to treat Ian as one, and took a great pride in seeing his protege acquit himself so bravely in the frequent skirmishes they had with the aliens, a large number of whom still held possession of the upper part of Stratherrick, and were continually making raids on the neighbouring territories. Evan Dubh, their captain, was a bold unscrupulous man, somewhat advanced in years, but still full of energy and enterprise.

When our hero was about eighteen, his patron was called away with the best part of his followers, to attend a grand meeting of the Clans, held at some distance, and before leaving home, called young Mactavish, and told him that he should leave him in charge at home, during his absence. And young as he was, yet he had every confidence in his courage and prudence, and not only left him in command of the men who remained behind, but also entrusted to him the safe keeping of the castle; and, most precious of all, the charge and safety of his only daughter, the lovely Catharine, then just blooming into womanhood. Ian's heart beat high at the great honour paid to him by this signal proof of his Chief's confidence, but especially at being considered worthy of being constituted the guardian and protector of the beautiful and fascinating Catharine, whom he had long worshipped at a distance, as if she were a superior being of another world; and now he was actually her guardian, and on him depended her safety and well-being, until the return of her father. His brain was in a whirl with ecstasy, and his heart thrilled with emotion, as a vision of possible future bliss rose in his agitated breast. "If her father deems me worthy of being her protector for a time, is it not just possible, if I do my duty and deserve her, that I may be yet considered worthy of her for life. Little need had he to urge me to watch over her carefully. I would lay down my life at any moment to do her service."

For a few days after the Chief had left everything was quiet and secure, and Ian began secretly to wish that some danger might arise to afford him an opportunity of showing his devotion to the fair Catharine. On the evening of the fifth day, however, the alarm was given at the castle that a large party of the aliens, headed by the renowned captain, Evan Dubh himself, was driving the cattle from their pasture, molesting the men in charge of them, and threatening to attack the castle. Hastily summoning his men, and bidding Catharine to keep close indoors and have no fear, Mactavish, with his trusty band, rushed out to meet and chastise the intruders. Evan Dubh, fully acquainted with the Chief's absence from the castle, had expected an easy victory, and was considerably taken aback by the sudden and impetuous onslaught of Ian, but, noting the smallness of the defending body, he determined to give fight, and recalling the men engaged in driving off the cattle, a regular pitched

battle ensued. The aliens largely outnumbered the defending party, and for a time Ian seemed to be getting the worst of it, when Mactavish signalling out the alien leader, worked his way to where he stood, hewing down every one who came in his way. A fearful hand-to-hand combat took place between them. Evan Dubh was a strong built man, somewhat under the middle height, whose life had been spent in warfare. With iron sinews, eagle eye, and a ready hand, which constant practice had rendered perfect in the use of his weapon, he was a formidable opponent to the youthful Ian, who, however, never yet flinched. What he lacked in weight, he made up by extra agility, and his want of experience was compensated by his impetuosity and daring. His eye was quick, and his courage as high as that of his enemy. Evan Dubh first looked with disdain at the youthful appearance of Mactavish, and contemptuously exclaimed,—"Fall back, thou presumptuous stripling, ere I kill thee at one blow. Wait till thy beard has grown before thou cross swords with me." Ian's only answer to this was a furious blow at Evan's head, which he parried with difficulty, and he soon found that he had a foeman worthy of his steel, boy though he was. The strife was severe, and the ultimate result seemed doubtful, but the fiery energy and quick movements of Ian began to tell on the older warrior, who, with labouring breath, gathered himself together for a final blow, which he hurled with all his remaining strength at the devoted Ian. The stroke descended with lightning-like rapidity, but our hero quickly parried it, and, with a sudden thrust, wounded Evan, who dropped on his knees, his broadsword falling from his nerveless grasp. Dropping his own sword, young Ian drew his dirk, and springing upon his opponent, bore him to the earth, and, holding his dirk before the eyes of the prostrate man, demanded if he would now submit himself as a prisoner, and save his life. Instead of replying, the wounded alien glared with glazed eyes and horror-stricken look upon the blood-stained dirk which Ian held before him.

"Do you yield?" shouted Ian.

Still Evan Dubh answered not, but keeping his eyes fixed on the dirk, muttered incoherently, "It is, it is, the same, my own. Many a year has passed since last I used it!"

Mactavish losing patience, and fearing he should lose his advantage, in the excitement of the moment, buried his dirk in the breast of his antagonist. The blow did not prove immediately fatal, and, as Ian drew it back from the dying man's breast, Evan seized his arm, and in faltering tones, exclaimed—"Where got ye that dirk? Well do I know it, long have I carried it, and many a brave enemy has felt its point, and now it has done for myself at last! Ah, poor Mactavish, I left it embedded in thy side, by the bank of bonnie Loch Riven, which I am now doomed to see no more." "What," cried Ian, in terrible excitement and rage, "what did you say? Was it your hand that shed the innocent blood of my father? Speak! speak! you shall not die until you tell me:" and, in his eagerness and passion, he violently shook the expiring alien, who faintly replied, "Your father! was that your father? Ah, I see him. I remember him. Look! he is pleading with our captain. Ah, ha! he might as well have asked mercy from the wolf! I see him now raise his arm to strike—fool, your father, he soon got his answer. And yet I wish I had

not killed him in that way. It was not a fair fight—raise me up, I am choking; keep off Mactavish! Why do you glare on me so? Give me back my dirk! I did not mean to kill you—keep off! away! away! Oh! I did——." The feeble voice was choked, and with a deep groan, Evan Dubh, who had hitherto never yielded to mortal man, succumbed to the king of terrors, and, with one last convulsive struggle, his guilty spirit took its flight.

It would be difficult to analyze Ian's feelings as he saw the murderer of his father expire by his own hand. Detestation of the man became mingled with gratified revenge, and awe at the presence of death in such a fearful form, was mixed with a grim satisfaction that he had been able, though unwittingly, to avenge the fate of his father.

The aliens, seeing their leader fall, became disheartened, and were soon put to flight, followed by Mactavish and his men, who made most of them kiss the sod with Evan Dubh.

Catharine met her youthful and brave champion at the door of the castle with a veritable April face, smiles and tears struggling for the mastery. She tried hard to command her feelings, and welcome him with a proper dignity of demeanour, but her emotion on seeing him wounded overcame all ceremony, and, seizing his hand, she exclaimed with fervour "Thank heaven! you have returned. I feared you would have been killed, and then what would have become of me." Then, as if fearing she had said too much, she turned and flew to her own apartment, sending a parting glance from under her fringed eyelashes that thrilled through and through the susceptible heart of Mactavish, and raised him to the seventh heaven of enchantment.

When Ian related to his mother the strange manner in which he had discovered the man for whom he had been looking all his life, and showed her the dirk, now stained with the blood of the slayer of his father, as well as that of the slain, the widow was satisfied that at long last her beloved husband was avenged, and that by the hand of her son; and both were still more pleased that Evan Dubh had met his death in fair fight, and that Ian's conscience was clear from bloodguiltiness.

On Fraser's return home, he was extremely pleased at the bold manner in which Mactavish had met and defeated the raiders; and when his daughter, in glowing and eloquent terms, dwelt on the devotion and heroism of young Ian, the old man soon guessed the secret which she thought was yet safely locked in her own breast; and being well pleased that her choice should be such a worthy one, he cheerfully agreed to his daughter's proposed alliance, and left Ian to plead his own cause with the maiden, which he, rendered eloquent by love, did to such good purpose, that the marriage-day was soon fixed; and, amid the congratulations of friends, and the blessing of Ian's widowed mother, the lovely Catharine was led to the altar, a blushing bride, by the young and gallant Ian Bàn Mactavish.

M. A. ROSE.

THE CROFTER'S LAMENT.

Oh! weep not, my Mary, thy tears give me anguish,
And break the proud spirit that dwells in my heart;
Tho' doomed in the land of our fathers to languish,
Thy sorrow wounds more than our Fate can impart:—
Ochon! from our shieling we're ruthlessly driven,
And reft of our little with pitiless scorn,
The God of the homeless in merciful Heaven,
Shall surely give bread to his children forlorn;—
Banished we'll weary roam,
Seeking another home,
And strangers shall wander where happiness dwelt,
Ruins shall mark the spot,
Where stood our lowly cot,
And silence shall tell of the wrongs we have felt.

Yon lordly oppressor may smile at our grieving,
And laugh at the tears which the helpless have shed;
The wealth that he craves from injustice, is leaving
The withering curse of the poor on his head;—
No more shall the love of the humble give glory,
The hall of his sires is o'ershadowed with shame,
The winds from the mountains shall whisper the story,
That clings with dishonour around the old name:—
Loveless for ever then,
Hateful to Highlandmen,
No beauty remains where cold avarice sways,
Heedless of love's reward,
Honoured with no regard,
All joyless the life where no tongue can give praise.

Ah! weep not, my Mary, tho' now we are going
From all that we cherished for many long years;
The grasp of the proud, tho' our sorrows bestowing,
Can crush not the love which is told in thy tears;—
Farewell, ye blue mountains! ye mourners forsaken,
How oft have ye echoed the wails of the sad;
Farewell, ye green valleys! no more shall ye waken
The songs of the happy or shouts of the glad:—
Ever in glow and gloom,
Telling of dool and doom,
Wild breathing the tale of your children opprest,
Crushed 'neath the Saxon's thrall,
Silent and sadly all,
We leave ye, but love ye for ever the best.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWERS.

THE CUTHBERTS OF CASTLEHILL.

THE enquiry concerning the Cuthbert Family, which occurs among the Genealogical Notes and Queries in the last *Celtic Magazine*, opens up a somewhat lengthy subject, for this family seems to have occupied a prominent position in this district for 300 years from the close of the 15th century. The Great Seal Index contains a quantity of charters, and there are Registers of Sasines and innumerable deeds in their favour during that long period. There is frequent mention of the Cuthberts also in the Lovat Charters; while they appear to have intermarried with most of the neighbouring families; and Cuthberts were oftentimes Provosts of Inverness. Their genealogy is given by an Act of Parliament of Scotland, vol. viii., James VII., A.D. 1686, entitled, "Warrant of Bore Brieve to Charles Colbert of Seignelay." They had their rise in the South—whither they ultimately retired—and their names are written both as Colbert and Cuthbert; the latter invariably in the North.

The following Memoir is extracted from a MS. volume in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, entitled "Materials from a Baronage of Scotland":—

"The family has held the Barony of Castlehill from the Crown of Scotland as a Royal feu, for services rendered, and for services to be rendered, to the King. Other lands they held in vassalage from particular superiors, such as the Town of Inverness, the Barons of Dacus, &c., as appears from Charters granted by these. Also the lands of Drakies, Stonifield, Mucovie, and other tenures.

"The representatives of the Castlehill family have always been called by the Highlanders, "MacIrish" or MacGeorge. The armorial bearing of the principal family is a Serpent erect, azure; the former motto was *Perite et Recte;* but in 1411, a Cuthbert led the forces of the Town of Inverness with the King's troops against Macdonald of the Isles, and for his behaviour at Harlaw there was added to his shield, a Fess Gules on a field Or, and for a crest, a Hand in a gauntlet, holding a weapon like an arrow, and the former words was added for motto, *Nec minus Fortiter.* Two bay-coloured horses were granted him for supporters.

"The oldest Charter known of the family was by King James III. in 1478, of the lands of Auld Castlehill, to William Cuthbert, son to John, and grandson of George, who had distinguished himself at Harlaw. The next, by Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1548 to George, nephew and apparent heir of John Cuthbert of Castlehill, and to his heirs male. The family has subsequently obtained other Charters, of which the most explicit is that granted by King James VI in 1592, which was confirmed by King Charles I. in 1625.

"The Bailiff of the family administered justice in the name of the

owner of the estate to his dependents, and representatives of the family filled the offices of High Sheriff of Inverness and Ross, Knights of the Shire, &c. They were founders of a Chapel at Inverness, under the Invocation of St Cuthbert, which was afterwards destroyed by the Calvinists. The family of Castlehill, however, has always preserved its right of sepulture in the site of the old chapel.

"*Cuthbert of Drakies*, near Inverness, possessed also Loch Line (?Linnhe) and Auchintua in Ross. The branch was extinct by the death of George Cuthbert of Drakies, who, having no issue, disposed of his property in favour of James Cuthbert, second son of George of Castlehill, whose descendants are in Georgia and South Carolina. Another branch is supposed to have settled in Angus-shire, there being on record a Charter of the lands of Roscoby, near Forfar, to N. Coubert, A.D. 1588.

"The lands of Mains and Ochterton, in Aberdeenshire, were granted by Charter to N. Cudbert, in 1610; those of Nether Cloquart in Perthshire, to N. Cuthbert of Cloquart in 1634.

"The most considerable branch, however, of the family is in Champagne, in France, established there since the 13th century, when Nicolas Cuthbert of COLBERT went from Scotland to France, and fixed his residence near Rheims, where his tomb is to be seen in the Church of the Monks of St Remi; with the inscription—"Ci gist le preux chevalier Nicolas Colbert, dit ly Ecossois: priez pour l'ame de Ly." From this Nicolas descended the great Jean Baptiste Colbert, 'le grand Colbert,' minister of State to Louis XIV. He, and after him, his son, the Marquis of Seignelay, sent to Scotland a request for their pedigree. The Bore-brief was drawn up by George Cuthbert, Provost of Inverness, and presented to the States of Scotland, in 1687.

I. JOHN CUTHBERT of Castlehill, when a youth, served in the Wars of Sweden, under Gustavus Adolphus, 1630; and, on the death of his General at Lutzen, returned to his estate, when he married N. Cuthbert, a daughter of Cuthbert of Drakies, by whom he had a son and nine daughters, who were mostly married to neighbouring gentlemen.

II. GEORGE CUTHBERT, son of John, succeeded his father, and married Magdalen, daughter of Sir James Fraser of Brae, niece to Lord Lovat, by whom he had three sons and a daughter, Magdalen, married to Hugh, fifteenth Baron of Kilravock, as third wife.

III. JOHN, the eldest, succeeded his father, and married Jean Hay, only daughter of the Right Rev. N. Hay of Dalgetty, last Bishop of Moray; by her he had four sons. (This lady appears as a claimant on the Estate of Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1757, in the Frazerdale case.)

IV. GEORGE, the eldest, succeeded his father, and married Mary Mackintosh of Blairvie, a cadet of Holme. By her he had a great many children, of whom eight were living at their father's death.

"*John*, the eldest, in the army. He served first as an officer in Holland, in one of the Scotch-Dutch Regiments; next, in the British army, and was killed at the siege of Louisberg, where he fought under General Wolff. He left no issue.

"*James*, the second son, went to South Carolina, where he died, leav-

ing an estate, a widow, and several children, who are now the representatives of the family.

"*Seignelay*, the third son, after his father's death, went into France, where he embraced the ecclesiastic state, and became Grand-Vicar of Toulouse, and afterwards Bishop of Rodez, and was appointed President of the Provincial Assembly of the Haute Guyenne. In 1787 he was called to the 'Assembly of Notables' by the King; after which he was deputed by the Clergy of Rovergne to the States General at Versailles in 1789. Refusing to take the Revolutionary oath, he was proscribed by the Party, and took refuge in England.

"*Lewis*, the fourth son, went to Jamaica, where he became a Member of the Legislative Assembly. The last Proprietor of the Cuthbert lands.

"*Lachlan*, the fifth son, was an officer of Artillery at Belle Isle, where he received the thanks of the General Commanding. He died a few years after (without issue) in France, whither he had gone on account of his health.

"*George*, the youngest, went to Jamaica, where he became High Provost-Marshal. He died without issue.

"Madalen, eldest daughter of George, married Major James Johnstone, 65th Regiment. Issue, two sons and one daughter, viz.—Robert, Captain 39th Foot; died at Guadaloupe. George, Major 4th or King's Own Infantry. Mary Ann, married Hon. Francis Grey, brother to Lord Grey, a Major of the 1st battalion of Breadalbane Fencibles.

"Rachel, 2d daughter of George of Castlehill, married Simon Fraser of Daltullich. Issue; John, Alexander, and Seignelay; Mary; Catharine married to Lieut. Robertson of the Hopetown Fencibles; Helena married —— Hannah, officer of Excise at Inverness; Magdalen and Jean.

"Sons of John III., *supra*.

"George, his heir; Lauchlan, second son, went to France, where he entered the army, and became Maréchale de Camp, or Major-General. He married in France, — Hereford, by whom he had a son, Roger, Baron de Colbert; and a daughter, who died unmarried.

"Alexander, third son, went to France, and became L'Abbè Colbert.

"James, fourth son, went to America, to South Carolina, where he twice married, and had a numerous family.

"Jean, the eldest daughter, married Thomas Alves of Shipland, Inverness. Her issue—1st, John Alves, Physician at Inverness, married first, — Campbell of the Calder family. Issue—1, Thomas, in Jamaica; 2, Archibald, of Springfield, Edinburgh; 3, Alexander, in Jamaica, d.s.p.; 4, Jean, married an Irish Presbyterian minister. John Alves, married 2d, — Baillie of Dunain. Issue—1, William, in Demerara, distinguished in the defence of St Vincent against the French, when he was wounded; 2, Ann; 3, Helen, married — Inglis, brother to William Inglis, Provost of Inverness.

"Jean, 2d son Thomas, and 3d James.

"After the death of George IV. *supra*, the Estate, burdened with heavy debt, was left by his children to the creditors, and came to a judicial sale in 1780, when it was purchased by Alexander Cuthbert, third son of John and brother to George. He died in 1782, and from his heirs-at-law the estate was again purchased by George, youngest son of the late George

Cuthbert of Castlehill. He was hardly in possession of the estate, when he died in Jamaica, without issue, having married Ann Pinnock. His landed property devolved on his brother, Lewis, who married Jean Pinnock, sister to his brother's wife, of an honourable family in Jamaica, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. 1st, George, Provost-Marshal and Admiralty Judge at Jamaica; 2d, Seignelay. Daughters, Elizabeth and two others.

"The above is from Deeds, vouchers of which are lodged in the Lyon office."

Lewis Cuthbert of Castlehill sold his estate at Inverness, and afterwards failed in business as a West Indian merchant, and died in a lunatic asylum. Other branches of the family survive. One member of it was, in 1860, living in London, a retired Bengal Civilian. The late General John Mackenzie of Gairloch (born 1763, died 1860) remembered entertaining the then Cuthbert of Castlehill, and the Bishop of Rodez, when with the left wing of the 78th Regiment at Putney in 1795.

I am not in possession of any information regarding members of the family still existing; but in a number of the *Courier*, published perhaps a year ago, there was a notice of a sale of some land in Inverness, the last remnant of the old Cuthbert property.

JAMES D. MACKENZIE.

Mountgerald, Dingwall, March 1879.

THE Rev. George Seignelay Cuthbert, vicar of Market-Drayton, Salop, writes, "In answer to the query relative to the Cuthberts of Castlehill, I am the lineal representative of this ancient family—at all events in Europe. My father was Seignelay Thomas Cuthbert (H.E.I.C.S.), son of Lewis Cuthbert, the third son of George Cuthbert, the last of the Barons of Castlehill, who resided there and possessed the property. Whether there are any descendants of James Cuthbert, the eldest son of the said Baron, still living in America, I do not know; but the second son, Seignelay, my great-uncle having been Bishop of Rodez in France, and so, of course, unmarried, I have the honour of being now the direct lineal descendant of the Cuthbert family in the United Kingdom."

THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—We refer "Cabar" to the article on the CHIEFSHIP, which appears in this number, for an answer to the principal points in his query. He will find that, failing the family of Allangrange, the Chiefship reverts to the Old Mackenzies of Dundonnell, the representative of which, in this country, is John Hope Mackenzie, now residing at Tarradale. An elder son went to California, of whom there is no trace. [Ed. *C.M.*]

THE CAMERONS.—In "Smibert's Clans" appears the following, on page 101:—"An ancient manuscript History of the Clan Cameron commences with these words—'The Camerons have a tradition among them that they are originally descended of a younger son of the Royal Family of Denmark, who assisted at the restoration of Fergus II. He was called *Cameron* from his *crooked nose*, as that word imports. But it is more probable that they are of the Aborigines of the ancient Scots or Caledo-

nians that first planted the country.' Mr Skene quotes these words, and concurs in the latter conclusion, which indeed seems the most feasible in the case." I do not know where this manuscript History of the Camerons is now to be found; but, unless it was given, like many other Highland MS. histories, to the late Mr Donald Gregory, and, in consequence of his death, never returned, it will probably be found in Lochiel's possession, or in that of Mr W. F. Skene, who, it is understood, obtained possession of Gregory's papers and manuscripts. M.

QUERIES.

(9) CHISHOLM OF TEAWIG.—Wanted, information respecting the Origin and Pedigree of the Family of Chisholm of Teawig, parish of Kilmorack, Inverness-shire. The head of the family at the end of the seventeenth century was Alexander Chisholm, who was succeeded by his son of the same name. Rev. Thomas Chisholm and the Rev. David Chisholm, ministers of Kilmorack, were of this family, which was a landed one, holding the property of Teawig in fee or in wadset. C.D.A.

(10) GILDONICH.—A somewhat common surname in Kilmorack at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries was that of "Gildonich," sometimes spelt "Mhaoldonich," sometimes "MacGildonich" and "MacOldonich." The name disappears altogether, so far as the Church Registers are concerned, before 1720. What surname did the family assume, and what are the members of it now known by? The name "Gildonich" appears to mean "servant of St Dominick." How did it originate in the Aird? A.C.D.

(11) REV. WILLIAM FRASER OF KILMORACK.—What family of Frasers was this minister derived from? He was minister at the end of the 17th century. A.D.C.

(12) CLAN GUNN.—Would any reader of the *Celtic Magazine* inform me who the younger sons of Donald Gunn of Killernan (sixth MacHamish) were—and also who their descendants were for three generations? MACIAN.

(13) FERNE, in Ross-shire, at one time the seat of a Monastery was also a Regality, and as such was competent to Register Deeds as Commissary or Sheriff Courts. Deeds registered in the "Regality Books of Ferne" are frequently named in Highland records. Does anyone know what became of these books at the absorption or extinction of the Regality powers? LEX.

(14) THE CUTHBERTS OF INVERNESS.—Mr Fraser-Mackintosh tells us that "Alexander Cuthbert, predecessor to the Cuthberts of Drakies, was slain at Pinkie (1547)." Will any grubber amongst the ashes of ancestors kindly give the predecessors of that gentleman and his successors up to Alexander, who died soon after 1600; also, the wives and their families? The last-named Alexander's spouse was a Christian Dunbar; was she of an Inverness family? F. MEDENHAM.

(15) THE ROSSES OF INVERCHARRON.—Can any Ross, Munro, or Mackenzie Seannachie fill up the following gaps:—There was a younger branch of Balnagowan called Ross of Invercharron from the 15th or 16th century until about 1797 (when it was sold to another family of Rosses). A William thereof married a daughter of Mackenzie, first of Davochmaluak. Was this William the first owner or was he William, son of Alexander of Invercharron—the latter two died from 1620 25? Alexander's relict was a Mackenzie; of what family was she, and was she a second wife? His grandson, Walter, was= an Isobella [or Elizabeth] Monro, relict of Innes of Calrossie, and daughter of Andrew Monro or George Monro of Miltown; which is correct? Any information about this family previous to 1620 is anxiously sought. QUILL.

(16) THE PEERAGE AND BARONETCIES OF CROMARTY AND TARBAT.—Will you or any of the numerous Mackenzies or other antiquarian readers of the *Celtic Magazine* inform me who is the present representative of the Cromarty and Tarbat honours in the *male* line. The present Duchess of Sutherland, descended from the Earls of Cromarty in the *female* line was, in 1861, *created* Countess of Cromarty, but it is generally believed that a family of Mackenzies in Lochinvar represent the old family of Tarbat and Cromarty. I shall esteem it a favour if any one can give me correct information regarding this, and *full* particulars about the Lochinvar family and their families, heirs, &c., if any, in your query column? TARBAT.

Correspondence.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

The Manse, Narracoorte,
South Australia, 14th December 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the following lines, which I heard recited by an old friend in my youth, but which I have never seen in print; and I have much pleasure in making you a present of them, if you think them worthy of a place in the Magazine. Of their authorship I know nothing—nor of the subject of his eulogy,—but there must surely be some record in Skye of the magnificent mansion described by the bard:—

A dhaoine seallaibh air an aitreabh,
'Tha mise faicinn le'm shuillibh!
Cismaol Mac Neill a Barra
An deigh's teachd a steach do'n duthaich,
Teaghlach muirneach, rioghail, ceutach,
Anns am biodh cinn-fheadhna 's diucan,
Piob ga spreigeadh ann ad thrannsa
Srannraich each is fathrum chruithean.

S ann an Steinn a thog thu 'n aitreabh
Far am faighte 'n gloine lionta,
Ruma glas is fion na Frainge,
Uisge beatha 's branndai riomhach
'S ma dheoghainn gach seorsa bidhe
Cha 'n urrainn mi dhuibh ga chunntas:
Cruithneachd, 's briosgaidean nan Innsean,
Muc ga Sgriobadh 's moilt ga'n rusgadh.

A thalla nam buadhanna mora,
S' eibhinn na sloigh 'tha mu'n cuairt duit,
S mor a chi iad do gach ioghna,
Cuir seachad an t' saoghail gun ghruaman;
Beannachd do'n laimh 'thog na clachan,
Dh'fhag e iad gu daingeann laidir,
'S uair a measa 'shaor a ghiuthais,
Gur buidheach mi dh' obair a laimhe,
'S nam b' urrainn mo bheul innse,
Mar a ta m' inntinn ag raitinn
Cha togar s' cha deanar aitreabh
An taic ris a Chaisteal so lamh ruinn.

[Here my memory fails me a little.]

. . . An Eaglais mhor a tha'n Glaschu,
. . . S' air a chaisteal a tha'n Struila,
An tur Uaine 'bha 'n Lunainn,
Gum b' iongantach an gniomh dhaoin' e.
Bha aitreabh ann an Hanover,
Le ursnaibh oir s' le comhla airgid,
Ach a leithid so do aitreabh
Cha'n fhacas an taice ri fairge,
Air dheanamh le aol 's le clachan
Cho geal ri sneachda nan garbhlach.

Nuair a chaidh mi stigh 'n 'ad thrannsa,
Sheall mi os mo cheann gu diblidh,
Chunnaic mi gach ni bha aghmhor,
'S cha nar dhomh teannadh r' a innseadh,
Coinnlean ceir a bhi gan lasadh,
Air bord snaighte do'n fhiodh riomhach,
Airgiod is or fad mo sheallaidh,
Sgathanna glaine gu lionmhor.

Thig loingeas nan gunnacha mora,
Le 'n cuid sheol, a stigh fo'd dhorus,
Theid gach Caiptin sios ga gheolaidh
'S eighidh e, gur mor an t' annas,
An aitreabh ud a tha air tir,
Sa slios cho li ri cli na h'eala,
Teannamaid a steach da h' ionnsaidh,
Sgu'm faiceamaid surd a balla.

Theid iad a steach air a dorus
S' cuiridh iad an ad fo'n cleoca
Suathaidh iad am brogan mine, dubha,
'N *Carpat* buidhe 's fiamh an oir air,
Siubhlaidh iad gu ciallach, samhach, modhail, narach,
Feadh do sheomar, an ad s' am brogan fo'n achlais,
'S cha bu lapach an ceann sgoid iad.

Thig iad a mach air a dorus,
Bheir gach fear a shoitheach fein air,
Togaidh iad an siuil ri crannaibh,
Siubhlaidh iad air tonnaibh bronnach uaine,
'S cha stad iad gus an ruig iad Lunainn,
Toirt urram do aitreabh Ruairidh.

I hope the Bard will get into print, and I shall not regret that I have been the means of introducing him to your readers.—I am, yours faithfully,

D. M'CALMAN,
Presbyterian Minister.

On receipt, we handed the above to our venerable friend, the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., that he might throw what light he could on the subject of this excellent composition, and he supplied the following

notes, which will no doubt prove interesting to others, as well as to our friend at the Antipodes :—

There is much interest attached to the ancient Duns or Forts, which are so numerous on the coasts of the Western Isles. Some of these are of very remote antiquity, and may have been built in the pre-historic ages. Others very probably were erected during the Fingalian wars, while others were reared as places of defence, at less remote periods, and the Isles, were seized upon by their Scandinavian invaders. In Skye alone there are no fewer than about one hundred ruins of various descriptions of forts, and all of them are situated in suitable localities near the sea. Dun-Scaith, on the west coast of Sleat, is alluded to by Ossian, and was a very extensive building, connected with which the remains of a prison and draw-well are still visible. Of all these forts, that of Dunvegan, in the parish of Duirinish in Skye, is the only one still inhabited. No doubt it is the Dun alluded to by the bard in the beautiful Gaelic poem herewith given. A brief but minute description of this interesting monument of primeval ages cannot fail to edify the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and particularly so such as admire the descriptive effusions of Gaelic bards in praise of their heroic chieftains, and lordly residences. The period when the oldest part of this fort was built is buried in remote antiquity. A portion of it is said to have been erected in the eighth or ninth century. Subsequently, a lofty tower was raised over the fort by Alasdair Crotach, about the middle of the thirteenth century, to correspond with an ancient tower built on the opposite side of the square. For hundreds of years these two towers were separated from each other, except by a secret passage excavated from the solid rock; but, eventually, they were united by a row of less elevated edifices erected by Ruairidh Mor, who received the honour of knighthood from James VI. It was, no doubt, during the lifetime of Ruairidh Mor that the Gaelic song hereto attached was composed, as that gallant chieftain is evidently the one alluded to in it. Probably it is the composition of the celebrated poetess, Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, who lived in the days of her distinguished relative and chief, Ruairidh Mor, and sung his praises in poems of rousing energy and beauty. The Macleods of Dunvegan had likewise a race of pipers, from time immemorial —the MacCrimmons, who officiated in that capacity all along from sire to son. They had for centuries their training college at Boreraig, near Dunvegan, where they communicated their masterly knowledge of bagpipe-music to numerous pupils from all quarters of the kingdom. At the date under review, Patric Mor MacCrimmon was piper to Ruairidh Mor, for whom he composed a salute, as celebrated for its melting pathos, as ever were the poetic strains of Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh.

Dunvegan Castle or fort is built upon an isolated, precipitous rock of about two hundred feet in height. In olden times, tradition says, that the sea surrounded it, by dashing through a dark narrow chasm that separated the castle-rock from the land. On the opposite side, the sea was deep, and capable of allowing boats or galleys of any size to sail to the very base of the perpendicular precipice. There was no entrance of old into the fort but from the sea-side, and that was by a steep narrow stair cut in the rock, and both difficult and dangerous to climb.

In latter times this entrance ceased to be used, as it could not easily be approached by sea, and a massive draw-bridge was thrown across the chasm already alluded to. At a still more modern date, this chasm was filled up with stones and rubbish, and a substantial roadway now leads to the castle on the north side. Within the quadrangle of this fortalice a well was excavated in the solid rock to the depth of about two hundred feet, out of which an abundance of pure water could be drawn up to supply the fort. This well resembles that in Edinburgh Castle, and is still open and frequently used. As already stated, Dunvegan Castle is to this day inhabited by Macleod of Macleod, and a very romantic, yet comfortable residence it is. The walls of the great dining-hall in the old tower are fourteen feet thick, and large parties may dine in the angular recesses of the windows.

As the Castle is situate near the terminus of Loch Foillart, the anchorage close by it for large vessels is not at all times safe; and the consequence was, that ships of considerable size resorted to the adjacent harbour of Lochbay, where they might lie in safety in all weathers, under the shelter of Isay Isle, and opposite to the village of Stein.

There are several relics of considerable interest in the ancient Castle of Dunvegan to which a bare allusion may now be made. The principal ones among these are Ruairidh Mor's drinking-horn, Niall Glundubh's chalice, and the Saracen Fairy flag. Ruairidh Mor's horn is immensely large, and will contain five English pints of Mountain dew, or any less powerful liquid. It is beautifully carved and chased, and mounted with silver. The chalice or cup of Niall Glundubh is hollowed out of a block of solid ebony, sits upon four pedestals of silver, and is splendidly mounted with silver and precious stones. It bears the date of 991, and has an inscription on it in Latin. It is said to have been taken by one of the Macleods from an Irish Chief, named Niall Glundubh. The Bratach-Shith, or Fairy flag, is still carefully preserved, although much decayed through age, and the pilfering of shreds of it by curious visitors. Tradition has it, that the flag was taken during the Crusades, from a Saracen chief, and that it is possessed of various miraculous properties. The fate and fortune of the Macleods depend upon this mystical flag, and it is the palladium of their clan. These interesting relics have been alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his diary, and also in his notes to the Lord of the Isles, and tourists and visitors may still inspect them, and many things besides, if they pay a visit to the elevated hoary Castle of Dunvegan.

Mo Ruairidh Mor, Mo Ruairidh Mor!
Bithidh ceol is dain ann talladh 'n fhir fheill,
Deochan o chein, sitheann beinne,
Dreosach dhe'n cheir, is pioban 'gan gleus,
'S ann aros mo ruin cha bhi gainne!
Mo Ruairidh Mor, Mo Ruairidh Mor!

THE KILT AND BONNET BLUE.

—o—

My harp I'll strike for Scotia brave,
  Fair Freedom's loved abode;
Proud are her sons, the foot of slave
  Their heather never trode;
Staunch loyalty, whate'er betide,
  Their manly breasts imbue!
They love the bonnie tartan plaid,
  The kilt, and bonnet blue.
    The kilt, and bonnet blue, hurrah!
      The kilt, and bonnet blue,
    They love the bonnie tartan plaid,
      The kilt, and bonnet blue.

There are across the stormy sea
  More genial climes—what then?
Their maids are not so fair and free,
  Nor yet as bold their men;
For Scotia's sons, both far and wide,
  High honour's path pursue,
Robed in the bonnie tartan plaid,
  The kilt, and bonnet blue.
    The kilt, and bonnet blue, hurrah!
      The kilt, and bonnet blue,
    Robed in the bonnie tartan plaid,
      The kilt, and bonnet blue.

Our liberty was dearly bought—
  Enthralling chains we spurn!
Remember how our fathers fought
  And bled on Bannockburn!
A fame-wreath, ever to abide,
  They bound—the gallant few!—
Round Freedom's brow, twined with the plaid,
  The kilt, and bonnet blue.
    The kilt, and bonnet blue, hurrah!
      The kilt, and bonnet blue,
    Round Freedom's brow, twined with the plaid,
      The kilt, and bonnet blue.

If foemen, then, cross o'er the main,
  And land upon our shore,
They'll come to be forced back again,
  Or fall in battle's rear;
We'll belt the claymores to our sides,
  That won famed Waterloo,
And conquer in our tartan plaids,
  Our kilts, and bonnets blue.
    Our kilts, and bonnets blue, hurrah!
      Our kilts, and bonnets blue,
    And conquer in our tartan plaids,
      Our kilts, and bonnets blue.

EDINBURGH. ALEXANDER LOGAN.

Literature.

THE ROSE AND THISTLE. Poems and Songs by WILLIAM ALLAN. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THIS is a handsomely got-up, illustrated volume of four hundred pages, by our friend and valued contributor, Mr William Allan, of Sunderland. It is as unnecessary, as it would be out of place, to discuss Mr Allan's merits as a poet in the *Celtic Magazine.* He has long ago established himself as a great favourite with those of our readers who care for poetry that has a sterling ring in it; and a good many of his contributions to our pages are included in the beautiful and attractive volume before us—"The Doom of Dunolly," and "The Death of Ossian," forming the first 57 pages of the book. An amount of domestic felicity is presented by the author in the praises of his own "Jean," which is most agreeable and refreshing. The following is only one of many genuine tributes of the same kind :—

LICHTSOME JEAN.

Tichtsome, lichtsome, winsome Jeanie,
Smilin', wilin' ever;
Genty, tenty, canty Jeanie,
Frownin', gloomin' never,
Frownin', gloomin' never.
Life's wee burdens a' are blessin's,
Sae I lo'e them aye to tease me;
A' to pree the fond caressin's,
O' the heart that aye can please me;
Frowns are foes unto her nature,
Loveless looks she canna thole,
Happiness wi' couthie feature
Owre the house maun hae control.

Tichtsome, lichtsome, winsome Jeanie,
Smilin', wilin' ever;
Genty, tenty, canty Jeanie,
Frownin', gloomin' never,
Frownin', gloomin' never.
Ilka morn is aye affordin'
A' the joy that brings anither;
Ilka day maun dee recordin',
A' our bliss unto its brither;
Life wi' us has nocht o' rancour,
Hamely peace is a' we prize,
Trustin' to ae mutual anchor,
Earth to us is paradise.

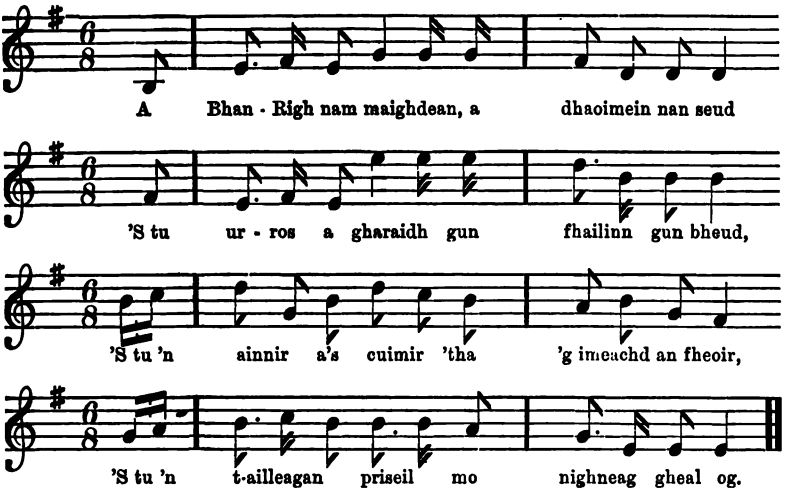
The "Wee Toom Shoon," is truly touching. The sorrowing young mother mourns for her departed child, draws a picture of "his bonnie curly head," and "dark love-lowin' e'e, his chubby cheeks of glowin' red, an' lips sae sweet to me." She looks into the "wee toom shoon" worn by her lost one, and pathetically exclaims.—

I see him aft in gowden dreams
Sweet cuddlin' doon to rest;
His ae wee han' fu' aften seems
Still lyin' on my breast.
Ah me! whan dawns the brichtest morn
Dark sorrow is my only boon;
I wake to feel he's frae me torn,
For death keeks oot frae the wee toom shoon—
His wee toom shoon.

Though the reader is already so well acquainted with Mr Allan's poems, as to make it superfluous to discuss his merits here, we may be permitted to say that the late Dr Carruthers expressed his opinion to us when "The Doom of Dunolly" was passing through these pages, that nothing of equal merit of the same kind appeared since Sir Walter Scott wrote on kindred themes. He afterwards expressed the same opinion to "Nether-Lochaber," and, if we correctly remember, did so also in the *Inverness Courier*. This is a far higher tribute than any commendations of ours could be. The illustrations are really good. The frontispiece is an excellent representation of Dunolly Castle and Fingal's Stone. "Here, Hector fell." While we are indisposed to say so much about the merits of the book as, in other circumstances, we might have done, the reader may not be unwilling to have a short review of the author himself. He recently paid us a visit in Inverness, in connection with which he composed that sweet little piece, "Rest in the Fight," which appeared in the February number. He is certainly a remarkable looking man for a poet,—a powerfully built, herculean frame—such a one as we would imagine Vulcan himself to be—considerably over six feet in height, with a fine open countenance full of good-natured humour. He is a very store-house of information on almost every subject, and the perfect impersonation of a true actor and mimic relating his endless laughter-producing tales and personal reminiscences.

Mr Allan has seen a good deal of the world; was bred an engineer, in which capacity he was employed during the late American War, in one of the Southern blockade runners. He was ultimately captured, and for a considerable time incarcerated in the old Capitol Prison of Washington. After various vicissitudes, he was employed as foreman engineer in the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company's Works at Sunderland, of which he is now, and has been for several years past, the managing partner, having over a thousand men under his charge, among whom are to be found the sons of the first gentlemen in England. While engaged in this iron-manner all day, he, as soon as the day's work is over, leaves the cares of the world behind him; goes home to enjoy the comforts of his fine mansion, "Scotland House," which is nearly all carved into Scotch thistles inside and out. He is seldom or ever found out of his literary corner of an evening, surrounded by all the comforts a frugal, happy, Highland wife, a hopeful family, and plenty of this world's goods, can procure, and he knocks off a lyric every night almost with the same facility as he would write a letter to a friend. In this manner Mr Allan has thrown off enough for four volumes, already published, and much more besides which has not yet seen the light. The reader will not be sorry, we feel sure, to get this peep into the position and habits of their favourite bard, which are, in every respect, as unlike those of most poets as they can well be; and we know that many of his friends only want to know that he has published the volume before us to induce them at once to secure a work so highly meritorious as a literary production, and which, at the same time, exhibits such a delightful picture of domestic happiness and home comfort.

MO NIGHNEAG GHEAL OG.


A Bhan - Righ nam maighdean, a dhaoimein nan seud
'S tu ur - ros a gharaidh gun fhailinn gun bheud,
'S tu 'n ainnir a's cuimir 'tha 'g imeachd an fheoir,
'S tu 'n t-ailleagan priseil mo nighneag gheal og.

KEY G.

: m_1	l_1 : -. t_1 : l_1 | d : — : d . d	t_1 : s_1 : s_1 | s_1 : —	
: t_1	l_1 : -. t_1 : l_1 | l : — : l . l	s : -.m : m | m : —	
: m . f	s : d : m | s : f : m	r : m : d | t_1 : —	
: d . r	m : -. f : m | m :-. m : r	d :-. l_1 : l_1 | l_1 : — ‖	

Gur aoidheil, gur flathail, 's gur maiseach do ghnuis
Do mhin-ghruaidh cho boidheach ri ros 's e fo dhriuchd,
Gur daite na bilean o 'm milis 'thig ceol,
'S do dheud mar an *ibhri* mo nighneag gheal og.

Gur mor 'tha ri leughadh 's an aodann a's ailt,
Thu tuigseach 'n ad chomhradh, gun mhor-chuis gun straichd,
Tha buaidhean ri innseadh le firinn gu leoir
'Rinn reul a measg mhiltean de m' nighneag gheal og.

'S i 'n ur-shlat 's a' choill thu, mo mhaighdean deas donn
Gun choire ri luaidh ort o d' chuailean gu d' bhonn,
Mar ubhal tha d'anail, blas meal' air do phoig
'S do bhriathran lan millseachd mo nighneag gheal og.

Mar anail nan ainglean 's na speuran a' snamh
Bi neoil gheal an t-sambraidh mu 'n ghrein anns an aird,
'S e sud an t-aon choimeas a bheir mi le deoin
De d' bhraighe caoin min-sa mo nighneag gheal og.

'S tu 'n euchdag dheas, donn, thogadh fonn air mo chridh
Le misneach do naduir, 's do mhannranaich bhinn,
'S 'n uair dhisgte *piana* gu h-ard le d' chaol mheoir
Bhiodh m' acain air di-chuimhn' mo nighneag ghea og.

Gur buidhe g' ad leannan O ainnir nam buadh !
Gur boidheach do mhala, seimh banail gun ghruaim,
Gur iomadh duin' uasal gu d' bhuannachd tha 'n toir,
'S gur lion tha 'our pris air mo nighneag gheal og.

Gur buidhe g' ad leannan o ainnir an aigh
'N uair gheibh e gu deonach uait coir air do laimh,
Gur fearr dha le cinnt na ged sgriobhte dha or
'Bhi 'g eisdeachd do bhriodail mo nighneag gheal og.

Gur binne na eoin leam an doire nan cuach
Fonn oran o d' bhilean mar shirisd nan bruach,
'S do cheum tha cho eutrom air reidhlean an fheoir
Ri eilid na fridhe mo nighneag gheal og.

O ciamar a chuirinn do mhaise an ceill
No buaidhean do nadair ged 's ard duit mo speis?
Cha ruig air do sgiamh mi le briathran mo bheoil
'S cha 'n urrain mi 'n sgriobhadh mo nighneag gheal og.

Mo shoraidh 's mo bheannachd dhuit ainnir nam beus,
Am meangan a's cubhraidh tha 'n dlu cheill' nan geug
Ge b'e co ni do bhuain gheibh e duais a bhios mor
'S tu 'm beartas 's an iochd-shlaint mo nighneag gheal og.

NOTE.—The above verses—Mo Nighneag Gheal Og—are the composition of Mrs Mary Mackellar. To the Gaelic reader it is needless to speak of their great beauty; and any endeavour to convey an idea of that beauty to one not conversant with Gaelic would ail. Suffice it to say that they fully sustain Mrs Mackellar's reputation as a Gaelic *Bana-bhard*. The air is well known to Highlanders and Lowlanders, and needs no comment here. W. M'K.

DR SMITH'S GAELIC PROPHETS.—We have much pleasure in calling attention to an intimation on another page, that the Rev. Dr John Smith's Gaelic Prophets are about to be reprinted by, and under the supervision of, the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, whose interesting and valuable articles on "Our Gaelic Bible," and now passing through this Magazine, are giving so much satisfaction to our readers. Dr Masson deserves to be supported and relieved of any risk in his plucky and patriotic venture, by an early and large subscription list. It will be seen that the edition is to be strictly limited.

THE CLAN GUNN.—A series of articles on this old Highland Clan, by a gentleman who has devoted years of research to the subject, will be commenced in an early number.

HIGHLAND AND ISLAND SCENERY.—The first article on this subject, by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., will appear in our next.

THE

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HIGHLAND AND ISLAND SCENERY.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

—o—

I.

SCOTLAND has been called the land of mountain and flood, and no land more richly merits the name. It is the land of wild, blooming heather, and of the tangled wilderness of hill and dale, formed in all the prodigality of natural beauty. It is the region of "mountains, and of glens, and of heroes," which, if taken all in all, has no parallel perhaps in all the regions of the globe. In no other country does nature exhibit herself in more various forms of sublimity and grandeur than in the Highlands of Scotland.

But here it is my intention merely to make rapid allusion to some of the most prominent features of our dearly beloved country, and to its scenery in general—its mountains and lakes, its glens and dales, its rivers and waterfalls—and then I shall ask the reader to follow me, to the remarkable formation of nature in the scenery of Skye, and others of the Hebride Isles.

The county of Ayr, with its Celtic topography, constitutes a large part of the Western coast of Scotland, and may appropriately be noticed in a paper like this. Forming one large inclined plain towards the sea, it is intersected in its breadth by several rivers, such as the Irvine, the Ayr, and the Doon, all of which are rich in poetical association. This county is rendered memorable by the defeat of the Norwegians at Largs in their last invasion of this country, made in the year 1263, with a fleet of 160 sail, and an army of 20,000 men, commanded by Haco, King of Norway. His ravages on the coasts of Ayr, Bute, and Arran, arrested the attention of the Scottish Court, when an army was immediately assembled by Alexander III., and a bloody engagement took place at the village of Largs, where 16,000 of the invaders were slain in battle. Haco escaped to the Orkneys, where he soon after died of grief. The entrenchments of the Norwegian camp may still be traced along the shore of this place, and the burial-place of the Scottish commanders who fell in battle is on a rising field near the village, still marked out by a few large stones. But this county is rendered nothing less memorable, as the birth-place of the immortal Burns. The poet was born in a clay-built, thatched cottage

on the high-way which leads from Ayr to the south, and about two miles and a-half from that town. There may still be seen the small farm occupied by the poet's father, and near it are the ruins of Alloway Kirk, formerly a parochial place of worship. The road, immediately after passing the cottage and the ruined church, crosses the Doon by a modern bridge of one arch, and at the distance of a hundred yards further up the river, is the "Auld Brig," so noted in the tale of "Tam O'Shanter." Alloway Kirk, with its little inclosed burial-ground, well merits the traveller's attention. It has long been roofless, but the walls are well preserved, and it still retains its bell at the east end. But, upon the whole, the spectator is struck with the idea, that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem! The "winnock bunker in the east," where sat the awful musician, is still a conspicuous feature, being a small window divided by a thick mullion. Upon a field about a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the kirk, is a single tree inclosed with a paling, the last remnant of a group which covered—

The cairn,
Whar hunters fand the murder'd bairn—

And immediately beyond that is—

The ford,
Whar in the snaw the chapman smoored.

These are two spots which Tam O'Shanter is said to have passed on his solitary way. Close to this is the thorn on the wayside, at the place where "Mungo's mother" committed suicide. It is surprising with what interest these localities are visited by the admirers of Burns and of the poem of Tam O'Shanter. The Auld Brig o' Doon, which is approached by a steep way, forming Tam's line of march when pursued by the witches, is a fine old arch, which is still kept in excellent order. About forty years ago the parapets had suffered considerable injury, when the Rev. Mr Paul of Broughton, author of a Life of Burns, wrote a poetical petition for the "Auld Brig" to the Road Trustees, to obtain means for repairing it. The petition ran as follows:—

Unto the Honourable the Trustees of the Roads, in the County of Ayr, the petition and complaint of the Auld Brig o' Doon.—

Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay?
Shall my bold arch, that proudly stretches o'er
Doon's classic stream, from Kyles to Carrick's shore,
Be suffer'd in oblivion's gulph to fall,
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall?
Forbid it! every tutelary power!
That guards my Keystane at the midnight hour.
Forbid it! ye who charm'd by Burns's lay,
Amid these scenes can linger out the day!
Let Nannie's sark, and Maggie's mangled tail,
Plead in my cause, and in that cause prevail.
The man of taste, who comes my form to see,
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,
When he is told—"The Auld Brig is no more."
Stop then, O stop—the more than vandal rage,
That marks this revolutionary age;

And bid the structure of your father's last,
The pride of this, the boast of ages past;
Nor ever let your children's children tell
By your decree the ancient fabric fell.

May it therefore please your honours to consider this petition, and grant such sum as you may think proper for repairing, and keeping up the Auld Brig o' Doon.

But we must take leave of the pretty classic scenes of Ayr, and take a cursory glance at other parts of the country. We will make brief mention of a few of the most prominent objects that meet us on the way, such as the highest hills, the most beautiful lakes, the principal waterfalls, and such other localities as are worthy of the tourist's admiration. The Isles of Bute and Arran, Ailsa Craig, and the romantic Kyles of Bute, have all of them their features of beauty and interest. The ancient Castle of Dumbarton, a strong fortress, crowns a lofty and precipitous rock which rises from a plain at the conflux of the Clyde and Leven. On the top of this remarkable rock are several batteries, the Governor's residence, the barracks, and, store houses. In the days of the venerable Bede, it was considered impregnable, but was reduced by famine in 756. This fortress was long looked upon as the key to the West Highlands. It stood many sieges, but during a thick fog in April 1571, it was surprised and taken by escalade, when held by the adherents of Queen Mary.

The Scottish lakes, of which many are very picturesque, are nearly one hundred in number. Of these, until of late, not a few were seldom or ever visited and little heard of, while others were quite a "terra incognita" to tourists. Bythe extension of railways, particularly our Highland system, as well as by D. Hutcheson's magnificent fleet of steamers, thousands have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with a country posessing an inexhaustible variety of lake scenery, as well as hundreds of other objects of the most attractive and romantic interest. "A country thus constituted," says an eminent writer (Wilson), "and with such an aspect, even if we could suppose it without lochs, would still be a glorious region; but its lochs are indeed its greatest glory. By them its glens, its mountains, and its woods, are all illuminated, and its rivers made to sing aloud for joy. In the pure element, overflowing so many spacious vales, and glens profound, the great and stern objects of nature look even more sublime, or more beautiful in their reflected shadows, which appear in that stillness to belong rather to heaven than earth! Such visions, when gazed on, in that wonderous depth and purity which they are sometimes seen to assume on a still summer day, always inspire some such faint feeling as this; and we sigh to think how transitory must be all things, when the setting sun is seen to sink beneath the mountains, and all its golden splendour at the same instant to vanish from the lake."

The first that takes possession of the imagination, speaking of the Highlands as the region of lochs, is the Queen of them all, Loch Lomond. Among the many points from which a general view of the lake can be obtained, the best perhaps is from the top of "Mount Misery," a little hill near its southern extremity, and about three miles above Balloch. Here, looking northward, towards the head of the lake, it is beheld in its greatest breadth, stretched out like a scroll beneath the feet. A variety of beautiful islands are interspersed over its surface, and

on its eastern and western banks are seen different ranges of hills, which, seeming to meet towards the north, shut up the prospect, and mingle their bold and broken outlines with the sky. Nor can it be forgotten, that within a few miles of this locality, Smollet, the novelist, Buchanan, the historian, and Napier, the inventor of logarithms, first saw the light of day, each of whom has, in his own way, added a lustre to the literature and science of Scotland. Smollet was born on the banks of the Leven, Buchanan on the banks of the Blane, and Napier was born at Garlies, near the river Endrick. The lake is guarded by mountains around, and as they recede, they become more and more majestic, yet their beauty never deserts them, and her spirit continues to tame the wildness of the growing cliffs. Far off as they are, Ben-Lomond and Benvoirlich are seen to be giants, each magnificent in his own dominion, and clear as the day may be, both are diademed with clouds.

The next, perhaps, in point of magnificence is Loch-Katrine. It is impossible for the imagination to conceive a succession of scenery more sublime and imposing than is displayed around this splendid lake. Nature seems to have assumed her wildest and most romantic aspect. Mountains, precipices, and lofty rocks appear as if thrown around in the rudest form, while trees and shrubs give variety and grace to the landscape. It forms the receptacle for hundreds of rivulets and streams, that tumble down into it, "white as the snowy charger's tail."

The scenery of Loch-Katrine was but comparatively little known until the publication of the "Lady of the Lake," by the great "Unknown," but the splendid descriptions of that exquisite poem soon spread its fame wherever the English language is understood. The Trossachs form the chief point of attraction with strangers visiting Loch-Katrine. "This portion of the scenery," says the Minister of Callander, "beggars all description." Such an assemblage is there, of wildness, and of rude grandeur, as fills the mind with the most sublime conceptions. It seems as if a whole mountain had been torn in pieces, and frittered down by a convulsion of the earth; and the huge fragments of rocks, and woods, and hills, lie scattered in confusion at the east end of the loch. Ben-Venue rises majestically from the side of the lake to the height of 3000 feet, and is considered to be one of the most picturesque mountains in the Kingdom. The celebrated and well-known "Cor-nan-Uriskin," or Cave of the Goblins, rendered venerable from Highland tradition and superstition, is situated at the base of Ben-Venue, where it overhangs the lake in solemn grandeur. It is a deep circular hollow in the mountain, about 600 yards in diameter at the top, but narrowing towards the bottom, surrounded on all sides by stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch trees, which render it impenetrable to the rays of the sun. It is a horrible spot, which affords ample shelter—if not to fairies and hobgoblins—assuredly so to foxes, wild cats, and badgers!

The "Urisks," from whom this cave derives its name, were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings, or general assemblies of the order, were regularly held in this fearful den. These beings were, according to Dr Graham, a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, might be gained over by kind attention, to perform the drudgery of the farm. Sir Walter Scott

says that "tradition has ascribed to the 'Urisks' a figure between a goat and a man, in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr." Further up the mountain than Cor-nan-Uriskin is "Beallach nam bò," a magnificent pass across the northern shoulder of the mountain. The imagination, lost in astonishment, is apt to conceive it as an avenue leading from our lower world to another and a higher sphere!

When passing through the narrow defile of the Trossachs, the spot is seen where Fitz-James's horse exhausted fell, as also "the narrow and broken plain," at the eastern opening, where Sir Walter supposes the Scottish troops, under the Earls of Mar and Moray, to have paused ere they entered that dark and dangerous glen, nor will the vivid description of the scene which took place, when the archers entered the defile, be ever forgotten. No trace of a foe could at first be seen, but all at once,

> There rose so wild a yell,
> Within that dark and narrow dell;
> As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
> Had peal'd the banner-cry of h—ll.
> Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
> Like chaff before the wind of heaven
> The archery appear;
> For life! for life! their flight they ply,
> And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
> And plaids, and bonnets waving high,
> And broadswords flashing in the sky,
> Are maddening in the rear.
> Onward they drive in dreadful race,
> Pursuers and pursued.

Although this is merely a description of an imaginary fight between the Scottish troops and the men of Clan Alpine, yet, by the Wizard's wand, it has become so familiar to every reading mind as almost to be considered the account of a real transaction. And we believe that few pass now through the Trossachs without thinking of Roderick Dubh and his Macgregors. But there is little reason to doubt that many such encounters have in reality taken place. This formed one of the passes from the Lowlands to the Highlands, and it was in such places that the indomitable Highlanders usually made their stand against what they of all things abhorred, Saxon men, their laws, and their government.

There are several other lakes and localities of interest in this quarter, upon which we cannot at present enlarge. On our way North we shall accompany the reader through the celebrated Pass of Killiecrankie, in Athole, near the junction of the Tummel with the Garry. It is formed by the lofty mountains overhanging the Garry, which rushes below in a dark, deep, rocky channel, forming a scene of exquisite grandeur. This was formerly a pass of great difficulty and danger, a path hanging over a tremendous precipice that threatened instant destruction to the least false step of the traveller. Eventually a good road was formed to give access to the Highlands, and the two sides of the defile were joined by a substantial bridge. More recently the Highland Railway Company have constructed a substantial railway through the pass. On a field over the pass, called "Raon-Ruairidh," was fought the celebrated battle of Killiecrankie in 1689, between the adherents of James II., under Viscount Dundee, and those of William III., under General Mackay, wherein the

Viscount fell, and with him the hopes of the House of Stewart. It was a dreadful place for a battle. The slain on both sides lay in heaps in the swollen pools and eddies of the Garry. It is said that in the morning after the battle, a number of the native Highlanders went with poles to push the dead bodies of the Southerns down the stream, and were encouraged in their ghastly work by an aged female standing on the pinnacle of a rock, and crying out with all her might "Sios leis na coin, sios iad, sios iad, dh' ionnsuidh an cuideachd fein"—"Down with the dogs, down with them, down with them, to their own people."

As we pass along, the mountain of Lochnagar, which towers proudly pre-eminent over Her Majesty's Castle at Balmoral, may be noticed. It is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, and it overhangs a deep, dark lake, called "Loch Muick," at the east end of which Her Majesty has built a large, comfortable shiel, or summer-house, which she often frequents. Lord Byron spent some of the early part of his life near this romantic mountain, the recollection of which caused him to commemorate his visit by a beautiful song, in the following strains:—

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Lochnagar.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Lochnagar while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Lochnagar.

Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions forboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Lochnagar.

Years have roll'd on, Lochnagar, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar.

Of waterfalls there are hundreds of a larger and lesser degree over the length and breadth of our land, but it has been said that the Fall of Foyers, near Inverness, is the most magnificent cataract, out of sight in Britain. The din of it is quite loud enough in ordinary weather to be heard for miles distant, and it is only in ordinary weather that any one can safely approach the place, from which a full view of its grandeur is obtained. When the fall is in flood, to say nothing of being drenched to the skin, you are so blinded by the sharp spray-smoke, and so deafened by the dashing and clashing, and tumbling and rumbling thunder, that your condition is far from enviable, as you cling, "lonely lover of nature," to a shelf by no means eminent for safety, above the horrid gulf. In short, it is worth walking 100 miles to behold the Fall of Foyers.

But of all the places in Scotland, there is none perhaps, where the mind can be more impressed with a variety of feelings, than when visiting that dreadful glen—"Glencoe!" The memory reflects at once on the desperately bloody and diabolical plot that was transacted there, the greatest, the cruelest, and the most inhuman that ever stained the page of history. At five o'clock in the morning of 13th February 1692, the storm howled from cliff to cliff, the snow drifted furiously over the shelving slopes of these barren hills, and the wreaths settled deeply in the tractless valley below. The Cona flowed sluggishly on, impeded in its rugged course by the accumulating snow. The soldiers, like as many fiends of darkness, lay concealed, and under such shelter as they could procure. They were under the command of the perfidious Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon and others, and at the instigation of Dalrymple of Stair, Breadalbane, King William, and their confederates, went unto the Glen some days before, and, with murderous intent, concealed and sheltered themselves that night in caves and crevices of the rocks, until the appointed hour. M'Ian, the aged chief, was fast in his slumbers, after having treated the officers with Highland hospitality the evening before. At length the stipulated moment for destruction and murder had arrived, the command was given, and the deadly onset was made simultaneously in the different hamlets of the glen. Captain Campbell, with a heart full of satanic treachery, and with a barbarity which has few parallels in the annals of cruelty, undertook to murder his own hospitable landlord, the aged M'Ian. Having obtained admission into the house, the venerable chieftain was, of course, still in bed at that dark and dismal hour, and while in the act of rising, to entertain, as he intended, his bloody visitors, he was basely fired at by two of the soldiers, and he fell lifeless into the arms of his wife. We cannot dwell on this scene. There was no house in the glen in which there were less than one or two murdered, and in some all. Women and children who had escaped the bayonets and lead of these inhuman monsters, fled to the rugged hills, where many of them died in the storm. It was a dreadful morning. Imagination still fancies that the gloomy atmosphere of that wild region is tainted with gunpowder smell, and that the moans of the innocent dying victims are still wafted upon the cold breezes of that dismal glen.

General Stewart, in his sketches, states in regard to the late Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, that he was an officer of the 42d Regiment, and grandson of the Captain Campbell who commanded the military at

Glencoe. In 1771 Colonel Campbell was ordered to execute the sentence of a court martial on a soldier condemned to be shot. A reprieve was procured, but the whole ceremony of the execution was to proceed until the criminal was upon his knees, with a cap over his eyes, prepared to receive the volley. It was then that he was to be informed of his pardon, and no one was to be told of it previously, not even the firing party, whose signal to fire was the waving of a white handkerchief by the commanding officer. When all was ready, and the firing party were looking with eager eyes for the signal, Colonel Campbell put his hand into his pocket for the reprieve, and on pulling it out, the white handkerchief accompanied it, and catching the eyes of the party, they fired, when alas! the unfortunate prisoner was shot dead. Colonel Campbell, in deep agony, clapped his hand on his forehead, and exclaimed, "The curse of God and of Glencoe is here, I am an unfortunate, ruined man!" He instantly quitted the parade, and in a few days retired from the service.

We will not enlarge upon the beautiful Loch-Ness, guarded as it is by its mountains on either side, forming the Great Glen, of which the rotund "Meall-fuar-mhonaidh" is not the least conspicuous. The hills of Monaliath, Strathnairn, Stratherrick, Glen-Urquhart, Urquhart Castle, Duncan, and the vitrified Craig-Phadrig, are all objects of much interest and historic research. And where can be found more picturesque scenery than in Strathglass, Glenaffric, Strathfarrar, Falls of Kilmorack, and all along to the mountains and lochs of Morar, Glennevis, Glenelg, Kintail, and Lochalsh? The Skye railway has opened up landscapes in its course, that are a marvel to the tourist as he speeds along from Dingwall to Strome.

The most celebrated of all our Northern lakes is Loch-Maree, a noble sheet of water, about twenty miles long, and from three to four in breadth. The mountains around it are of great height, and of a beautifully characterised and irregular outline. It is ornamented by twenty-seven islands of varied size and appearance. In a calm summer evening at sunset the lake has an enchanting appearance. The lofty mountains, at their summit, are tinged with golden rays, while in the hollows, nearer their base, they are wreathed in mist, and light-floating clouds. It is a scene of enchantment never to be forgotten. The white piqued summits of the File mountain sparkle like the spires and turrets of an emerald palace, the work of an Eastern magician, or of the Genii of Arabian romance, all forming a splendid contrast to the dark and rugged "Sléugach,"* which towers aloft from the opposite side of the lake.

Having thus taken a rapid glance at some of the most prominent sights and scenes in Scotland, from south to north, we now proceed to change the arena of our sketch. We bid farewell to the romantic land of heroes—that land of mountain and of flood, of tradition and of song, of daring deeds and of warm-hearted hospitality, and ask the reader in our next to accompany us to the Isles, where we shall see before us many specimens of natural scenery in its wildest and most fantastic forms. In the far-famed Isle of Skye we shall find all but inexhaustible examples of all that is great and grand in the workmanship of nature.

(To be Continued.)

* Sliabhach=Slioch.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

By the Editor.

[Continued.]

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THE MACKENZIES OF HILTON.

I. Duncan Mackenzie, first of Hilton, and second son of Alexander "Ionraic," sixth Baron of Kintail, by his first marriage with Anna Macdougal of Dunolly, was designated by the title of the barony of Hilton, in Strathbran, bounded on the north by Loch Fannich, on the south by the ridge of the northern hills of Strathconan, on the east by Ach-nan-Allt, and on the west by Ledgowan. A part of this barony lay in Redcastle. He married a daughter of Ewen Cameron, XII. Baron of Lochiel, and by her had one son, Allan, from whom the lineal succession of the family of Hilton runs as follows :—

II. Allan Mackenzie (after whom this branch of the Mackenzies was called the "Clann Allan") married a daughter of Alexander Dunbar of Conzie and Kilbuiack, third son of the Sheriff of Moray. She afterwards, on his death, married Kenneth, first of the barony of Allan, second lawful son of Hector Roy, first Baron of Gairloch. By her Allan of Hilton had two sons—

1. *Murdo*, his heir.
2. *John*, ancestor of the Mackenzies of Loggie. [See genealogy of this family.]

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. Murdoch Mackenzie, who married a daughter of Innes of Inverbreakie, and by her had one son,

IV. John Mackenzie, who married Margaret, daughter of Dunbar of Inchbrock, and by her had two sons and two daughters—

1. *Murdoch*, his heir.
2. *Colin*, who, being educated at the University of Aberdeen, where he received his degree of Master of Arts, applied himself to theology, and became minister of Killearnan, in which station he died. He married a lady of the name of Dundas, by whom he had several children, and of whom was descended Kenneth Mackenzie, well known as deacon of the goldsmiths in Edinburgh.
3. His eldest daughter married John Sinclair, a Caithness gentleman.
4. His second daughter married John Matheson, Lochalsh, father to Farquhar Matheson, Fernaig, whose son John Matheson, first of Attadale, was the progenitor of Alexander Matheson, now of Ardross and Lochalsh.

John was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. Murdoch Mackenzie, who married Mary, eldest daughter of Murdoch Murchison of Auchtertyre, minister of Kintail, and by her had five children—

1. *Alexander*, his heir.
2. *Roderick*, married the eldest daughter of Alexander, third son of

Murdo Mackenzie, second of Redcastle, by whom he had a son, Colin, who died unmarried in 1682.

3. *Colin*, married Isobel, daughter of Donald Simson, Chamberlain of Ferintosh, and by her had two sons, Alexander and Roderick, whose lineal succession will be particularly detailed hereafter, when it has to be shown how the grandson of Roderick came to carry on the main line as XI. of Hilton. He also had one natural son.

4. *Murdoch*, married Agnes Helen, daughter of Donald Taylor, one of the Bailies of Inverness (1665), and by her had a son and daughter. His son Alexander entered young into the service of Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, and in the year 1709 was made one of the chamberlains to William, Earl of Seaforth. He married, in 1709, Katherine, daughter of the Viscount of Stormont, by whom he had several children, whose succession is unknown. The daughter, Jean, married Hector Mackenzie, and by him had a son, Kenneth (a Jesuit in Spain, who died without issue), and several daughters.

5. *Isobel*, married Donald Macrae, minister of Kintail.

Murdoch was succeeded by his eldest son,

VI. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, who was twice married: first, to Annabella, second daughter of John Mackenzie, I. of Ord, without issue; secondly, to Sibella, eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, I. of Applecross. She was previously married to Alexander Macleod of Raasay, and also to Thomas Graham of Drynie. By her he had one son and successor,

VII. EVAN MACKENZIE, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Colin Mackenzie, IV. of Redcastle, and by her had two sons and one daughter—

1. *John*, his heir.

2. *Colin*, who after John carried on the line as IX. of Hilton.

3. *Florence*, who married Alexander Macrae, son of Donald Macrae, minister of Kintail.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

VIII. JOHN MACKENZIE, who married a daughter of Thomas Mackenzie, IV. of Ord, by Mary, fourth daughter of John Mackenzie, III. of Applecross. He joined the Earl of Mar in 1715, and was killed in the Chevalier's service at Sheriffmuir, where he commanded a company of the Mackenzies. Having no issue, he was succeeded by his next brother,

IX. COLIN MACKENZIE, who married Catherine, daughter of Christopher Macrae of Arrinhugair. He matriculated himself in the Lyon Herald's office, and received for his armorial bearing, AZURE, a hart's head caboss'd, and attired OR, a Highland dirk, shafted gules between the atterings for difference. Above the shield a helmet befitting his degree, with a mantle gules doubling argent and a wreath of his colours is set. For his crest, two hands holding a two-handed sword in bend proper. He died in 1756, aged 65 years, leaving two sons and one daughter—

1. *John*, who married Helen, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, VII. of Fairburn. He had no issue, and pre-deceased his father in 1751.

2. *Alexander*, who succeeded his father.

3. A daughter, married to John Macdonell, XIII. of Glengarry.

He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

X. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, who married Mary, daughter of George Mackenzie, II. of Gruinard. He died without legitimate issue, but left a natural son, Alexander, well known and still kindly spoken of as "Alastair Mor Mac Fhir Bhaile Chnuc," or "Big Alexander, son of the Laird of Hilton." He was Seaforth's principal and most successful recruiting sergeant when raising the 78th Highlanders, and many curious stories are still related of Alastair Mor's generally successful efforts to procure willing, and sometimes hesitating, recruits for the regiment of his chief. Alexander married Annabella Mackenzie, who long outlived him, and was well known and highly respected for many years as "Banntrach an t-Shearsan," in Strathbran. Alastair was always a conspicuous figure at the Ross-shire markets, where his popularity and address secured many a recruit for the famous "Buffs." Many of his descendants, in the third generation, occupy responsible positions throughout the country.

He was succeeded in the estates and barony by the heir of line (next of male kin), Alexander Mackenzie, great-grandson of Colin, third son of Murdoch Mackenzie, V. of Hilton.

The male line of Alexander Mackenzie, the sixth baron, having become extinct, the heir and representative was sought for among the issue of his brothers. The next brother was Roderick, who, as already shown, left one son, Colin, who, in 1682, died without issue. The next was Colin, who, by Isobel Simson, his wife, left two sons—

1. *Alexander* (Sanders), who became chamberlain to Culloden. He married Helen, daughter of William Munro of Ardullie, and by her had two sons and two daughters—(1) Colin, who died unmarried, but left a natural son, Alexander, from whom are several respectable families in Ferrintosh. (2) Donald, who married Jean, daughter of Thomas Forbes of Raddery, and of the Fortrose lands as far as Ethie, His burying-ground was within the Fortrose Cathedral, on the western gable of which is a tablet in his memory, erected by Helen Stewart his wife. By her he had one son, Alexander, drowned with his father in 1759 when fording the Conon opposite Dingwall, and then—the son being unmarried—perished the legitimate male succession of his paternal grandfather, Alexander. Donald had also several daughters—(1) Mary, married Colin Mackenzie, minister of Fodderty, and first of the family of Glack. She was with her father, but was saved when he was drowned, proceeding to visit her mother who was at the time ill; (2) Jean, married Colin Murchison; (3) Isobel, married David Ross; (4) another married Mr Mackenzie of Ussie, and had two sons, Donald and Frank; (5) Anne, married Lewis Grant; and (6) Helen, married Alexander Mackenzie of Ardnagrask, afterwards at Logie-side, from whose son, Bailie John Mackenzie of Inverness, are numerous descendants. Alexander's (Sanders) eldest daughter, Mary, married Donald Murchison, son of John Murchison of Auchtertyre; the second, Elizabeth, married William Martin of Inchfure, whose daughter, Annie, was celebrated for her beauty, and married Norman, XVIII. Baron of Macleod.

2. *Roderick*, who in wadset acquired Brea in Ferintosh, which remained in the family for two generations. By marriage he acquired the ruined castle of Dingwall (the ancient residence of the Earls of Ross) and its lands, as also the lands of Longcroft. He was called Mr Rory Mackenzie

of Brea, and married Una (Winifred), daughter of John Cameron, town-clerk of Dingwall, by whom he had three sons—(1) John Mackenzie of Brea, called, "John the Laird," who married in 1759, Beatrix, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, eighth of Davochmaluak, by Magdalen, daughter of Hugh Rose, XIII. of Kilravock, and by her had seven sons and four daughters. He resided at Tarradale. The sons were Rorie, died unmarried; Alexander, who succeeded as XI. of Hilton, and of whom hereafter; Kenneth of Inverinate, who married Anne, daughter of Thomas Mackenzie, IV. of Highfield, and VII. of Applecross (by a daughter of Mackenzie, V. of Kilcoy) by whom he had two sons and six daughters—Thomas, who succeeded as X. OF APPLECROSS [see Genealogy of that Family]; Alexander, who married Harriet, daughter of Newton of Curriehill, by whom he had four children—Kenneth, died unmarried; Alexander, a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, died unmarried; Marion, married Charles Holmes, barrister, without issue; Harriet, unmarried. Kenneth's six daughters were—Jane, died unmarried; Elizabeth, married her cousin, Colonel John Mackenzie, XII. of Hilton; Flora, married Rev. Charles Downie; Catherine, Mary, and Johanna, died unmarried.

The other sons and the daughters of "John the Laird" were—Colin, "the Baron," born at Tarradale, 3d December 1759, died unmarried; Peter, died unmarried; Duncan, married Jessie Mackenzie, daughter of Mackenzie of Strathgarve, without issue; Arthur died unmarried; Magdalen, died unmarried; Marcella (Medley), married the Rev. Dr Downie; Anne, died unmarried; Mary, married, in 1790, the Rev. Donald Mackenzie, minister of Fodderty; Elizabeth, died unmarried.

Roderick's second son was (2) Colin Mackenzie, minister of Fodderty, first of the family of Glack [see Glack Genealogy]; his third was (3) Peter Mackenzie, M.D., a surgeon-general of the Army, and a knight of Nova Scotia—died unmarried.

Alexander was succeeded by

XI. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, second son of John Mackenzie of Brea, already shown to be the great-grandson of Colin, third son of the V. Baron of Hilton, and his heir of line, who succeeded as XI. of Hilton. He was born at Tigh-a-Phris, Ferintosh, on the 3d July 1756; educated at the University of Aberdeen, and afterwards bred a millwright, to qualify him for the supervision of family estates in the West Indies. He became a Colonel of local militia in Jamaica. Subsequently, upon the death of his maternal grandfather, and of his cousin, Lieutenant Kenneth Mackenzie, at Saratoga, he succeeded to the estate of Davochmaluag. The adjacent properties of Davochpollan and Davochcairn, having been already acquired by his father, were by him added to Davochmaluag, and to the combined properties he gave the name of Brea, after the former possession of his family in the Black Isle. He was a distinguished agriculturist, and was, with Sir George Mackenzie of Coul, and Major Forbes Mackenzie, the first to introduce Cheviot sheep to the Highlands, for their waste lands. He greatly improved the estate of Brea, in Strathpeffer, and laid it out in its present beautiful form. His land improvements, however, proved unremunerative; and his Hilton estates were heavily encumbered in consequence of the part taken by the family in the Risings of

1696, 1715, and 1745, and great losses having been incurred in connection with the West Indian properties, this laird got into pecuniary difficulties, and the whole of his possessions, at home and abroad, were sold either by himself or by his trustees. He married Mary James in Jamaica, and by her had four children—

1. *John*, his heir.

2. *Alexander*, who married his cousin Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. Dr Downie, and died in Australia, leaving issue eight children—(1) Alexander, unmarried; (2) Downie, died unmarried; (3) John; (4) Kenneth, who married Miss Macdonald, a grand-daughter of Macleod of Guesto; (5) Charles, unmarried; (6) William, unmarried; (7) Mary James, married to her cousin, Kenneth Mackenzie, XIV. of Hilton; and (8) Jessie, unmarried.

3. *Kenneth*, a W.S., who married Anne Urquhart, without issue. He married, secondly, Elizabeth Jones, with issue, and died in Canada, where his widow and children reside, in Toronto.

4. *Mary*, unmarried, living in Australia, very aged, in 1878.

He died at Lasswade, and was succeeded as representative of the family by his eldest son,

XII. JOHN MACKENZIE, Colonel of the 7th Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, and for many years superintendent of the Government breeding stud at Buxar. He married, in 1813, Elizabeth, daughter of his uncle, Kenneth Mackenzie of Inverinate, and died at Simla in 1856, leaving two sons and three daughters—

1. *Alexander*, his successor.
2. *Kenneth*, who became XIV. of Hilton.
3. *Mary*, who married Dr James, late of the 30th Regiment of Foot.
4. *Anne*, married General Arthur Hall, late 5th Bengal Cavalry.
5. *Elizabeth Jane*, unmarried.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIII. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, who died in 1862, in New South Wales, unmarried. He was succeded by his brother,

XIV. KENNETH MACKENZIE, the present representative of the ancient family of Hilton, residing at Tyrl-Tyrl, Taralga, near Sydney. He married Mary James, a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, his uncle, and by her he has three sons and two daughters—

1, *John*; 2, *Kenneth*; 3, *Downie*; 4, *Flora*; and 5, *Jessie*.

THE MACKENZIES OF GLACK.

The second cadet of the House of Hilton, of whom any family of note is descended, was COLIN MACKENZIE, third son of Murdoch, the V. of Hilton. This gentleman had two sons. The eldest was Alexander, whose male issue—as appears in the Hilton genealogy—became extinct in 1759, when his grandson Alexander was drowned, but his succession in the female line was carried on by his grand-daughter, Mary, who married Colin Mackenzie, first of Glack. The second son was Roderick, designated of Brea. He married Una (Winifred), daughter of John Cameron of Longcroft. His grandson, Alexander, succeeded as XI. of Hilton. The second son of Roderick of Brea, born in 1707, became

I. Colin Mackenzie, first of Glack. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen, and afterwards, in 1734, settled as minister of Fodderty. He was on terms of intimacy with Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the celebrated Lord President, with whom he maintained a constant correspondence; and this, with his clerical calling, kept him from taking any part in the Rising of 1745, although all his sympathies were with the Jacobites. He, in his district, received the earliest news of the landing of Prince Charles, which, reaching him at night, he at once crossed Knockfarrel to Brahan, where, finding Seaforth* in bed, without awaking his lady, he told him what had happened. Seaforth having only lately had his estate restored to him, was not disposed to show ingratitude to the Government, and was easily prevailed upon to disappear from Brahan at least for a time. He therefore left for the West Coast during the night unknown to any one, accompanied by Colin Mackenzie, just as the Prince's army was on its march eastward. Both were in retirement near Poolewe when two ships laden with Seaforth's retainers from the Lews sailed into the loch, who were at once directed to return to Stornoway, Seaforth waving towards them with the jaw-bone of a sheep, which he was picking for his dinner. In this way, it is said, was fulfilled one of the predictions of the Brahan Seer—"That next time the men of Lews should go forth to battle, they would be beaten back by a weapon smaller than the jaw-bone of an ass."

Meantime, Seaforth's lady, not knowing the whereabouts or intentions of her husband, entertained the Prince at Brahan Castle, and urged upon the aged Earl of Cromarty and his son, Lord Macleod, to call out the clansmen. Subsequently, when the Earl of Cromarty and Lord Macleod were confined in the Tower of London, for taking part in this rebellion, and when the Countess with her ten children, and bearing a twelfth, were suffering the severest hardships and penury, it was this Colin Mackenzie who, at great risk to himself, voluntarily collected the rents from the tenants (giving them his own receipt, in security against their being required to make second payment to the Government commissioners), and carried the money to her ladyship in London. In recognition of this, he was afterwards appointed, by Lord Macleod, chaplain to Macleod's Highlanders, raised by his lordship—now the 71st Highland Light Infantry. This appointment proved more honorary than lucrative, as he had to furnish a substitute, at his own expense, to perform the duties pertaining to the office. It was also he who first recognised the health-giving properties of the Strathpeffer mineral spring, and who, by erecting a covered shed over it, placed it in a condition from that day to benefit the suffering. He inherited a considerable fortune in gold from his father, and from his mother the ruined castle of Dingwall (the old seat of the Earls of Ross) and its lands, as also the lands of Longcroft. He gave the site of the castle of Dingwall, then valued at £300, to Henry Davidson of Tulloch, as a contribution towards the erection of a manufactory which he proposed to establish for the employment of the surplus male and female labour in Dingwall and its neighbourhood, but which was never commenced. He sold its other lands, and those of Longcroft, to his nephew, Alexander

* We shall continue, as the most convenient course, to call him Seaforth, though at this period the title had been forfeited.

Mackenzie, XI. of Hilton. Subsequently, he purchased the estate of Glack, in Aberdeenshire, by the name of which he was afterwards designated. Shortly before his death in 1801, in his ninety-fifth year, he conducted the opening services of the Parish Church of Ferintosh (Urquhart), towards the erection of which he largely contributed, to commemorate the saving and washing ashore of his wife upon her horse near its site, when her father and only brother were drowned. He was twice married. First to Margaret (not Jean, as stated in the Spalding Club volume of the Kilravock papers), daughter of Hugh, IV. of Clava, by whom he had issue an only daughter, Margaret, who, on 22d September 1746, died young. He married, secondly, his second cousin, Mary, eldest daughter of Donald Mackenzie, at Balnabeen, by his wife Jean, daughter of Thomas Forbes of Raddery, a Bailie of Fortrose, in whose memory a tablet is erected on the Cathedral there, bearing the following inscription:—"Sub spe beatae resurectionis in Domino, hic conduntur ceneres Thomae Forbesii quondam ballivi Fortrossensis, mortui 21, Sepulti 25 Maii 1699, qui in indicium grati erga Deum animi et charitates erga homines 1200 lib. Scot. ad sustentandam evangelii prædicationem hac in urbe dicavit. Monumentum mariti unpensis extmendum curavit Helena Stuart relicta conjux hic etiam sexpeleindiam sperans." By her—who, as already shown, carried on, in the female line, the succession of Alexander (Sanders), eldest son of Colin, third son of Murdo, fifth of Hilton—he had three sons and eight daughters—

1. *Roderick*, his heir.

2. *Donald*, educated in theology at the University of Edinburgh, appointed minister of Fodderty and chaplain to the 71st Regiment of Highlanders—his father having resigned these offices in his favour. He was noted as a humourist, and said to be at heart more imbued with the spirit of a soldier than with that of a minister. He was twice married; first, to Mary, daughter to his uncle, John Mackenzie of Brea ("The Laird"), and by her had two sons and two daughters—Colin, a Colonel of Royal Engineers, married Anne Petgrave, daughter of John Pendril of Bath, without issue; John, of whom afterwards as IV. of Glack; Elizabeth, who married Lieutenant Stewart, R.N., with issue; and Mary, died unmarried.

3. *Forbes*, a Captain in the North British (Ross-shire) Militia, afterwards Major in the East of Ross Militia, and for thirty-seven years a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county. He was a noted agriculturist. It was he who, at Muirton of Barra, in Aberdeenshire, first cleared land of large boulders, by blasting with powder, then building them into fences. He reclaimed and laid out the greater part of Strathpeffer, where, on Fodderty, he was the first to apply lime to land, and to grow wheat north of the Forth. He was the first to import Clydesdale horses and shorthorn cattle into the Northern Counties; and was, as mentioned elsewhere—with Sir George Mackenzie of Coul and his cousin Hilton—the first to introduce Cheviot sheep into the Highlands. He married Catherine, daughter of Angus Nicolson, Stornoway, and grand-daughter of the gentleman who commanded and brought to Poolewe, for Prince Charles's standard, the 300 men sent back by Seaforth to the Lews, already mentioned. By her he had three sons and three daughters—(1) Nicolson,

a surgeon in the Army, unmarried, wrecked near Pictou, in 1853, and there drowned attempting to save the lives of others; (2) Roderick, heir of entail to Foveran, a Colonel in the Royal Artillery, married, in 1878, to Caroline Sophia, daughter of J. A. Beaumont of Wimbledon Park; (3) Thomas, a Major in the 78th Highlanders; (4) Mary, married the Rev. John Kennedy, D.D., Dingwall, by whom she has two daughters—Jessie, unmarried; and Mary, married John Matheson, Madras, son of the late Rev. Duncan Matheson, Gairloch; Dorothy Blair, died unmarried. (5) Catherine Eunice, married to the late Adam Alexander Duncan of Naughton, Fife, by whom she has one daughter; and (6) Catherine Henrietta Adamina.

4. *Anne*, married Hector Mackenzie, a Bailie of Dingwall, and son of Alexander Mackenzie of Tollie, by his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Bayne of Delny, and younger half-brother of Alexander Mackenzie, first of Portmore.

5. *Mary*, married John Mackenzie of Kincraig, and IX. of Redcastle.

6. *Joanna*, married Dr Millar, in the Lews.

7. *Una*, died unmarried.

8. *Beatrix*, married Peter Hay, a Bailie of Dingwall.

9. *Isabella*, died unmarried.

10. *Jean*, married the Rev. Colin Mackenzie, minister of Stornoway.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

II. Roderick Mackenzie, who was twice married; first to Margaret, daughter of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Bart., IX. of Gairloch, without issue; and secondly, to Christina, daughter of John Niven, brother to Clava, by whom he had four sons and four daughters—

1. *Harry*, died unmarried, in 1828.

2. *John*, of whom afterwards as III. of Glack.

3. *Roderick*, of Thornton, died unmarried, in 1858.

4. *James*, a Major in 72d Highlanders, died unmarried, in India, in 1857.

5. *Mary*, became Lady Leith of Westhall, Inveramsay and Thornton, in her own right, and is now the widow of the late General Sir Alexander Leith, K.C.B., of Freefield and Glenkindie—without issue.

6. *Rachael*, died unmarried.

7. *Christina*, of Foveran, died unmarried.

8. *Jean Forbes Una*, died unmarried.

He was succeeded by his second and eldest surviving son,

III. John Mackenzie, who inherited Thornton from his brother Roderick, Foveran from his sister Christina, and acquired Inveramsay by purchase. He died unmarried, in 1877, and was succeeded by his cousin, a son of his uncle Donald,

IV. John Mackenzie, fourth and now of Glack, who was twice married; first to Anne, daughter of Thomas Macgill, without issue; and secondly, to Margaret Campbell, daughter of John Pendrill, Bath, by whom he has three sons and two daughters—

1. *Duncan Campbell*, Rector of Shephall, married to Louisa, daughter of Colonel O. G. Nicolls, by whom he has three sons and four daughters—Donald, a Lieutenant in the Royal Marines; Alan, Lieutenant in the Highland Rifle Militia; Malcolm, Helen, Edith, Lilian, and Amy.

2. *John Pendrill*, married to Adelaide, daughter of Colonel Henry Thornton, by whe he has two daughters—Lucy Eleanor, and Margaret Pendrill.

3. *Roderick B.*, married Josepha P., daughter of R. Ignatius Robertson, without issue.

4. *Margaret Campbell Pendrill*, unmarried.

5. *Mary*, unmarried.

THE MACKENZIES OF LOGGIE.

ALLAN MACKENZIE, second of Hilton, had, by his wife, daughter of Alexander Dunbar of Conzie, third son of the Sheriff of Moray, two sons. The eldest, Murdoch, we have seen, succeeded him. The second, John, was served heir to and designated of Loggie, a barony situated in the parish of the same name, now forming the western portion of the more modern parish of Urquhart, in the Black Isle.

I. JOHN MACKENZIE, first of Loggie, was the oldest cadet of the House of Hilton. From him descended several persons distinguished for their literary attainments and valour. He married a daughter of Mackenzie of Gairloch (supposed to be John, the second baron), by whom he had one son, who succeeded him,

II. ALLAN MACKENZIE, who married a daughter of Alastair Roy Mackenzie of Achilty, by whom he had two sons—

1. *Donald*, his heir.

2. *William* (Murdoch ?) who left an only daughter married to Murdoch Mackenzie, first of Little Findon, third son of Alexander Mackenzie of Killichrist, II. of Suddie.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. DONALD MACKENZIE, who was three times married; first to Catherine, fourth daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie, II. of Redcastle, without issue. He married secondly, Annabella, eldest daughter, by his second marriage, of Alexander Mackenzie, IV. of Gairloch. By her he had four sons and three daughters—

1. *Colin*, educated in medicine at the University of Aberdeen, and, going abroad, studied at Lyden and Paris under the most famous professors. Having received his degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Rheims, he returned to his own country. But his adoption of extravagant theological doctrines, and his immoral conduct in his youth, caused him to be disinherited by his father, whereon he again returned to his travels. Having stayed abroad for several years, he returned to Inverness, where he practised medicine with good success, and had a yearly pension settled on him until his death, which happened there, at a great age, in February 1708. Although a great admirer of the fair sex, and even made choice of one of them for his spiritual guide, the learned gentleman died unmarried. The lady was the famous Antonia Bourignon who pretended to show that Christianity was quite worn out in the world, and that she was sent by God to restore it upon the old footing, as it was established at first by Christ and his Apostles. She left behind her

nineteen volumes upon spiritual matters, published in several languages, of which there were in English, "The Light of the World," "Solid Virtue," and "The Light risen in darkness."

2. *Alexander*, his successor.

3. *John*, educated in theology at the University of Aberdeen, and for several years chaplain to General Major Mackay's Regiment. After the Revolution he was appointed minister of Kirkliston, near Edinburgh, from which he soon retired to London, and having died there unmarried, was buried in St Martin's Church, Westminster.

4. *Murdoch*, who succeeded as V. of Loggie.

5. *Margaret*, first married to Rorie Mackenzie, IV. of Fairburn; secondly, to Hector Mackenzie of Bishop-Kinkell.

6. *Christian*, married John Mackenzie, I. of Gruinard.

7. *Annabella*, married Mackenzie of Loggie, in Lochbroom.

He married thirdly, Anne, daughter of the Rev. Donald Morrison, minister in the Lews, by whom he had an only daughter, who married Angus Morrison, minister of Contin. He had also a natural son, Rory, a captain in the confederate army under King William, who died in Holland unmarried, and is said to have been a gentleman of great honour and generosity. He was succeeded by his second son,

IV. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, who was twice married; first, in 1667, to Jean, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Ballone; and secondly, to Catherine, second daughter of William Mackenzie of Belmaduthy, without issue by either. He was succeeded by his brother,

V. MURDOCH MACKENZIE, who was educated at the University of Aberdeen, but his inclination leading him to the Army, he entered the Earl of Dumbarton's Regiment, where, by his merit and valour, he soon raised himself to the rank of captain. In Monmouth's rebellion, he and his company attacked the enemy with such bravery and resolution, that—excepting the officers—there were only nine of his men who were not either wounded or killed; and he himself had the honour of taking the Duke of Monmouth's standard, wresting it out of the standard-bearer's hand, and afterwards presenting it to King James VII. at Whitehall. For this service he was promoted to a colonelcy. He died in London, and was buried at St Martin's Church, Westminster. He married an English lady, by whom he had two sons and three daughters—

1. *Murdoch*, his heir.

2. *George*, a youth of promising parts, killed in a duel.

There is no record of the names or marriage of the daughters. He was succeeded by his son,

VI. MURDOCH MACKENZIE, who continued to reside in London. If any representatives of his line still exist, they will confer a favour by forwarding a note of their descent, that the succession of this old family may be continued in the History of the Clan Mackenzie, now passing through the press in book form.

(To be Continued.)

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.

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V.

COULD THE HIGHLANDERS OF 1807 READ IT?

On the 23d of March 1825 was held at Inverness the first General Meeting of the "Northern Institution for the Promotion of Science and Literature." The Institution was ushered into the world with a good deal of eclat, and with the promise of a career which we fear has not been realised. Its published list of honorary members contains the names of Sir James Mackintosh; Sir Walter Scott; Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling; General Stewart of Garth; Sir John Sinclair; Corrymony; Glengarry; and Professors Hooker, Buckland, Brewster, and Tulloch. The first name on its list of corresponding members—Rev. Charles Clouston, Stromness, Orkney—has well fulfilled the promise of its place. To an old Clach-na-cudain boy its list of ordinary members reads like a roll-call of the dead: Provost Robertson; Dr Rose; Mr Clark; Dean Fyvie; Roderick Reach, father yet the prince of the whole tribe of "Own Correspondents;" Rector Scott; George and James Suter; Dr Nicol; Parson Duncan Mackenzie; Rev. Hugh Urquhart, Montreal; Shepherd, Belford, the Mactavishes, and John Macandrew, of the local bar; Banker John Mackenzie, Banker Ross, and Robert Logan; Rev. Donald Mackenzie of Fodderty; Charles L. Robertson; Lachlan Cumming of the Customs; Dr Mackintosh; Dr Tolmie of Campbelltown; and, perhaps the best beloved of them all, James Murray Grant of Glenmoriston. These have all gone over to the majority. A few, like Mr Joseph Mitchell and "Duncan Davidson, younger of Tulloch, M.P.," still serve the generations of their children, and could perhaps a tale unfold of the life and work of the all-but-forgotten Northern Institution. But we must not linger, whether in the shade of the cypress or with the light on the laurel. Nor can we stop as much as to glance at the other published lists, viz.—communications read at the meetings of the Institution, and donations made to its once flourishing Museum. We owe our introduction to the Institution to a little work with a long title, which we now introduce to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*. It is entitled a "Prize Essay on the State of Society and Knowledge in the Highlands of Scotland, particularly in the Northern Counties, at the period of the Rebellion in 1745, and of their progress up to the Establishment of the Northern Institution for the Promotion of Science and Literature in 1825. By John Anderson, Writer to the Signet, Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries. Edinburgh: William Tait, 1827."

At page 108 of this book we have the following statement:—"The instruction in the schools till the commencement of the present century was entirely in the *English* tongue"; and again, "the efforts of the teacher were confined to training his pupils to *read* instead of leading them to *comprehend* the import of English composition." Then comes on the same page in a foot-note the following extract from the letter of a Highland clergyman, addressed to an intimate friend of the writer. "As to the Education of the Highlanders, it will never be accom-

plished until a different system from the present one be adopted. Pray, what is the use of forcing children to read and repeat what they do not understand? I could find thousands in the Highlands of Scotland who will read the *English* Bible tolerably well, but cannot understand more than 'yes or no.' Being thus obliged to continue reading a language completely unintelligible to them, it gives them no pleasure, but rather disgust; and the moment they leave school, if they remain at home in those districts where nothing but their mother-tongue is spoken, they lay their books aside, and never look at them more. I know some men who were at Inverness at their education sixty years ago; they could read and write when they left school, and to-day they cannot read any. How, in God's name, could the people be expected to read even in their *own* language, when their pastors could not read or write that language, although they preached it to the poor people? The clergy read no more than the text, whereas if they would read every Lord's-day, a chapter or two out of the Holy Scriptures, the people in that case would be inclined to bring their Bibles to the Kirk, and they would follow the minister. Even in the present day, I venture to say that there are a few of the Presbyterian clergy in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, that cannot read a chapter out of the Gaelic Bible." It is to be regretted that Mr Anderson does not give the name of the writer of this letter. As it stands it is not only anonymous, but it shows an evident tendency to exaggeration of statement, and does not altogether conceal the cloven foot of *odium theologicum* as regards the "*Presbyterian* clergy." But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the letter is practically indorsed, not only by Mr Anderson, who uniformly expresses his views with moderation, but also by the Northern Institution, which adjudged him a prize for his essay. And it cannot be denied that the stories, always ludicrous and sometimes very indelicate, still circulating in the northern Highlands, whose point turns entirely on some outrageous blunder of the pigeon Gaelic once spoken from the pulpits of, say Gairloch or Petty or Kingussie, do undoubtedly lend some colour to the taunt that, at the beginning of the century, a few of the Highland clergy could not read a chapter of the Gaelic Bible from which they gave out their text. At the same time, it is only fair to say that, although the memory of men now living goes easily back to a period when the clergy of the north, at least in the rural parishes, never read a chapter of the Gaelic or the English Bible in the ordinary service of the sanctuary, there were yet the "readers" who, as to this day in the Protestant Church of France, regularly read large portions of Scripture to the people before the minister entered the pulpit. We, ourselves, remember well that this was the uniform practice in the parish Church of Knockbain, in times as recent as 1842. Mr Colin Mackenzie, afterwards minister successively of Petty and Contin, was then the parochial schoolmaster of Knockbain, and for about an hour every Sunday morning, before the arrival of the minister, he regularly read the Gaelic Bible to a large assembly of devout and deeply interested Highlanders. And in the Gaelic Church of Edinburgh, down to 1843, a part of the precentor's salary was regularly entered in the cash book of the Church as paid to the "reader" of the congregation.

But when, from such considerations, the largest possible allowance has

been made, there still remains the fact that a great part of the indictment just quoted from Mr Anderson's essay against the early educationists of the Highlands stands unchallenged and unchallengable. Our readers have not forgotten that as early as 1616 it was the belief of the Privy Council of Scotland, solemnly embodied in the Parochial School Act, that "the Irishe language was one of the chieff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Heylandis"; and that therefore it ought peremptorily to be "abolished and removit," and "the vulgar Inglishe toung universallie planted." And there can be no doubt that the founders of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge had not emancipated themselves from the bonds of the same unhappy error. The most conclusive evidence of this will be found in "An Account of the Rise, Constitution, and Management of the Society. Edinburgh: William Brown, 1720": a publication which was widely circulated by the Society as its official appeal for increased public support. For example, No. 8 of the Rules for Schoolmasters, as set forth in this publication, enjoins "that as soon as the scholars can read competently well, the master shall teach them to write a fair legible hand, and also instruct them in the elements and most necessary rules of arithmetic, that they may thereby be rendered more useful in their several stations in the world, *but not any Latin or Irish*," p. 35. Again, rule 14 enjoins that "the Society's Schoolmasters are discharged to teach Latine or Irish," p. 37. There can be no mistake as to the real intention of this rule. The writer of the work was himself an office-bearer of the society. It was in fact the Society's Official Manifesto. And yet it points with pride, and as a brilliant proof to the efficiency of the schools, to a certain Presbyterial Report—happily not named,—which states that within the bounds of the Presbytery the Society's Schools had been so successful "that Barbarity and the Irish Language in that place by their means are almost rooted out," p. 43.* The same work makes no secret of the Society's design on the old religion of the Highland people: for "the first proposal was that, as Popish parents would not send their children to be taught the Bible and Catechism, therefore little hospitals should be erected where the children of Popish parents should be taken in, and provided for with all necessaries while at school. But this was found too great an expense," p. 38.

Up to 1738, when Alexander Macdonald's Gaelic and English Vocabulary was published, there was no Gaelic book of any kind used in the

* Contrast with this the following extract from Dr John Gordon's "Education Scheme of the Church of Scotland from its origin in 1825 to 1872. Blackwood—1878." An inspection of the Assembly Schools in Argyleshire enabled the Convener and Secretary (1832) to report how far, and in what manner, the rule in regard to Gaelic reading was observed in the schools of that district:—"One feature of these schools is not commonly found elsewhere—the pupils of all ages are for the most part instructed in two languages—in Gaelic, because it is the spoken language of the place, and in obedience to the instructions of the directors. The English, again, is taught, and almost from the commencement, because the people desire it, and will nowhere be without it. Accordingly, there is in all these schools the interesting sight of children engaged in a conflict with two languages. The compound nature of the task exhilarates their spirits, begets a habit of activity and alertness, and develops their understandings—*e.g.*, when a pupil has become able to read, he translates alternately from the one tongue to the other, till the language he has learned from books becomes only not so familiar as that which he is accustomed to speak. He is taught to render not merely word for word, but, in some instances, to convert whole sentences involving differences of idiom," p. 40.

Society's schools. The Mother's Catechism was translated in 1758, but as late even as 1811 we find "that any who can read their own language have been taught *orally*, there being no Gaelic Spelling-Book hitherto in use, nor even in existence" (Gaelic School Society's Reports, vol. i., page 10).

It is true that in 1774 the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge did slightly relax the stringency of its rule against teaching Gaelic. In a detailed statement then published (Edinburgh: A. Murray) of the most material regulations respecting schoolmasters, the Society brings itself on this head so far as to say that the schoolmasters are "to teach the scholars to read and speak the English tongue and to *translate Gaelic into English.*" But that was the utmost relaxation that could be allowed. Stringent precautions were to be taken in regard to the schoolmasters' knowledge of the principles of religion, their skill in reading and writing, their known prudence, loyalty, and piety, and their taking the oaths prescribed by law. They were required also diligently to instruct their scholars in the principles of the true Protestant Reformed religion. But as regards the vital matter of the only language understood by the people, the utmost point that had been reached, and reached apparently by slow and reluctant steps, was "teach them to read and speak English and translate Gaelic into English."

It is also true that forty years later this Society recognised very fully the importance of using the language of the hearth in the work of the school. But by the time these more enlightened views came thus to be generally adopted by educators, the educated, or rather the parents who had the control of the children under education, had themselves firmly adopted the opposite prejudice, against which at first they had proudly rebelled. When, after a long transition period of neglect following upon the Reformation, the schoolmaster was first sent down to the Highland glens, his openly proclaimed mission was "English, Loyalty, the true Protestant Faith." There was no attempt to gild the pill or sugar it. The pill may be bitter, but you have just to take it: It's to do you good: It's to purge you of the atrobilious dregs of rebellion, Popery, and your wild Irishe tongue, that "chieff and principall cause of barbaritie and incivilitie." Open your mouth then and swallow. No wonder that the Highlanders resisted, and in some cases resented with violence so drastic a system of education. But like the conquered Germans of Alsace and Lorraine, who soon became more French than their conquerors, the Highlanders, unconquered and unconquerable on the battle-field, adopted as true Gospel the educational heresy which at first they spurned with indignation. The double change of front thus not unnaturally effected makes a pretty educational show in the following extract, which is taken from the report of "a sub-committee on the visitation of schools" embodied in the General Report of the Society for 1825:—"The sub-committee regrets to find that the teaching of Gaelic has been very much neglected, even in districts where that language is almost exclusively used and understood by the inhabitants. The committee is satisfied that this arises from the feelings and prejudices of the people, in whose minds there is a strong prejudice against the use of Gaelic as a school language—a prejudice which has been found in full strength even where the

older people could themselves use no other language. The Society, however, observe that so long as the children talk no other language but Gaelic, it is a mere waste of time and entirely vain to burden their memories with a vocabulary of dead and unmeaning English sounds. The Society therefore resolve that in Gaelic districts it is most essentially necessary that that language should be taught in the first instance, and that the English should not be taught to any till they have made such proficiency in the former as to enable them fully to comprehend the meaning of what they learn to read in the latter." [p. 26.]

By this time the Gaelic School Society had been thirteen years in existence, and it is not unlikely that the experience of the daughter Society may have had some effect in modulating to this altered key the later music of the mother.

Be that as it may, we do not know of any picture of the educational state of the Highlands at the commencement of the present century so complete and so expressive as that which is presented in the first volume of this younger Society's reports (1810-1816). The great aim of this new Society is thus expressed in the first public declaration of its founders: "The translation of the Sacred Scriptures into Gaelic, and their publication under the patronage of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, the late erection of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the publication by them of an edition of this Version of the Sacred Scriptures, constitute an era in the history of this country, big, we trust, with the most important and beneficial events. *To produce these, however, ability to read the Gaelic Scriptures must be diffused as extensively as copies of them.*"

It is worth mentioning here that the new Society professed to be strictly unsectarian. But human nature seems to be incurably tinctured with the sectarian spirit. And so it comes that an MS. note, facing the title-page on the volume before us, must needs classify the membership of the Society as follows:—Established 12, Baptist 4, Secession 5, Judges 2, Lady G(lenorchy?) 1, Epis(copal) 1. Rule VII. is expressed in these words: "that the teachers to be employed by this Society shall neither be preachers nor public exhorters, stated or occasional, of any denomination whatever." The school books to be used were a spelling book in Gaelic, prepared by the Society, and the Gaelic Psalm Book—to be succeeded by the Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, in that language. The schools were to be "ambulatory," *i.e.*, the school stations were to be changed at periods varying from six to eighteen months.

The first report of the Gaelic Society contains an appendix of 30 pages, about 10 pages of which are occupied with an account of the Welsh Circulating Schools, on which the new Gaelic schools were to be modelled. The remaining pages are occupied with twenty-two parochial returns, descriptive of the educational state of the Highlands, contributed by the parish ministers, in answer to the Society's first circular letter, issued on 27th December 1810. Let us endeavour to focus a bird's-eye view of these returns. From Glenshiel the Rev. John Macrae reports the population as 750; of these 209 could read English, and most of the 209 could also read Gaelic; none could read Gaelic alone. From Harris the Rev. Alexander Macleod reports the population as 3000; of these

200 only could read English and Gaelic. "As to the query 'what numbers understand and are capable of reading Gaelic alone?' you will be surprised to hear that of this class I cannot find any in Harris, and few are to be met with in Scotland who read Gaelic alone." From Kintail the Rev. Roderick Morison reports the population as 1000; of these 192 could read English, and of the 192 as many as 133 could also read Gaelic; "two men who could not read English were able to read the Gaelic Psalm Book, not by power of letters, but by observation of them and dint of memory." From Bracadale the Rev. Roderick Macleod reports that 373 could read English; that only one could read Gaelic alone; "and that one acquired it while in a regiment of fencibles in Ireland, which shows that people could in time be brought to read Gaelic if they had proper teachers." From Stornoway the Rev. Colin Mackenzie reports the population of (1) the town district as 2000, of whom 600 could read English, and "scarce twenty" Gaelic: (2) Uii (Uig?) population 800, *twenty* only of whom could read English and *six* Gaelic; (3) Gress, population 700, of whom but *six* could read English, and *two* Gaelic. From Kilmuir, Skye, the Rev. Donald Ross reports 2728 souls who could read neither English nor Gaelic, 162 who read English and Gaelic, and 2 who read Gaelic alone. From Torosay, Mull, the Rev. Alexander Fraser reports a population of 2000; of these 386 could read English, and 298 English and Gaelic. From the lowland parish of Fearn, near Tain, the Rev. Hugh Ross reports that seven-eighths of a population of 1500 could read neither English nor Gaelic; of the remaining eighth who read English only 20 could read Gaelic. From Applecross the Rev. John Macqueen reports that from a congregation of 2000 assembled on a communion occasion not more than 60 attended the English service. It is interesting to note that, contrary to the experience of others, he knew "several instances of persons without the least knowledge of English reading who learned to read Gaelic with facility and fluency." From Lochcarron the Rev. Lachlan Mackenzie reports that 232 read English, many of whom also read Gaelic; 2 only read Gaelic alone; and 645 read neither English nor Gaelic. From Gairloch the Rev. James Russel reports 324 who read English, 72 who read Gaelic alone, and 2549 who read neither. From Contin the Rev. James Dallas reports 1200 as being unable to read Gaelic or English; in the low parts of the parish 1 in 6 could read English; in the heights 1 in 11. "All the *natives* understand Gaelic, but I know not twelve persons among them who can read Gaelic alone and are not able to read English."

Thus briefly have we summarised the ample details which many correspondents, some of them at great length, had communicated to the new Society from all parts of the Highlands. And be it remembered that what we have here is the testimony of eye witnesses. Each minister describes the state of his own parish. One calculates, indeed, in round numbers, and another figures out his return with arithmetical exactitude to the last unit. But all speak of the things of which for years they had the fullest personal knowledge. What a picture! And that the picture was not an overdrawn appeal *ad misericordiam*, but a faithful transcript of the sad and pitiful reality, there is unhappily no lack of evidence. Then in the next report of the Gaelic School Society (1812) we find the following

extracts from letters written by gentlemen who enjoyed opportunities specially favourable for acquainting themselves with the state of the Highlands. The Rev. William Fraser of Kilchrenan writes:—"The picture of Highland parishes so faithfully drawn by your correspondents in the north, I have had occasion often to contemplate with emotions of pity and regret." Mr Fraser thus testified from personal knowledge, acquired by him "as teacher, missionary, and clergyman," in the wide district extending from "Applecross, in Ross shire, to Kintyre, in Argyleshire, including some of the largest, and several of the small adjacent, islands." And the Rev. Daniel Dewar, then labouring at Strontian, afterwards so well known as the successor of Dr Chalmers in Glasgow, and Principal of the Marischal College of Aberdeen, is quoted in the report to this effect:—"I have made, in company with some English friends, an extensive tour through most of the Hebrides, as well as through Arisaig, Moidart, North and South Morar, Knoydart, &c., and I am now most deeply convinced of the utility and the necessity of your Society. I have made it my business to make enquiries as to the abilities of the people to read, and have seldom met with any one of the common people in the districts I have mentioned capable of reading either English or Gaelic. There is no school in Cana, containing upwards of four hundred souls—no school in the extensive district of Moidart. The moral and religious state of this people must be truly pitiable, since between the parish church of Ardnamurchan and that of Glenelg there is but one missionary minister. Pray unfold the map and look at the immense regions which intervene. I mention this with no other view than to excite the pity of your Society towards the moral condition of a people who are labouring under great disadvantages." The learned and venerable Principal, then but a stripling with the world before him, closes his letter with a sentence which may appropriately close this long digression: "It is in vain that the benevolence of Christians gives them the Bible, in their own language, unless you extend to them the power of reading it."

The benevolence of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge gave the Highlander, in 1807, a complete and cheap edition of the Gaelic Bible. Scarce was the ink dry on this first really available impression of the sacred volume, when the British and Foreign Bible Society took it up; doubling, and ere long quadrupling the gift. In like manner the Gaelic School Societies of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Inverness, though they never attained to any remarkable vigour, held out a helping hand in the mother society's parallel and preparatory work of education, till in 1825 the grand scheme of the General Assembly's Education Committee crowned the edifice. Thousands of Highlanders, at home and all over the world, are to-day the living witnesses of the solid strength and graceful proportions of that noble edifice, with its 327 schools supported by £5881 of annual voluntary contributions, which the Church, in 1872, handed over gracefully and trustfully to the care of the Highland people, acting through their statutory school-boards. Let us trust that the day is now at hand when all our people will read the Bible with equal ease in Gaelic and English. And let us pray that then they may all so know and love it as to become themselves living epistles of its truth and power.

DONALD MASSON.

DONALD MACDOUGALL.

—o—

We have much pleasure in placing on permanent record an account of the well-deserved honours conferred upon our excellent and remarkable townsman, Mr Donald Macdougall, of "Royal Tartan Warehouse" celebrity, by his fellow citizens, on the evening of the 18th March, in the Hall of the Workmen's Club. He was presented with a marble bust of himself, subscribed for by friends at home and abroad, and prepared by a rising townsman, Mr Andrew Davidson, sculptor, to whom the work does the highest credit. The bust is an excellent and striking likeness, executed in the finest Carrara marble, and set on a small base of polished white marble. There is also a yellow pedestal 2 feet 9 inches high, of Scagliola marble, highly polished and moulded. On the face of this pedestal is a brass plate, beautifully engraved by Messrs Ferguson Brothers, and bearing the following inscription :—

This bust of Donald Macdougall, Esq., Inverness, originator of the Tweed trade in Scotland, was freely subscribed for by all sections of the community, and presented to the Working Men's Club, of which he was the founder, at a public gathering of his fellow citizens on the 18th March 1879. It is designed to commemorate the good deeds of one whose active benevolence during a long life, conferred lasting benefits on his native town, and whose energy, sacacity, and commercial ability, elevated an insignificant branch of trade into a national industry that continues to command a first place in the markets of the world.

The chair was occupied by the Primus, with Mr Macdougall on his right hand, and supported by the Provost, Bailie Black, Bailie Macdonald, the Rev. Dr Black, Mr Dallas, Town-Clerk; Councillor Burns, Mr Ross, architect; Mr William Ferguson, Chairman of the Club; and Mr George Wood of the *Courier*. Tea and fruit having been served, the choir of the Cathedral sang "God Save the Queen," Mr Money playing the piano accompaniments.

The Primus announced that letters of apology had been received from Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore; Dr Brougham, Culduthel; Mr James Brougham, Mr Robert Carruthers, Mr Galloway, and Colonel Cameron, Clifton Lodge, who all expressed their deep regret that they were unable to be present.

The Chairman said—Having done homage to our most gracious Majesty the Queen, the next work in which we are to be engaged is to offer a mark, a deep mark, of respect and veneration to him who is the immediate cause of our gathering this evening. (Applause.) We are assembled to offer a token of real respect and regard to one—and I speak with a deep affection for him, and I mean each word that I say—to offer, I repeat, a token of respect and regard, not only to an honourable and a good man, but to a man who has spent many years of his life in endeavouring to promote the best and the highest interests among those whom he lived. (Applause.) While speaking in the presence of Mr Macdougall, I feel that it is necessary to limit the expressions that I could otherwise make use of, lest they should be painful and offensive to him; and yet I must speak of something connected with him, in order to remind you of his real merits. Mr Macdougall has again and again told me of his earliest life with gratitude for the gifts and blessings which he has received. He has told me that, when a boy, he ran about the streets of Inverness without shoes or stockings. Now, when we think of that, and then look upon this hall, we have some evidence in our minds, not only of the manner in which God has blessed and prospered the career of this man, but of the use which he has made of the blessings which God has bestowed upon him. (Loud applause.) There are many incidents in Mr Macdougall's life to which reference might be made, but it would occupy too much of your time were I to mention any but the more salient points, and those connected with the special object of our meeting. There is one incident in Mr Macdougall's life which, in the present day, ought to be prominently brought before the public mind. But that very incident is not the first incident of the kind which has occurred in Mr Macdougall's family. Mr Macdougall's father, like himself, began business a poor man. Like many a good man before him, after a time he failed in business, and was obliged to enter into an arrangement with his creditors. He paid them a composition. He resumed business and went on and prospered—though not to the extent in

which his son has prospered—and the result of his prosperity was this, that, though comparatively a poor man, he called together his former creditors, and paid them with interest the remainder of his obligations to them. (Loud applause.) And, if I am not misinformed, that good man in his dying hour, left a legacy to his son who is now our guest—that legacy being a desire, that if his son should be ever placed in similar circumstances, he was to do the same thing. What use the son has made of that legacy you all know. (Applause.) He turned that legacy to good account; for he, too, like many another good man, failed in business, and was compelled to meet his creditors with a composition of 15s in the £1. He subsequently prospered. God blessed him, and as soon as it was in his power he called together his creditors, and paid to them the remainder of his obligations with interest. Many a man might have expressed readiness and willingness to act in this way towards his creditors—many a man might have said that his creditors might come forward and avail themselves of his readiness to pay them. But Mr Macdougall sought out his creditors. (Applause.) He took the greatest pains and trouble to discover them—he sought them out even in Australia—and paid them every one. (Loud applause.) At the time Mr Macdougall did this, perhaps there was greater commercial honesty in the world than now. But his action was felt to be deserving of note by his commercial brethren, and, in consequence, his commercial friends in Glasgow invited him to a special feast. They presented him also with a testimonial, indicating their high sense of his honourable conduct, and I will read to you the inscription which was put upon the service of plate which was at that time given him:—"Presented, with a tea service and other articles of silver plate, to Donald Macdougall, Esq., by a numerous circle of commercial friends, as a testimonial of their respect, and more particularly as an expression of their sense of his honourable conduct in paying the balance of his obligations of the year 1837, from which he had been fully discharged. 30th April 1857." (Loud applause.) In the present day such an example as that deserves to be held up before the public—(applause)—and I trust that there may be many ready and disposed to follow it. (Applause.) Time passed on, and Mr Macdougall retired from the business in which he had been so long engaged—a business which really has brought honour and reputation on the capital of the Highlands. (Applause.) I believe that in the first great Exhibition of 1851, Mr Macdougall, though with very great difficulty, was enabled to bring specimens of our Scotch tartans before the public notice, by his obtaining permission to exhibit his Scotch tartans; and from that time forward the Royal Tartan Warehouse in Inverness has been a place known, I may say, throughout the world—known not only in England, but in the Colonies and in India. And whatever advantage and credit we derive from that, it is entirely owing to the exertions of Mr Macdougall. (Applause.) Well, as I said, time passed on, and Mr Macdougall retired from business, but not from work. From that time forth—and it has been my happy lot to have observed his career for more than five-and-twenty years—he appeared to me to devote himself, with singleness of purpose and with a noble heart, to good works. (Renewed applause.) Whenever there was any good work to be done in Inverness I have ever found Mr Macdougall one of the first and heartiest to take it up. Amongst other things I would point to the hall in which we are now assembled. From the fact that Mr Macdougall had climbed to the top of the tree through all its various branches, he had known the many trials and difficulties of working men. He had known how often the workman's heart yearned, after his hard day's toil, for some quiet rest—for something of an evening such as might divert his thought from the day's toil, and help to improve the mind, which could not be improved during the drudgery of his daily work. Mr Macdougall knew and felt that there was a want in this respect in Inverness, and he resolved to supply that want. (Applause.) He determined to establish this Working Men's Club. (Renewed applause.) And he succeeded in establishing it by the great labour which he bestowed upon obtaining subscriptions from Scotchmen and Englishmen all over the world. I don't like to say how many letters Mr Macdougall once told me he had written in his endeavours to establish this Club; and he began almost before the penny post was introduced. But not only by these great exertions, but by his own unbounded liberality—(applause)—he was enabled to raise this building in which we are now met. (Renewed applause.) And many and many are the hard wrought workmen who have found, I am sure, in this Workmen's Club many a moment's happy rest and quietness, and many an evening of personal and individual improvement from the books which are here provided, and which books came here from or through Mr Macdougall. He sought books everywhere. He is a loyal subject, but he did not mind going to the Queen and troubling her Majesty with the wants of those whom he was desirous to benefit. (Laughter and applause.) And he succeeded—(applause)—as he has succeeded in everything he has put his hand to. (Renewed applause.) Such work, such active work, did really demand recognition, and, accordingly, some time ago friends of Mr Macdougall, who were attached and devoted to him, and who recognised his value, determined to raise the means to offer him some substantial token of their regard and affection; and, with a view of making that an enduring token, they resolved that part of the means raised should be laid out in a marble bust of the founder of this Workmen's Club. (Ap-

plause.) That bust has been executed, I am thankful to say, by an eminent sculptor, a sculptor in Inverness—(applause) —one who has given many instances of his taste, power, and genius. (Renewed applause.) You will have an opportunity now of seeing a specimen of his skill in his admirable representation of our well-known guest—a representation which in every respect will be a permanent likeness of him, wanting only that by which we all know him—namely, his hat. (Laughter and applause.) However, we are always glad to see him with or without the hat. (Renewed laughter.) I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, I am only expressing your feelings, as well as my own, when I say that we all most heartily pray that his green old age may be a happy one, and that when we shall begin to see that well-known face no more in the streets of Inverness, we may feel that he has obtained a higher rest and reward than that which he sought in this world. I now ask the Provost to unveil the bust. And [turning to Mr Macdougall] on behalf of the public of Inverness, and of a much larger public than that of Inverness, I have the honour to present you, Mr Macdougall, with this marble bust as a token of the esteem, regard, and affection which is universally entertained towards you. (Loud applause.)

The PROVOST, amid cheers, unveiled the bust, and read the inscription on the pedestal.

Mr MACDOUGALL, rising to reply, was received with loud applause. He said—Your lordship's kind and flattering remarks have so overpowered me, that I fear I shall scarcely find words adequate to the expression of what my full Highland heart at present feels. I ought to give humble and devout thanks to the Source whence all blessings flow, that He has so preserved my health and nerved my arm as to enable me, though with a severe struggle, to do a simple act of duty, in presenting this large and well-furnished Club to the working classes of my native town. (Applause.) I feel much indebted to your lordship, the members of committee, and the public generally, far and near, for this additional honour conferred on me in the shape of this life-like bust, which I am happy to say has been executed by a townsman, Mr Davidson. (Applause.) After my long and busy career, the bust is an honourable acknowledgment of my endeavour to provide for the requirements and recreations of the working classes after the day's toil is over. This Workmen's Club is one of the most successful of the kind in Scotland, possessing a large library of 4000 books, a spacious reading and lecture room, a room for innocent games, and a playground behind, also the principal daily and weekly newspapers and magazines, and some foreign newspapers. (Applause.) There are about 400 members, and a vast number of penny daily visitors. (Applause.) I am sure that each member of the Town Council, and of the Club Committee, will exert himself to increase its usefulness. After the toil and business of the day are over, what a pleasant thing it is to have such a cheerful place to spend an evening in. The workman feels more keenly than any other man the need of social enjoyment after his day of labour is at an end. (Hear, hear, and applause.) This Club has had the high honour of receiving a splendid gift of books of the best kind from her Majesty, our royal mistress. (Applause.) The building being the property of the town, I would earnestly beseech the members of the Town Council to assist Messrs Ferguson, jewellers, who, for some time past, have taken an active part in the management of the Club. When I was in business, my motto was, There is nothing reasonable and honest impossible, if you bend all the powers of your mind and body to it—(applause) —energy, invincible determination and purpose, once fixed, then death or victory! (Renewed applause.) It is pleasant to a man at the close of his life to receive a mark of appreciation from his fellow-townsmen, and the bust, which so many friends have combined to present, is most gratifying to my feelings. I receive it also as a proof that the Workmen's Club has not been without benefit to the classes for whom it was built. (Applause.) Many, very many, kind and heartfelt thanks to you, my Lord Bishop, for your many kind wishes and complimentary remarks. The recollection of this evening will, while I live, be engraved on the tablets of my memory. (Applause.) Mr Macdougall, before concluding, presented the bust to the Club through the chairman, Mr William Ferguson. He trusted the Club would place it in some suitable position, for nothing would please him more than the thought that, after he had gone from amongst them, some memorial had been left to show those who came after him the kindness with which they had regarded his efforts to do some little good in his day—(applause)—and how those efforts were more than repaid by the proceedings of this night—the proudest night of his life. (Renewed applause.) Referring to the assistance which the Club, through him, had received from the Queen, Mr Macdougall said the Queen was one of his very best customers for many years—(laughter and applause)—and a more delightful lady he never had the honour of serving. (Laughter and applause.) He took the liberty some thirteen years ago of writing to the Dowager Duchess of Athole, asking her Grace to bring the Club under the notice of her Majesty, and the result, as had been said, was an excellent gift of books. (Applause.) He had also received much valuable assistance from the Primus and his friends. He mentioned that one day walking down a street in London he met a gentleman whom he knew. He stopped to speak with him, and the gentleman said, "Ah, books." (Laughter.) Nothing more passed, but he (Mr

Macdougall) followed his acquaintance to his residence in Albemarle Street, and they went up the stairs, and the gentleman opened his library door and said, "Take these four shelves." (Laughter and applause.) The Primus was then in London; Mr Macdougall mentioned the circumstance to him, and he said that the gentleman was to dine with him, and that Mr Macdougall could meet him next day at the same place and time. This he did—followed the gentleman again—and on reaching the top of the stair, the library was once more opened, and he was told to take "these three shelves." (Laughter and applause.) These incidents he mentioned as an encouragement to be always on the alert and attentive. (Applause.)

Mr WILLIAM FERGUSON, Chairman of the Club, formally accepted the bust, and thanked Mr Macdougall. The bust, he said, would henceforth become one of the principal attractions in the hall. As a work of art, it could not be surpassed, and while, to the present and future members of the Working Men's Club, it would always be a speaking likeness, reminding them of the donor, to whose benevolence and energy the Club owed its existence, it would, at the same time be appreciated as the work of a sculptor, Mr Andrew Davidson, one of ourselves, of whom we are truly proud—(applause)—and whose talents were not only the admiration of his fellow-townsmen, but undoubtedly placed him in the highest rank of his profession. Mr Ferguson again expressed gratitude for all that Mr Macdougall had done for them, as the original founder of the Club. (Applause.)

The rest of the evening was occupied with a musical entertainment, in which Mrs Kenrick, Mrs Wilson, Miss Lizzie Macbean, Canon Medley, Mr Money, and Mr Bulmer took part. All the songs were loudly applauded and some of them encored. The meeting was wound up with votes of thanks to the chairman and the choir, and with three cheers for the sculptor of the bust, Mr Davidson.

MY HIELAN' HAME.

I wandered in a foreign clime, where wild flowers blossomed fair,
An' socht for Scotia's sweet blue bell, but fand nae blue bell there;
Syne, as a tear frae love's pure fount warm trembled in mine e'e,
My spirit to my hielan' hame was wafted owre the sea.

My hielan' hame, my hielan' hame!
Oh! hoo it fans affection's flame!
On earth there is nae spot the same
To me, as my dear hielan' hame!

Where mountains towered, and foaming floods their channels deep had worn,
Wi' throbbing breast I lang surveyed the cot where I was born,
My kindly mither blest my view, wha nursed me on her knee,
An' happy made oor hielan' hame far, far across the sea.

My hielan' hame, my hielan' hame! &c.

Companions, loved langsyne, I saw around the hearth convene,
The silver tresses o' my sire threw rev'rence owre the scene;
Truth glowed in ilka honest face, like sunlicht on the lea,
Thus filled wi' joy my hielan' hame far, far across the sea.

My hielan' hame, my hielan' hame! &c.

Upon that cherished spot, again, to dwell my bosom burned;
Drawn by love-chains, time couldna break, I to my freends returned,
Their gladsome souls the darkest day adorn wi' purest glee;
My hielan' hame I'll leave nae mair to cross the stormy sea.

My hielan' hame, my hielan' hame
Oh! hoo it fans affection's flame!
On earth there is nae spot the same
To me, as my dear hielan' hame!

EDINBURGH. ALEXANDER LOGAN.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

—o—

A N S W E R S.

THE REV. WM. FRASER OF KILMORACK.

In answer to "A.D.C.," Bishop Hay, maternal uncle to Agnes Lovat, carried away by Kenneth Mackenzie (a Bhlair), VII. Baron of Kintail, when he sent away his first wife, Margaret, daughter of John, Earl of Ross, advised Kenneth and the lady's friends that a commission should be sent to the Pope in 1491, to procure the legitimation of their union. This was agreed to, and the foll wing account of the Commissioners sent is taken from the "Ancient" Allangrange MS. of the Mackenzies in my possession: —"To that effect one called Donald Dhu M'Chreggir priest of Kirkhill was imployed, which accordingly he performed. This priest was a native in Kintail, descended of a clan there called Clan Chreggir, who being a hopeful boy in his younger days was educat in Mackenzie's house and afterwards at Beullie be the fore-mentioned Dugall Mackenzie (natural son of Alexander "Ionraic" VI. of Kintail) pryor yrof. In end (he) was made priest of Kirkhill. His successors to this day are called Frasers. Of this priest is descended Mr William and Mr Donald Fraser." The author of the Ardintoul MS. gives a slightly different version, and says:—'To which end they sent Mr Andrew Fraser, Priest of Kintail, a learned and eloquent man, who took in his company Dugal Mackenzie, natural son to Alexander Inrig, who was a scholar. The Pope entertained them kindly and very readily granted them what they desired, and were both made knights to the boot by Pope Clement VIII., but when my knights came home they neglected the decree of Pope Innocent III. against the marriage and consentricate of the clergy, or, otherwise, they got a dispensation from the then Pope Clement VIII. for both of them married. Sir Dugal was made priest of Kintail and married nien (daughter) Dunchy Chaim in Glenmorriston. Sir Andrew likewise married, whose son was Donull Du MacIntagard (Black Donald son of the Priest) and was priest of Kirkhill and Chapter of Ross. *His tacks of the Vicarage of Kilmorack to John Chisholm of Comar stands to this day.* His son was Mr William Mac Ahoulding, alias Fraser, who died minister of Kiltarlady. His son was Mr Donald Fraser, who was minister of Kilmorack. So that he is the fifth minister or ecclesiastical person in a lineal and uninterrupted succession which falls out but seldom and than which, in my judgment can more entitle a man to be really a gentleman, for that blood which runs in the veins of four or five generations of men of piety and learning and breeding cannot but have influence, and it confirms my opinion that the present Mr William Fraser (who is the fifth) has the virtues and commendable properties of his predecessors all united in him." This latter MS. was written by the Rev. John MacRa, minister of Dingwall, who died in 1704. I am informed that five others of this family succeeded the Rev. William Fraser, last named, in Kilmorack, in direct succession, the last of whom was the Rev. Simon Fraser of Kilmorack, whose widow and family now reside in Inverness. It would be interesting to know whether the present Rev. Mr Fraser, Free Church Minister of Kirkhill,

has any connection with the old Frasers of Kirkhill and Kilmorack; for he is also fifth in descent of another line of Frasers as ministers of Kirkhill. The prefix "Mr" is in all old MS. equivalent to the modern "Rev." A.M.

ROSSES OF INVERCHARRON.

THE following sketch of the family of Ross of Invercharron, in reply to Query (11) in last *Celtic*, is gathered from various Sasines, copied from the Registers of Sasines for Inverness, between the years 1606 and 1769 :—

The first mentioned is Alexander Ross of Invercharron, Bailie for the Lady Annabella Murray, daughter of John, Earl of Tullibardine. His wife's name is given as Isobell Ross. (Sas., Dec. 16, 1606, vol. i., fol. 139.) He appears to have had four sons; William, his heir; Thomas (Sas. 1606), and two sons, David and Nicholas, who are mentioned by Sir Robert Gordon as proceeding to the wars in Germany in 1627. (Hist. Earldom of Sutherland, pp. 402, 450.)

The eldest son, William Ross of Invercharron, married a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, first of Davochmaluak (who died 1534), by Margaret, daughter of Sir William Munro of Fowlis.

The next is Walter Ross of Invercharron, eldest son of the last, who appears to have sold the property in 1625 to "Andrew Ross, burgess of Tayne," but to have recovered it the same year on payment of 5000 merks. (Sas. 1625, May 31, vol. iii., fols. 103, 108, mentioning "Isobell Ross, relict of Alexander Ross of Invercharron, 'mei avi.'") He married Isobel, daughter of Andrew Munro of Milton (mentioned in the Sasines quoted); but in a Sasine of 1663 (vol. ii., fol. 57), wherein his father, William, now a very old man apparently, alienates the lands to his son Walter, a second wife, evidently, is mentioned, Margaret Gray, relict of George Murray of Pulrossie.

There is also a sister mentioned, Isobel, married to Andrew Ross of Sandvaik. (Sas. 1660, vol. vii., fol. 20.)

The children of Walter Ross seem to have been—William, his heir; Walter; Hugh (called Tutor of Invercharron, Sas. 1695, vol. vi., fol. 22); Janet, married first to Thomas Ross of Priesthill (Sas. 1639), and secondly, to Kenneth Mackenzie, first of Scatwell (Sas. 1664); and Christian, married to Hugh Macleod of Cambuscarry (Douglas Baronage, page 387).

William Ross of Invercharron married Christian Ross, but does not seem to have left an heir, as, after the Tutory of Hugh (Sas. 1680, vol. v., fol. 61), the next laird mentioned is William Ross of Invercharron, "son of Walter Ross of Invercharron." (Sas. 1708, vol. xiv., fol. 476.) This William married Helen, daughter of Hugh Ross of Braelangwell; and, after him, there seems an hiatus, since the next Sasine is dated 1763 (vol. xix., fol. 309), and mentions the names only of William Ross of Invercharron, and his wife, Anne, daughter of David Ross of Inverchastley. The last Sasine (1769, Dec. 9, vol. xx., fol. 376) gives the name of his eldest son only, David Ross.

The above are all the particulars I possess regarding the family in question, and among them are contained answers to some of the queries requested by your correspondent "Quill." J. D. M'K.

THE CHIEF OF THE MATHESONS.

I EXPECTED that you would yourself have answered in the April number the query which appeared in the March issue of your Magazine, as, judging by your communications to recent numbers of the *Courier*, you appear to be well posted up in the History and Genealogy of this ancient family. You there indicated an opinion that the Chiefship was to be found among the representatives of the Bennetsfield Mathesons, and you are probably correct. In any case, it is gratifying to learn, as the result of the publication of your letters, that male representatives of that branch still exist in a good position; the Chief—assuming your deductions to be well-founded—being Eric, son of the late Colonel James Brook Young Matheson, of the H.E.I.C.S., now residing on the Continent.

Your correspondent, "Mathon," is quite correct in saying that the present Matheson of Ardross and Lochalsh does not claim the Chiefship, although he is undoubtedly descended from a younger son of the ancient family of Lochalsh. The late Sir James Matheson of the Lews was not chief of the Mathesons of Sutherland, but he belonged to the principal family in that county, one of whom was *elected* Chief of the Sutherland Mathesons in the beginning of the 17th century, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Gordon, author of the "History of the Earldom of Sutherland."

You are probably acquainted with the "Imaire" MS. History of the Mathesons, in which the author, Roderick Matheson, claims the honour of the Chiefship for himself; and it seems clear that his claim must be disposed of before even the Bennetsfield Mathesons can come in; for he makes himself out as descended from an elder brother of John Matheson of Fernaig, from whom you have shown the Bennetsfields to be descended. There is considerable difficulty in giving a satisfactory answer to such queries as those asked by "Mathon," and from what I have seen and heard, you are yourself, perhaps, better able to deal with them than most people. Might I suggest that you give us a sketch of this Clan in the *Celtic Magazine*. It would be a most appropriate sequel to your exhaustive History of the Clan Mackenzie, with whom the Mathesons were in the past so closely connected. "O CHIAN."

[We intend, some day, to adopt the suggestion of our correspondent, and to give a pretty full sketch of his Clan in the C.M. We must, however, finish the Mackenzies before we can feel in a position to inflict more of the same kind upon the reader. Meanwhile, we shall be obliged to "O Chian" and others interested, to supply us with any information in their possession. We have two copies of the "Imaire" MS. and other valuable information about the Mathesons in our repositories, but no doubt much more is procurable. We shall have no great difficulty in disposing of the "Imaire" claim to the Chiefship when we take the matter up.]

CUTHBERTS OF DRAKIES.

IN reply to "F. Medenham's" query (No. 14) in your last:—In the History of the Roses of Kilravock (Spalding Club), p. 68 is a mention of

1. Alexander (or James) Cuthbert of East Drakies, who married Margaret Vaus of Lochslin, and died 1547. I find no earlier mention of this

family. The next of the name is found in one of the earliest Sasines (see Secy. Reg. Sas., Inverness, vol. i., fol. 61, A.D. 1606, June 2), viz.—

2. To Alexander Cuthbert and Christen Dunbar, his spouse, by John Winchester de Alterlie, over the one part of the lands of Alterlie, called Brachinche,—and mentioning Margaret Cuthbert, spouse of John Winchester. Alexander is called "burgess of Inverness." A sister of his, Isobel, married John Mackenzie, first of Ord (Seaforth Charters, fol. 207, 1607–39).

3. James Cuthbert of Alterlies and Easter Drakies, son of Alexander Cuthbert and Christen Dunbar, was Provost of Inverness in 1621, sold the lands of Lochslin to John Mackenzie (Sas. 1625, fol. 144); his wife was Marie Abercrombie, and he appears as witness in charters or in deeds from 1619 to 1638. In 1634 he obtains the lands of Culloden. (Great Seal Index, 53–153, Sas. 1657.) His children were—Alexander, his heir; Margaret, married to John Mackenzie of Davochkairne (Gairloch); Christine married David Rose of Earls-miln, who died 1669 (Roses of Kilravock, p. 530); and Mary married William Mackenzie, first of Belmaduthy (Sas. to them 1657, fol. 304).

4. Alexander Cuthbert of Easter Drakies has a Sasine, as eldest son of the last, dated 1650, June 24; and his children were, his eldest son,

5. John Cuthbert of Alterlies (Sas. 1666, vol. iii., fol. 55), and Jean, married to Lachlan Mackinnon of Strome (Sas. 1680, fol. 70). John is given as a witness in the Lovat Charters (395) in 1676.

In 1706, among the Lovat Papers (MSS.) appears the sale by

6. David Cuthbert of Drakies of a tenement to the Magistrates of Inverness. This must be the son and successor of John Cuthbert, and in the Douglas Baronage (p. 361–1) there is mentioned a daughter, Isobel, married to John Macpherson of Dalraddie.

These are all the particulars I can find respecting the above family.

J. D. M'K.

QUERIES.

(17) CAPTAIN HUMBERSTONE MACKENZIE.—The enclosed inscription was found on a tomb near Ahmednugger. I wish to know who the Capt. Humberstone Mackenzie mentioned therein was, as he is not named in Findon's "Mackenzie Genealogies." It would seem from the inscription that his father was Capt. Mackenzie Humberstone, the elder brother of the last Lord Seaforth, but both in the *Celtic Magazine* and in the "Mackenzie Genealogies," that gentleman is said to have died unmarried. I have a photograph of the tomb, with the "Caber Feidh" carved on it:—"On this spot fell at the Storming of Ahmednugger, on the 8th August 1803, Captain Humberstone Mackenzie, Captain in H.M. 78th Regiment of Ross-shire Highlanders, son of Captain Mackenzie Humberstone, who was killed at his gun in the Mahrattah War in 1783.

"This tomb is also consecrated to the memory of Captain Grant, Lieutenant Anderson, and the non-commissioned officers and privates of the same Regiment, who fell on that occasion."

7 St Ann's Park Terrace, Wandsworth, S.W. K. E. M'K.

The usual Gaelic Song, with Music, is unavoidably left over.

Y

DUNTULM CASTLE—A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

In the early history of the Highlands, the Clan Macdonald holds by far the most prominent position, both as regards numbers and extent of territory.

At different periods during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we find them holding possession of, or exercising authority over, the whole of the North West Islands, as well as the Sudereys—the name by which the southern part of the Western Isles was then called—besides many places on the mainland, particularly in Argyllshire, whence they got their secondary title of Thanes of Argyle. From the Island of Lewis southward to the Isle of Man, they ruled at one time or other. They did not own subjection to the king of Scotland, but, as Lords of the Isles, and representatives of the ancient Earls of Ross, actually entered into treaties and alliances with the English and other foreign Courts on the footing of independent princes.

It can easily be understood that, owing to their great numbers and the scattered and detached character of their possessions, disputes and divisions were rife amongst them, the chieftains often quarrelling and engaging in petty wars on their own account, when not actively employed in fighting the battles of their superior, the Lord of the Isles.

On the death of one of the chiefs, a dispute arose among his followers as to his successor, there being two claimants to the honour—one the son of the late chieftain, who was supported by the majority of the clansmen on that ground, but as his character and antecedents had made him very unpopular, being of an avaricious, cruel, and treacherous disposition, a good many of the clan espoused the claims of his cousin, a brave, outspoken, gallant young man, who had already proved himself a good soldier and a wise politician.

Finding themselves in a minority, the cousin and his adherents retired to Uist, whose inhabitants were favourable to him, for the purpose of concerting with each other, and organising a scheme for obtaining possession of the Island of Skye and its Castle of Duntulm.

There was enmity, deep and deadly, between the two cousins, but their hatred had a longer and deeper root than the contest for supremacy now raging between them—they were rivals in love as well as in power.

The hoary Castle of Duntulm held a lovely prize, which both the young men coveted to call his own. Margaret was an orphan, and a ward of the late Chief. Beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, in addition to being an heiress, she was the admiration of all the eligible young gentlemen for miles round; and often had her hand been sought by the neighbouring chiefs, but by the terms of her father's will she was to remain a ward at Duntulm until she became of age, when two courses were open to her choice—either to marry the young Lord of the Isles, or to take the veil. Now, as the fair Margaret was a lively, merry girl, fond of gaiety and society, the thought of being immured in a convent was

most distasteful to her; at the same time she had conceived a great dislike to her destined husband.

Cupid, that blind and fickle god, had indeed shot one of his random arrows, which had deeply pierced fair Margaret's breast; but it was the cousin instead of the chief to whom her heart owned allegiance.

The knowledge of being beloved by the object of his adoration spurred this youth on in the slippery paths of ambition, for, as the fond pair of lovers would argue, if he could attain to the chiefship, then the letter of her father's will would be kept, though perhaps not the spirit.

It was no easy task for her admirer to leave his betrothed behind him when he went to Uist, but there was no help for it. After a few weeks had passed he determined to risk paying a stolen visit to his beloved Margaret. He chose a favourable night, and, with only one attendant, set sail for Skye. On arriving, he left the boat in charge of his companion and carefully made his way to the Castle. Stealthily he moved forward; warily he picked his footsteps, keeping well in the shadow of the Castle walls, for well he knew his life was not worth a moment's purchase were he discovered by its lord; yet he dared risk all for one look, one word, of his dearest Margaret. His well-known signal was heard with delight; and with the quickness of a woman's wit a plan was formed to enable her to meet her lover, whom she lovingly chided for running such a danger for her sake.

After the first few joyful moments at thus meeting once more was over, her lover began to speak seriously of their future movements, and confided to her a scheme he had been concocting to surprise the Castle and make himself master of the Island. It was arranged that Margaret should go to visit the Convent at ——, the lady superior of which was a relative of her own, and thus be out of danger during the intended attack on the Castle. "My plan is," continued he, speaking with earnestness and determination, "My plan is to cross the sea with all my men at night, land quietly, and immediately begin to build up with stones every means of exit from the Castle, and then dig under the foundation until it is so undermined that it will fall by itself, burying beneath its crumbling walls our enemy and his principal followers. This will strike such a panic into the rest of the clan that I have no doubt we shall easily subdue them. But now, dearest, I must tear myself away, or I shall be discovered; haste back to thy chamber, I will wait till I see the light at your window—I shall then know you are safe."

With loving words and lingering caresses, which seemed to say

> Parting is such sweet sorrow
> That I could say good night till it be morrow,

the lovers at length separated, full of hopes of a speedy and happy reunion, which, alas! was never to be realized. So absorbed were they in their conversation that neither of them observed the crouching figure of one of the chief's retainers dodging their footsteps, and listening with bated breath to all that was spoken at their secret tryst.

Nor did anything occur at the Castle to excite Margaret's suspicions of a discovery. She was allowed to pay her proposed visit to the con-

vent unopposed, where she waited with ill-concealed impatience the looked-for news of the attack on the Castle.

The night fixed upon arrived—a stormy, gusty night, the thick drifting clouds obscuring the light of the moon, the dark lowering sky being fitfully illumined by livid streaks of lightning, while the sound of the distant thunder re-echoed from the weather-beaten rocks.

Her lover and his men were embarking in spite of the threatening state of the weather, for, he argued, the more tempestuous the night, the better chance he would have of taking the castle by surprise, so he and his willing comrades battled with the wind and waves, and at length reached the rocky coast of Skye. As their boats grated on the shingly beach, each man sprang out quietly, and without a word of command being given, he took his place in the ranks; freed his right arm from the folds of his plaid, drew his claymore, and stood waiting the signal to advance.

"Now, my friends, forward," said their leader, as the last man took his place, "follow me."

They advanced swiftly and noiselessly for about five hundred yards, when the front rank paused in dismayed astonishment, for a flash of lightning had revealed a momentary glimpse of what appeared a long dark wall between them and the castle. "What is this, a dyke!" exclaimed the leader in accents of surprise, "why, there was never a dyke here." Again the electric fluid illumined the landscape with a vivid glare; again the invaders saw the dyke, but they saw it moving and advancing towards them; then the truth burst like a thunderbolt upon the reckless youth and his party. "'Tis the Macdonalds—the Macdonalds are upon us!" were the cries from the bewildered men; but above all rang out the clear loud voice of their commander. "Steady, forward, did we not come to meet the Macdonalds; why do you hesitate then, forward, my friends?" Recovering from their temporary panic, the courageous clansmen rushed forward to meet the foe, and also, alas! to meet their fate; for the Macdonalds came in overwhelming numbers, and after a short but determined fight, the would-be chief found himself a prisoner, with only three alive out of his brave band, who were prisoners along with him.

The grey light of early dawn was struggling with the darkness of departing night as he and his companions in misery were marched under the frowning portals of gloomy Duntulm; and before the first rosy gleams of the rising sun had appeared, the bodies of his three friends were hanging on the traitors' gibbet in front of the castle, while he was ushered into the presence of his enraged cousin, who received him with mock courtesy, thanked him with a sneer for the honour he had paid him by coming to visit the castle with such a large retinue; and with sham apologies for such poor accommodation, conducted him to the top of the highest turret of the building, and, showing him into an apartment, said, pointing to the table on which was a piece of salt beef, a loaf of bread, and a large jug, "There is your dinner, which I trust you will enjoy, and I will now leave you to take a long repose after your late exertions."

The youth bore all these gibes and sneers in silence, and, as the door closed behind his vindictive kinsman, he threw himself on the floor and gave way to the gloomy forebodings induced by his melancholy situation.

After a while, he began to speculate on what his fate was to be, and why his life had been spared. Then, in spite of his despondency, he began to feel hungry, and going to the table made a hearty meal. "Well," he soliloquized, "they don't mean to starve me at anyrate." The beef being very salt, he soon became thirsty, and he reached out his hand and took hold of the big stone jug. What means that sudden start? why does he gaze upon the jug with such despairing looks? why does he groan so heavily?—the jug is empty! not a drop of water to quench his raging thirst! This, then, is the cruel fate reserved for him. Overpowered with the dreadful discovery, he sits stunned and motionless, but, hark! some one is approaching; he hears voices, perhaps, after all, it was an oversight. The hope, faint as it is, inspires him with fresh vigour, and springing up, he calls loudly to those he hears outside the door. No response is given to his repeated entreaties for a drink of water; no response, yet he plainly hears mens' voices speaking to each other, and a strange inexplicable noise that he cannot at first comprehend, but as it goes on, he understands it too well. 'Tis the noise of masons building up the door of his prison, even as he had contemplated building up the doors of the castle, had he been the victor instead of the vanquished.

Now, indeed, he feels there is no hope for him—that he is doomed to die one of the most painful and agonising deaths that his enemy's relentless cruelty could suggest—death from thirst made more intense by the salt beef which the cravings of hunger compelled him to devour.

We draw a veil over his sufferings. No pen, however graphic, could describe his lingering agonies. Many years after, when the turret was again opened, there was found a skeleton grasping in its fleshless hands, part of a stone water jug, the other part of which had been ground to powder between the teeth of the poor thirst-maddened victim of Duntulm.

Margaret waited at the convent for the news that came all too quickly. She heard of her lover's defeat, and that he was a prisoner of the cruel Lord of Dultulm—it was enough. She sought refuge in the cloister, but her loving heart soon broke under its weight of sorrow; and, in spite of the care and attention of the kind nuns, their tender sister pined away, and in a few short months Margaret was laid to rest in the peaceful cemetery of the convent.

M. A. ROSE.

Correspondence.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Be good enough to allow me to give a short explanation regarding the Gaelic poem, under the above heading, in your last issue. The

poem was originally composed by my late father, Donald Macleod, the Skye bard, and has no reference whatever to Dunvegan Castle.

It was published by him in his collection of 1811, and is to be found on page 173 of that book, under the title of "RANN MOLAIDH DO THIGH UR." There is also an engraving of the cottage on which it was composed. The circumstances of the case are these :—Their lived in Stein, on the west coast of Skye, a prosperous country merchant, named Roderick M'Neill, who was inclined to be a little conceited and vain. My father was quite a stripling at the time, and was looked upon as one able to "make a rhyme and sing a sang" on any worthy occasion. He happened to go to Stein when Mr M'Neill's new house was in course of erection. The merchant met him, and promised a handsome present if he would compose a complimentary *duan* on his new house; but, behold, when the *duan* came to light, instead of my father being presented with a gift, Mr M'Neill swore vengeance against him and against his poetry, for having ridiculed him and his new cottage, in such strong and extravagant language. I don't think, however, your readers will be disappointed at the result of your investigation about the origin of this poem, as it served to procure such an interesting note from the pen of one of the best Celts of the day, the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., of your good town of Inverness. The true and graphic account given by him of Dunvegan Castle and its romantic surroundings, are valuable items of information regarding the strange traditions of the past.

As your reverend contributor, Mr M'Calman, admits, there are several omissions and errors in the copy of the poem he so kindly sent you, but not sufficiently important to demand particular notice. But if Mr M'Calman or any of your friends wish for a correct copy of it, I shall be very glad to supply them.—I am, &c.,

EDINBURGH. N. MACLEOD.

Literature.

THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CHURCHES OF GALATIA, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THIS is one of a series of Handbooks for Bible Classes, edited by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., and the Rev. Alexander Whyte, M.A., designed to assist "those whose business it is to teach Bible Classes, whether in the Church, the School, or the Family," and, if the one before us is a fair specimen of the rest of the series, they will be found eminently suited for this purpose. It is, however, quite outside the limits which we have laid down for ourselves to criticise the general character of such works as these. We leave Theology and cognate questions to those whose position and

training qualify them in a proper manner to deal with such important themes. The *Celtic Magazine* is not intended, nor is it suitable for such a purpose. Theology is not our [illegible] We are, however, particularly struck with Professor Macgregor's [illegible] and most interesting "Introduction" to his Epistle to the Galatians, and being, as it is, purely critical and historical, it is quite within the legitimate scope of our labours. The author holds that Galatia, or the Galatian land, is simply another name for *Gaeldachd* or *Gaeldom*—the Galatians were purely Celtic in blood as well as in name. They are, on this account, most interesting to us. They have been claimed as a Teutonic race; but in favour of this contention nothing can be alleged that is not obviously the fond invention of the vanity of modern Teutons—the Galatian race being the only one which has been addressed in any Epistle as a race. The Romans were a mixed multitude of nationalities. But everything of real evidence, and of reasonable divination, attainable through language, institutions, manners, and temperament—all so strangely marked in the Epistle to the Galatians; and relative indications of ancient history "point to the conclusion that Paul's Galatians were purely Celtic in blood as well as in name."

The following quotation will give the reader a fair idea of the learned and interesting nature of this work:—

The name of Galatians (*Galatae*), of which Celts (*Keltae*) was a more ancient form applied to all of Gaulish blood, has somewhat puzzled critics ignorant of Celtic language. "Why," they perplexedly ask, "not say Gauls (*Galli*), not Galatians?" Galatia (*Gaëldachd*) is the only name known by a Scotch Highlander for his own "land of the Gauls" (Gaels); while for Scotland at large he has no name but Albania (*Albanachd*), from Albion (which he calls *Alba*), the ancient name of Britain. Galatia (Gaëldachd, as if Gaëldom) is simply the Gaul country, domain or land of the Gaels; and Galatae, or Celtae, the people of that land, is a secondary formation, by foreigners, from this name of the land. Observe that there never has been a king "of Scotland," nor emperor "of France." It is "of Scots," "of the French"—the people giving their own name to the land. Jerome, who had dwelt among European Gauls in his youth, and afterwards visited Asiatic Galatia, says that the original word Gaul itself was understood to be descriptive of fairness or blondness, characteristic of the Gauls in respect of skin and hair. This suggests *geal* ("white," whence *gealach*, "the white one," or "fair one," as proper name of the moon); and this *geal*, which is nearly the same in sound, is probably associated etymologically with the Teutonic *gelb* (pronounced "yelb," and anciently "yelv," whence our "yellow"). Jerome's etymological suggestion may thus be well founded. Gaul, or Gael, may originally have meant the "white" or "blond:" Albion (near in form to yelb) has long been understood to mean "the white land."

The movement of Celts into Asia, about 280 B.C., was a sort of backward eddy of that great wave of Celtic migration which, after overspreading Gaul proper, had overflowed the Alps and the Pyrenees (witness *Gallia Cisalpina* and Spanish *Celtiberia*), had travelled south and east along the course of the Danube, and ravaged Northern Greece in a raid made ever memorable by the pillaging of Delphi. Those Gauls who then crossed into Asia, at first mere roving invaders, soon became mercenary soldiers, and by and bye settled down into a district allotted to them,—there are "soldiers' settlements" near Callander,—which is described as "bounded by Paphlagonia, Cappadocia, Pontus, and Bithynia, and having as its chief cities Ancyra, Pessinus, and Tavium." It will be seen on the map that this district is a high land, embracing the head waters of the great streams of Asia Minor. Secure in their mountain fastnesses, the new-comers were troublesome neighbours, occasionally making forays far into the surrounding lowlands. Though tributary to local monarchs, they retained a certain rude freedom under their own chieftains, with a constitution not unlike that of Swiss Cantons under the Hapsburgs. When overcome by the Romans, 189 B.C., they had far degenerated from that valour, and softened from that fierceness, which at one time had made them the terror of Upper Asia. But even after they became a Roman province, 26 B.C., they retained their Celtic tongue, with features of character markedly Celtic.

Though addressed by Paul in a Greek Epistle, they may have been preached to only

in Celtic even by Paul. All over the civilized world knowledge of Greek was then, far more than knowledge of French is now in Europe, an accomplishment of a gentleman; so that the leading men in the Galatian churches would be able to understand a Greek letter, as leading men in the Outer Hebrides can understand an English letter,—such as may be sent to the churches of Long Island by the General Assembly. But no minister who can speak Gaelic will think of preaching there in anything but Gaelic, the language of the people, which alone they can take in with ease and pleasure. Now we are informed by Jerome that the Galatians spoke their own original tongue when he visited them, four hundred years after they had listened to Paul. (The *second* of his prefaces to his *Commentary on Gal.*)

Irenaeus, in the preface to his great work on *Heresies*, apologises for the rustiness of his Greek on the ground that he has long been in familiar use only of the language of the Celts. Greek must have been well known to many inhabitants of his district, whose chief city, Marseilles, was reckoned almost a Greek city, and Latin to many more, witness the very name of the district, *Provincia* (Provence). But Celtic was the common language of the people there. It is the plan of Providence for the diffusion of the gospel that the peoples should everywhere, so far as practicable, hear in "their own" respective "tongues the great things of God." A people's "own tongue," the mother tongue, the language of home, fragrant with memories of home and of childhood with its wondering delights, has for the purposes of popular instruction and impression an inimitable power; especially when that tongue—like Greek, Hebrew, German, Celtic—is one of those original or uncompounded tongues in which almost every word has a picture for the imagination and a song for the heart. Hence Irenaeus, learned Oriental though he was, in his pastoral labours would use only the language of the Celts. Hence our missionaries labour to attain free use of the mother tongues of heathenism. Hence the Pentecostal effusion, of preparation for the grand campaign, was characterised by a miraculous gift of tongues. And there seems no good reason to regard as chimerical the suggestion that Paul for preaching purposes may have used the gift in Galatia.

Professor Macgregor concludes this part of his Introduction thus:—

Unauthentic history, or vague unaccredited tradition, may suggest the not unpleasing thought that the Galatian church, though disappearing from the records of the new kingdom, may have contributed to its progress. That progress was markedly rapid and great among Celts. Irenaeus, in a letter to the churches of Smyrna and Asia generally, about a persecution of the Celtic church of Lyons and Vienne, *circa* A.D. 171, describes a state of things implying that Christianity must then have been rooted in that district for some time. Not long after, Tertullian boasts that in (then Celtic) Britain Christ has gone with His gospel farther than the Romans have been able to penetrate with fire and sword. This places a widespread Celtic Christianity within a lifetime of the apostles: Irenaeus was a pupil of Polycarp of Smyrna, who had sat at the feet of John the Divine. The Celtic churches (*e.g.* of the Scottish Culdees) long continued to retain some traces of Orientalism of origin, pointing towards Asia Minor as the source of Celtic evangelization. And the heart as well as the imagination is gratified by the suggestion thus arising, that the Galatian churches may have sent the gospel to the Celts of Europe. We learn from Jerome that in his day their spoken language was in substance what was spoken by the Treviri—European Celts of Trêves. There is a vague tradition about a mysterious visitor who came to Britain with the gospel, round by the Straits of Gibraltar from the Mediterranean Sea. May not this mysterious visitor have been a Christian of Galatia, perhaps a convert of Paul and a student of this Epistle, who, driven by persecution or constrained by love of Christ, bore the gospel from a Celtic land near the cradle of mankind, and preached it in the mother-tongue to that Britain which was the then recognised motherland of the Celts?

The book is neatly got up in every respect, and, as already said, eminently suited for the purpose for which it is intended.

McCHEYNE IN GAELIC.—We understand that the Rev. Allan Sinclair, Kenmore, is preparing for the press the Sixth Thousand of his Gaelic Edition of M'Cheyne.

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HIGHLAND AND ISLAND SCENERY.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

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II.

WHILE most of the parishes in Skye have natural curiosities peculiar to themselves, Kilmuir in the north end has its own. The island at large has deservedly attracted the attention, not only of those who diligently pry into the "arcana" of science, but also of such tourists as delight in the contemplation of nature's rudest and most romantic forms. Here are presented to the stranger's view a variety of most magnificent points of original beauty. Its lofty hills of rugged outline, covered in part with blooming heath, and in part denuded of all their verdure by the chilling blasts of winter, display in their formation a grandeur of figure and form, which seldom can find a parallel anywhere. In one place the foaming cataract precipitously rushes over the shelving rocks, and presents a grand and pleasing contrast to the gentle rivulet that quietly pursues its course in the valley below. In another, the lofty mountains rear their towering pinnacles into the clouds, and from their immense altitudes, are seen at great distances. Here and there valleys are found interspersed with sheets of water, or little lakes, which beautifully reflect the ragged images of the impending cliffs. This is truly the "land of mountain and lake;" yea, it is, as the poet says:

> The land where the cloud loves to rest,
> Like the shroud of the dead, on the mountain's cold breast;
> Where the wood-girded rocks to the eagles reply,
> And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky!

There are many scenes in the Isle of Skye which merit particular notice, but of all

> In the Hebride Isles,
> Placed far amid the melancholy main—

There are none that can exceed Quiraing in the north end of the Island, as to its particular features. My own humble description of it in the "New Statistical Account of Scotland," written about 40 years ago, was the first notice that called the attention of tourists to its romantic beauties. It is indeed a remarkable formation of nature, and evidently the result of

some primæval volcanic eruption. It consists of a secluded piece of level and fertile ground, concealed in the face of an almost inaccessible precipice. The hill in which it is situated is about 1000 feet in height, and slopes by a steep declivity towards the west; but towards the north-east it presents a face of rugged precipices, much variegated, by being here and there composed of huge basaltic columns, or massy fragments of fluted rocks. In other parts larger spaces formed into concave sections, present themselves to the view, and have a majestic appearance from being ribbed transversely either by small fissures, or protuberant seams over which a little rivulet drizzles in the moist seasons of the year. In the face of this huge precipice, Quiraing is enshrined and entirely hidden from the view of the visitor. He may be told that it is there, but without a guide he might fail to discover it. This interesting spot consists of a green plot of ground, as level as a bowling-green, formed into an oblong platform of sufficient extent to contain six or seven regiments of soldiers. It is studded all round with massive fragments of rock, jutting up into lofty peaks, by the intervention of deep chasms, which are, for the most part, inaccessible. On approaching the great inlet to the eagerly looked-for platform, the passage is much obstructed by heaps of stone and rubbish which have been washed down from the crevices by the gradual waste of successive ages. When these obstacles are overcome, the visitor finds himself at the entrance of a steep passage, which would seem to lead him to the top of a hill. To the right of this entrance stands an isolated pyramid of rock, called the "Needle," which rises perpendicularly to some hundred feet in height. By considerable exertion the tourist gains the top of the pass, and beholds with indescribable wonder the scene which opens to his view. Instead of seeing, as he would expect, some narrow cave, he beholds, with pleasing disappointment, a spacious opening before him, in the centre of which stands the already-mentioned platform. By descending a short distance and threading his way by a small path, he is instantly led to the beautiful green plain, which was all along his object to attain. He now stands utterly bewildered, and quite at a loss what to examine first, or to admire most. He beholds the rocks frowning aloft, and the rugged cliffs ranging themselves in huge circles around him. Rocky pyramids like a bulwark encompass the fairy plain on which he stands. All is felt to be a dreary solitude, yet there is a pleasing beauty in the silent repose. The golden eagle is seen soaring aloft in the blue firmament. A panoramic view of the distant sea and district below, is visible only in detached fragments through the rugged clefts and chasms between the surrounding pyramids. The rocks which compose these huge columns are so streaked and variegated, that the visitor's imagination cannot fail to delineate hundreds of grotesque figures of the wildest description on their surface. The nature of the day on which this interesting place is visited has a great effect on its appearance. It is so studded and encompassed with columns and pinnacles of all heights, sizes, and figures, that their flickering shadows on a sunshiny day have an enchanting effect on all who behold them. Light and shade are then so uncommonly divided, and so constantly changing positions, that the place in consequence is greatly enhanced in beauty; but should a dense mist envelope the spot, as is frequently the case, the scene is greatly changed. Instead

of being lovely and enchanting, a night-like gloom falls over it, like a shroud of darkness. The thick mist slowly floating through the pyramids, and intercepting their rugged pinnacles from the view, give a sombre appearance to the whole. The visitor's imagination will lead him to think that the gloomy pyramids before him bind earth and heaven together. He cannot but admire, yet at the same time he is filled with a sort of awe which causes him to ascribe the marvellous works which lie shrouded before him to the wonderful doings of that Omnipotent Being who created all things.

At the distance of a few miles from Quiraing is a small lake called "Loch Miaghailt," which discharges its waters into the sea by an unseen subterraneous passage through the rocks. Near where the stream from this lake spouts out from the precipice may be seen the form of a Highlander, in full costume, in the face of the rock. From the striking resemblance of this cliff to a completely garbed Highlander, it received the name of "Creag-na-fèile," or "the Rock of the Kilt," and has been frequently admired by tourists. It can only be seen to advantage from a little distance at sea. In this district of the island, as well as around the west coast of Skye in general, the land is hemmed in by tracts of lofty perpendicular precipices, mostly formed into huge, parallel, square, round, and triangular pillars of basalt. South-east of Quiraing is a large and lofty mountain ridge called the "Storr," which is one of the most interesting formations of nature in the island. The isolated peak of Storr, projecting to an immense height from the bosom of the adjacent hill, is seen from afar, and its ragged, irregular outline cannot fail to attract the traveller's notice at the distance of many miles. Towards the east, the Storr presents a range of rugged cliffs, broken into irregular formations, and rising to an immense height. The various recesses and projections of this remarkable place render it a scene highly grand and picturesque. While a fog happens to sweep the bosom of Storr, appearances like those of lofty spires, walls, and turrets, are seen emerging in majestic forms from the driving mists.

Skye is studded all round with ancient "Dùns," or forts, and it is evident from the situation of these forts that they were intended to give each other an alarm at the approach of an enemy, as they are invariably found to be in sight of each other. The signal which was given, as may be gathered from ancient tradition and songs, consisted of something which was set on fire, and the burning light was held up on the turrets of the fort by what was called the "Crois tàraidh," or "Cràn-taraidh," that is, a fiery-cross or gathering-beam. At times this beam, which consisted of a piece of wood, half burnt, and dipped in the blood of some animal, was circulated by emissaries, as a signal of distress. It is spoken of by Ossian and Ullin, as well as by several modern Celtic bards—

Ach ciod so'n solus ann Innisfail,
O chrann-taraidh an fhuathais?
Togaibh bhur siuil, tairnibh bhur raimh—
Grad-ruithibh gu traigh, is buaidh leibh!

But what light is this in Innis-fail,
From the gathering-beam of terror?
Unfurl your sails, ply your oars—
Make haste to the beach, and may victory be yours!

The most entire ruin in the north of Skye is the splendid castle of Duntulm, the ancient residence of the illustrious descendants of "Somerled Rex Insularum," the Lords of the Isles. Most of these renowned characters were interred in a plot in the parish burying-ground, called "Reileag Mhòr Chlòinn Dòmhnuill," or "the large cemetery of the Macdonalds," being the spot where a splendid Iona cross was lately erected as a monument to the celebrated Flora Macdonald. In this quarter also is the lake of St Columba, with its ruined monastery—but the lake is now drained and converted into arable land. A few miles southward is the beautiful Bay of Uig, the Castle of Peinduin, Kingsburgh, the Prince's Well, and other localities of interest. Portree, or "the King's harbour," the capital of Skye, is a neat little village, with its three or four banks, as many lawyers, as many ministers, as many churches and schools, as many hotels, thrice as many merchants, and one sheriff, one fiscal, one prison, one mill,—in short, it is a complete little place with its splendid harbour. It derived its name from James V., who anchored and remained for some time in the bay. The scenery all around is romantic and beautiful. Close to the village is Prince Charles' cave, and opposite to it is the Island of Raasay. The south-western portion of Skye is possessed of various objects of interest. The promontory of Waternish, where a bloody battle took place between the Macleods of Dunvegan and the Macdonalds of Clanranald from Uist, is well worthy of a visit. At the time of this invasion many of the Macleods were assembled for worship in the church of Trumpan, which the enemy surrounded, set on fire, and destroyed the worshippers. The flames of the church and the fiery-cross soon gathered together a powerful band of the Macleods, who took full revenge of the Macdonalds for the cruel slaughtering of their friends. The battle was fought on the sea-beach at Ardmore. The Clanranalds were cut off to a man, and their slain received no burial, except a covering of stones from a wall or dyke that stood near. To this day quantities of their bones are to be seen among the loose stones on the shore. The Clanranalds received their reward for this, as we shall see afterwards.

Dunvegan Castle, built on a rock at the head of Loch-Failloirt, and still the residence of the Macleods, is a very interesting monument of antiquity. A certain tower in this venerable fortress is said to have been built in the ninth century, and another tower still higher, was erected by "Alasdair Crotach" (hump-backed Alexander) in the twelfth century, but Rory Mòr, who was knighted by James VI., united the two towers by a substantial building erected between them. The fortress was well guarded by a steep precipice towards the sea, and by a wide and deep moat behind. There are some ancient relics in this castle to which much interest is attached, and which are well worthy of inspection. These are "A Bhratach-Shith," or the Fairy flag, made of strong yellow silk. According to tradition it is the palladium of the Macleod family, and all their fortunes hinge upon it. It is said to have been taken as a prize by one of the Macleods from a Saracen Chief during the crusades, and to possess great miraculous properties. The second relic in the castle is a cup or chalice, called "Niall Ghin-Dubh," and it is said to have been taken by one of the Macleods from an Irish chief of that name. It stands on four legs, and is belted round with silver elegantly engraved, having sockets

for precious stones, a few of which still remain. The next relic is Rory Mòr's horn—a drinking cup of great dimensions. It is mentioned by Burns in one of his songs, and is minutely described by Sir Walter Scott, in his Lord of the Isles. It requires three ordinary quart bottles to fill it. The quaffing of its contents in claret, has been reckoned an indispensable ceremony at the inauguration of any of the chiefs of Macleod. Dunvegan is surrounded by hills. The Greater and Lesser "Helvel," or Macleod's Tables, are remarkable mountains, that are perfectly flat on the top, and slope regularly down to their bases. The points of Galtrigil, of Idrigil, and Waterstein, present huge cliffs towards the sea, and are very bold and romantic. Near the point of Idrigil, three very romantic basaltic pillars rise perpendicularly out of the sea, and the highest is upwards of 200 feet in height. They are known as "Macleod's Maidens," and the natives designate them as the mother and her two daughters, and the old lady, the highest of the group, is known by the name of "Nic Cleosgeir Mhòir." The Maidens are seen at great distances, and many curious legends are connected with them. Sir W. Scott compares them to the Norwegian Riders, or chusers of the slain. The landscape altogether is one of exquisite grandeur. The scenery shifts at every step, and each successive view seems to excel the rest. The cloud-capped "Cullin" rises its inaccessible pinnacles far beyond the other mountains, and is visible in almost every part of the island. Next in order, Marsco, Beilig, Blath-Bheinn, Scor-nan-Gillean, Beinn-na-Caillich, Glamaig, and others, shoot themselves forth in every variety of figure and appearance. But the most astonishing perhaps of all the scenes is the far-famed "Loch-Coir-Uisge." On entering the bay of Sgabhaig, the spectator is struck with the rugged outline presented by the spiry and serrated peaks of the lofty Cullin. He finds himself surrounded by huge lead-coloured rocks denuded of all verdure. As he advances, a valley, enclosed by mountains of the most precepitous character opens to the view, thus encircling and forming the dark lake of Coir-Uisge. A wonderous place! It reminds one of the black Stygian waters of the nether world. Here the poet's pen and the artist's pencil are at fault, and seem powerless to delineate the scene aright. The Great Wizard, with his magic pen, has said:—

Rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquakes' sway,
Had rent a strange and shatter'd way,
Through the rude bosom of the hill.
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tell of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruachan-Ben;
But here, above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, ner flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power
The weary eye may ken,
For all is rocks at random thrown.
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,

As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain side.

At the base of the Cullins is what is called Loch-Sligachan, a lake that is much frequented by botanists, as a peculiar plant grows in it, which is technically called the "Eriocaulon septangulare"—a plant said to be so rare that it is found in one other place only in all Europe.

Not very distant from the fairy scene of Loch-coir-Uisge is the celebrated Spar-cave of Strathaird, called "Slochd-Altraman" by the natives. It must be viewed by torch-light, and cannot fail to be admired by every visitor. Its lofty vault is really grand. It is resplendent with pure white icicles of semi-transparent spar, and has its roof supported, and its sides decorated, with massy columns of the same sparkling material. At the inmost recess is a circular pond formed of shining spar, like a huge marble basin, several feet deep and wide, and surrounded by the most beautiful mouldings, as if of pure molten tallow solidified into stone. "This pool," says Sir W. Scott, "distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might have been the bathing grotto of a Naiad."

Opposite to this cave, after crossing Loch Eisort to the Sleat district, is the ancient fortress of "Dunskaith," whose extensive ruins can still be traced. Ossian relates that Cuchullin, the son of Semo, had his palace at Dunskaith, and there is a large stone near the càstle called "Clach-Luath," said to be the stone to which Cuchullin chained his favourite dog, "Luath," after the chase. The district of Sleat is more like Lowland than Highland scenery, yet Armadale Castle, the seat of Lord Macdonald, Isleornsay, the ivy-clad castle of Knock, the view of the opposite coast of Glenelg, Loch-Hourn, Loch-Nevis, Arisaig, and Morar, are all romantic and interesting.

All this is but a mere glance at the scenery of this interesting "Isle of Mist," wherein the forms and colouring of nature are frequently magnificently grand, for even in Skye it does not always rain. Who can view without a pleasing elevation of mind the tempestuous Atlantic battling with the fury of the elements! The Long Island, from the Butt of Lews to Barra-head—more than a hundred miles—stretches along to the west of Skye, guarding it, as it were, from the wild swellings of the Atlantic deep. What can be more beautiful than to witness the clouds of mist receding, in thickening folds from the mountains to the higher regions of the atmosphere, and leaving the landscape again to rejoice in the brightness of sunshine. At times they present phenomena-like celestial mountains, tinged with the riches and variety of prismatic colouring. The splendour of the morning and evening drapery baffles all description. The Aurora Borealis, or Polar lights, are often exceedingly brilliant, as are likewise the solar rainbow, and the lunar halo. Such luminous meteors certainly surpass in magnificence any appearances of the kind in other parts of the Kingdom.

The natives have frequently to encounter many storms in their boats and sailing crafts, and are at times exposed to great dangers. Mr Robert Buchanan beautifully describes a night on Loch Eribol, and translates the Gaelic melody sung by one of the boatmen. He says:—"It is a

summer night; and we are lying in the stern of the fishing skiff, rowed by two stalwart boatmen. As we glide along under the black shadow of the hills, one of the men is crooning to himself, in a low sort of undertone, a weird Highland melody, one of those exquisitely beautiful tunes, which are half a recitative, half a melody, oratory set to cadence, and sparkling into music, just as a fountain tops itself with spray. The ditty he is singing may be rendered into English words as follows, but no translation can convey the deep pathos and subtle sweetness of the original:—

O mar a tha mi! 'tis the wind that's blowing,
  O mar a tha mi! 'tis the sea that's white,—
'Tis my own brave boatman was up and going
  From Uist to Barra at dead of night.
Body of black and wings of red,
  His boat went out on the stormy sea.
O mar a tha mi! can I sleep in my bed?
  Mo ghille dubh! come back to me!

O mar a tha mi! is it weed out yonder?
  O! is it weed or a tangled sail?
On the shore I wait, and watch, and wonder,
  It's calm this day, but my heart is pale.
O! this is the skiff with wings so red,
  And it floats upturned on the glassy sea.
O! mar a tha mi! is my boatman dead?
  O! ghille dhuibh! come back to me!

O! mar a tha mi! 'tis a corpse that's sleeping,
  Floating there on the weeds and sand;
His face is drawn, and his locks are dreeping,
  His arms are stiff, and he's clenched his hands.
Turn him up on his sandy bed,
  Clean his face from the weed o' the sea.
O! mar a tha mi! 'tis my boatman dead!
  O! ghille dhuibh! won't you look at me?

O! mar a tha mi! 'tis my love that's taken!
  O! mar a tha mi! I am left forlorn!
He'll never kiss, and he'll never waken,
  He'll never look on the babe unborn.
His blood is water, his heart is lead,
  He's dead and slain by the cruel sea.
O! mar a tha mi! I am lone in my bed,
  Mo ghille dubh! is away from me!

Many things of deep interest might be related of the other islands southward of Skye. Eigg, Rum, Soa, Muck, Canna, have all their features of beauty. Around the coast of Eigg there are numerous caves, and some of them are wide and spacious. Among these is "Uamh Fhraing," or the Cave of Francis, which is so narrow in the mouth that a person must creep on hands and knees to obtain an entrance; but within it is lofty and wide, and extends in length to about 220 feet. Of old the island belonged to Clanranald, and it was peopled with about 500 souls. The natives one day observing a number of galleys approaching the isle, knew well that they were filled with their feudal enemies, the Macleods of Dunvegan. They knew well that they had left Skye, to be revenged of them for the massacre and burning at the church of Trumpan. Trembling with fear, the Eigg men retired in despair to this cave, their only refuge. The Macleods landed, traversed the whole island amid a densely falling snow, and as they could not discover a human being

in all the place, they concluded that they had made their escape to the mainland. They ransacked and pillaged the whole isle—every house and hamlet! Disappointed and enraged they set sail at day-break next morning for Skye. Unfortunately the prisoners in the cave sent out a messenger that morning to spy the motions of the enemy. Not seeing their galleys in the bay of Làig, where they had anchored, he ascended to the top of Sguir, a lofty, precipitous hill in the island, to ascertain if the hostile fleet had sailed for home. He was observed by the Macleods on the pinnacle of Sguir, when immediately they turned back to the bay which they had left, and found the foot prints of the ill-fated spy in the snow. By this means they soon discovered the place where the wretched inhabitants lay in concealment. With the most savage barbarity the Macleods collected the furniture, straw, bedding, and all such combustibles from the hamlets around, set fire to the whole at the mouth of the cave, and suffocated to death every soul of the miserable inhabitants. I visited the cave about forty-five years age, and then the skulls and scattered bones within it—ghastly to look at—would fill a large van.

With Ardnamurchan, Mull, Oban, Inveraray, the whole coast of Argyleshire, and the southern Hebrides, I shall not weary the reader. Islay, Colonsay, and Jura, and the dangerous whirlpool of Corriebhreacain, have individually their objects of interest, but none so much so as Staffa, with its thundering cave, and Iona, with its many sacred relics. So much was the stern moralist, Johnson, himself affected by the scene, that he walked with uncovered head over the graves of kings, and through the ruins of the religious edifices, and was forced to exclain :—" We are now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans, and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion."

Tradition says that St Columba, a little before his death, uttered the following prediction to his disciples:

Ann I mo chridhe, I mo ghraidh,
Ann aite guth Manaich, bithidh geum ba;
Ach mu'n tig an saoghal gu crich,
Bithidh I mar a bha!

In the Isle of my heart, the Isle of my love,
Instead of a Monk's voice, there shall be the lowing of cattle,
But ere the world comes to an end,
Iona shall flourish as before.

We have now finished our notes on the scenery of the Highlands, and regret the hurried and imperfect manner in which this interesting subject had been treated. That scenery is now happily within the reach of every lover of nature's works, who can afford the means and time to visit it. "Now," says Wilson, "the whole Highlands, western and northern, may be commanded in a month. Not that any one who knows what they are will imagine that they can be exhausted in a less time. Steam has now bridged the Great Glen, and connected the two seas." Railways have reached to the far north, and have brought John O'Groat's and the Land's End into close fellowship. Salt and fresh water lochs, the most remote and inaccessible, are brought within the reach of a summer day's voyage. In a week, or two at the most, a joyous company can gather all

the mainland shores, leaving not one magnificent bay uncircled, and having rounded St Kilda and the Hebride Isles, and heard the pealing anthem of waves in the cave-cathedral of Staffa, may bless the tolling of St Mungo's bells on the following Sabbath day.

We would fain say a few words on the character and life of the Highlanders, but are at present unable even to touch that interesting subject. It is impossible that the minds of travellers through those wonderful regions can be so occupied with the contemplation of mere inanimate nature, as not to give many a thought to their inhabitants, both now and in the olden times! "We love the people too well," said Wilson, "to praise them. We have had too heartfelt experience of their virtues to forget them. In castle, hall, house, manse, hut, hovel, shieling, on mountain and moor, we have known, without having to study their character." They are now, as they ever were, affectionate, faithful, and fearless—and severe as have been the hardships of their condition, they are contented and peaceful—yet nothing short of dire necessity can dissever them from their dear mountains and glens! While the fierceness and ferocity which characterised them in the turbulence of feudal times, have vanished away, long may they prosper as loyal subjects, retaining their places, their professions, their chiefs, their songs, their traditions, their peculiar customs, their dress, and above all, that noble language of theirs, which is the subject of so much general interest and excitement in the present day!

THE HIGHLAND DRESS AND THE DISARMING ACT AFTER THE FORTY-FIVE.—Some opinion may be formed of the importance which Government attached to the garb by the following oath, administered in 1747 and 1748 in Fort-William and other places where the people were assembled for the purpose, those who refused to take it being treated as rebels:—"I, A. B., do swear, as I shall answer to God at the great day of Judgment, I have not, nor shall have, in my possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb; and if I do so, may I be cursed in my undertakings, family, and property,—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother, or relations; may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred; may all this come across me if I break my oath." The framers of this oath understood the character of the Highlanders. The abolition of the feudal power of the chiefs, and the Disarming Act, had little influence on the character of the people in comparison with the grief, indignation, and disaffection occasioned by the loss of their garb.—*Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders.*

DEATH OF DR NORMAN MACLEOD.

THE following lines on the death of the late Dr Norman Macleod, of the Barony Parish, Glasgow, were written by me in St Petersburg, in September 1873, but they have never been in print; and I send them in case you might like to give them a corner in the *Celtic Magazine*:—

Thy warfare's o'er, great chieftain, now's thy rest,
"Beyond the voices" of tumultuous time,
Quenched is the genial glow that warmed thy breast,
And made the beauties of thy life sublime.
Sleep soundly near the old beloved home,
Where often thou life's golden dream did weave;
Sleep soundly by the hills o'er which did roam
Thy youthful feet on many a joyous eve.

We mourn the silence of thy noble voice,
That charmed the ears, and swayed the hearts of men,
That made their souls with purest joy rejoice,
And brought life's hidden things within their ken.
Ah! thou, with sympathy's own magic touch,
Could heal life's broken springs, and bring again
Sweet music from the chords where over much
Of care and sorrow had left only pain.

And with thine eloquence thou couldst unlock
The worldling's heart, and bring his hoarded gold
Like streams of water from the flinty rock
To bless life's poor ones—hungry, faint, and cold.
And 'midst thy greatness and thy power, thou
With grace and tenderness did'st rich abound,
Like a great rock whose high majestic brow
With simple ivy and with heath is crowned.

Thou, like thine own "Wee Davie," had become
A glorious centre where affections met,
Where sweet good-will had found a gladsome home,
From which to scatter drizzling clouds of jet.
Monarch and peasant claimed thee as a friend,
Their loves met, beauteously around thee twined;
And as in life, so in thy latter end,
Sweetly was lowliness with state combined.

They laid thee to thy rest beneath thy plaid,
The Highland plaid that thou didst love so well,
And o'er it proudly gentle hands had laid
The Queen's sweet offerings of *immortelles*.
Sleep soundly near thine old beloved home,
Till the great morn in golden light will break,
Sleep soundly till God's mighty voice will come
In joy and gladness to bid thee awake.

MARY MACKELLAR.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

By the Editor.

[Continued.]

THE MACKENZIES OF GAIRLOCH.

The family of Gairloch is descended from Alexander, Sixth Baron of Kintail, known among the Highlanders as "Alastair Ionraic," by his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Macdonald of Morar, called by the Highlanders "Mac Dhughail," or Son of Dougal. There is a considerable difference of opinion among the genealogists and family historians respecting Alexander's wives. Edmonston, in his "Baronagium Genealogicum," and Douglas, in his "Peerage," says that Alexander's first wife was Agnes, sixth daughter of Colin, first Earl of Argyll. This, we think, can be shown to be absolutely impossible. Colin succeeded as a minor in 1453, his uncle, Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, having been appointed his tutor. Colin of Argyll was created Earl in 1457, probably on his coming of age. He married Isabel Stewart of Lorn, and had two sons, and, according to Crawford, five daughters. If he had a daughter Agnes she must have been his eighth child. Assuming that Argyll married when he became of age, about 1457, Agnes, as his eighth surviving child, could not, in all probability, have been born before 1470. Her reputed husband, Alexander of Kintail, was then close upon 70 years of age, having died in 1488, bordering upon 90, just at a time when his reputed wife would barely have arrived at a marriageable age, and when her reputed son, Kenneth a Bhlair, pretty well advanced in years, had fought the famous Battle of Park. John of Killin, her reputed grandson, was born in 1480, when at most she could only have been 10 to 15 years of age, and at the age of 33 he fought at Flodden, where Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, this lady's brother, and at least ten years younger than her, was slain. How could these things be? Further comment would be superfluous.

The same difficulty has arisen, from what appears to us to be a very simple cause, about his second marriage. The authors of all the family MS. histories are unanimous in stating that Alexander's first wife was Anna, daughter of Macdougall of Lorn, or Dunollich. Though the direct line of the house of Lorn ended in two heiresses, who, in 1838, carried away the property to their husbands—the Stewarts of Invermeath—the Macdougalls of Dunollich became the male representatives of that ancient and illustrious house; and this fully accounts for the discrepancy and confusion about the families of Lorn and Dunollich in some of the family histories.

Regarding Alexander's second marriage the same authorities, who affirm that Agnes of Argyll was his first wife, assert that Anna Macdougall was his second. There is ample testimony that she was his first, though some confusion has again arisen in this case from a similarity of names and patronymics. Some of the family MSS. say that Alexander's second wife was Margaret, daughter of "M'Couil," "M'Chouile," or "Mac-

dougal" of Morir, or Morar, while several others, among them the Allangrange "Ancient" MS., say that she was "MacRanald's daughter." The Ardintoul MS. has it that she was "Muidort's daughter." One of the Gairloch MSS. in our possession says that she was "Margarite, the daughter of the Macdonald of Morar, of the Clan Ranald Race from the Stock of Donald, Lord of the Ebudæ Islands," while in another, also in our possession, she is described as "Margaret Macdonald, daughter of Macdonald of Morar." There is here an apparent contradiction, but it can be shown, we think, with perfect accuracy, that the lady so variously described was one and the same person. Gregory, in his "Highlands and Isles of Scotland," p. 158, clearly shows that this Macdougal was the patronymic of one of the Families of Clan Ranald of Moydart and Morar. Speaking of Dougal MacRanald, son and successor to Ranald Bàn Ranaldson of Moydart, he says, "Allan, the eldest son of Dougal, and the undoubted male heir of Clan Ranald, acquired the estate of Morar, which he transmitted to his descendants. He and his successors were always styled, in Gaelic, MacDhughail Mhorair, *i.e.*, MacDougal of Morar, from their ancestor, Dougal MacRanald." At p. 65 he informs us that "the Clan Ranald of Garmoran comprehended the families of Moydart, Morar, Knoydart, and Glengarry," and that they were descended from Ranald, younger son of John of the Isles, by his marriage with the heiress of the MacRorys, or MacRuairies of Garmoran, whose ancestry, from Somerled of the Isles, is as illustrious as that of any family in Britain. A district north of Arisaig is still known among the Western Islanders as "Mor-thir Mhic Dhughail," or the mainland possession of the son of Dougal. The MS. histories of the Mackenzies, having been all written after the patronymic of "MacDhughail" was acquired by the Macdonalds of Moydart and Morar, naturally enough called Alexander of Kintail's second wife, a daughter of Macdougal of Morar, or Muidort, and of Clan Ranald indiscriminately, for all these designations applied to the same family.

Alexander was twice married, first to Anna, daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly; secondly to Margaret, daughter of Clan Ranald, by whom he had

I. Hector Roy Mackenzie, generally known as "Eachainn Ruadh," the first of the family of Mackenzie who obtained possession of Gairloch. Hector played such an important part in the history of his time that it will be necessary to describe somewhat in detail the various matters of moment in which he was concerned. This has been, to some extent, already done in his capacity of Tutor or Guardian to his nephew, John of Killin, IX. of Kintail.

It has been conclusively established that Kenneth Mackenzie (a Bhlair), VII. of Kintail, died in 1491, and that his son, Kenneth Og, killed in the Torwood by the Laird of Buchanan in 1497, outlived him and became one of the Barons of Kintail, though there is no account of his ever having been served heir. It has been affirmed that Duncan, Kenneth a Bhlair's elder brother, predeceased him, and that, consequently Hector Roy succeeded in the usual way, he being the eldest surviving brother of the Chief, as legal guardian of Kenneth Og. We have not been able to establish this assertion; but Duncan's name does not appear after his brother's death in 1491 in any of the MS. histories of the Clan

nor in any official document that we have seen in connection with it. The writer of the Ardintoul MS. informs us distinctly that Duncan was dead, and that Hector, his (John's) younger uncle "meddled with the estate." The Earl of Cromarty says that "Hector Roy, being a man of courage and prudence, was left Tutor by his brother to Sir Kenneth, his owin brother-vterin Duncan being of better hands than head. This Hector heiring of Sir Kenneth's death, and finding himself in possession of ane estait, to which those only now haid title whose birth-right wes debatable, viz., the children begot by Kenneth the 3d on the Lord Lovat's daughter, with whom he did at first so irregularly and unlawfully cohabit." This objection, however, could not have applied to Duncan, nor to his son Allan, and it is difficult to understand on what ground Hector could have attempted to obtain possession of the estates for himself, unless it be true, as established to some extent hereafter, that he was joint heir of Kintail; for it is beyond question that Allan, Duncan's eldest son and heir, who was entitled to succeed before Hector, was then alive. There is no evidence whatever to show that Hector Roy was at any time appointed Tutor to John of Killin until an arrangement was finally made between themselves, by which Hector was to act as such, and to keep the estates in his own hands, until John came of age.

Hector was undoubtedly in possession of vast estates in his own right at this period. When the factious party of the nobility, known as the Lords of the Association, took up arms against King James III., Alexander of Kintail sent his sons, Kenneth and Hector, with a retinue of 500 to join the royal standard; but Kenneth, hearing of the death of his aged father on his arrival at Perth, returned home at the request of the Earl of Huntly; and the Clan were led by Hector Roy to the battle of Sauchieburn, near Stirling; but after the defeat of the King's forces, and the death there, in 1488, of the King himself, Hector, who narrowly escaped, returned to Ross-shire and took the stronghold of Redcastle, then held by Rose of Kilravock for the rebels, and placed a garrison in it. He then joined the Earl of Huntly and the other clans in the North who were again rising, to avenge the death of the King; but meanwhile orders came from the youthful James IV., who had been at the head of the conspirators, ordering the Northern chiefs to lay down their arms, and to submit to the existing state of things. Thereupon Hector, yielding to necessity, submitted with the rest, and he was "not only received into favour, but, to reward his past fidelity, and also to engage him for the future, the young King, who at last saw his error, and wanted to reconcile to him those who had been the friends of his father, made him a present of the Barony of Gairloch in the western circuit of Ross-shire, by knight-service after the manner of that age. He likewise gave him Brahan in the low country, now a seat of the family of Seaforth, the lands of Moy, in that neighbourhood, and, afterwards, Glasletter (of Strathglass), a royal forest which was made a part of the Barony of Gairloch. Not far from the pleasant valley of Strathpeffer is the Castle Leod, part of Hector's paternal estate, afterwards a seat of the Earl of Cromarty; Achterneed, near adjacent, also Kinellan, were likewise his, and so was the Barony of Allans, now Allangrange, a few miles southward. In the chops of the Highlands he had Ferburn the Wester, and both the Scatwells, the

Greater and the Less. Westward in the height of that country he had Kenlochew, a district adjoining to Gerloch on the east, and southward on the same tract *he had the half of Kintail, of which he was left joint-heir with his brother Kenneth, Chief of the family.*"*

The original charters are now lost, but a "Protocol" from John de Vaux, Sheriff of Inverness, whose jurisdiction extended to the Northern counties, is conclusive as to their having existed:—"To all ande syndri to quham it afferis to quhays knawledge thir present letres sall to cum Johnne the Vaux burges off Dygvayll and Shireff in this pairt sendis gretyng in Gode euerlastande to yhur vniuersite (you universally) I make it knawyne that be the commande off our souerane lordis letres and precess under his quhyt wax direct(ed) to me as shireff in that part past, and grantis me to haff gwyne to Hector McKennych herytabyll stayt and possessioune of all and syndri the landis off Gerloch with thair pertinens after the forme and tenor off our souerane lordis charter maide to the forsaide Hector tharvpone the quhylkis land with their pertinens extendis yherly to tuelff merkis off aulde extent lyande betwix the watteris callyde Innerew and Torvedene within the Shireffdome of Inuerness ande I grant me to haff gyffyne to the forsaide Hector Herytabyll state and possessioune of all and syndri the forsaide landis with thair pertynens saffande vtheris menis rychtis as owys (use) and custum is charge—and in our souerane lordis nayme and myn as Shireff that nay man vex inquiet nor strubyll (trouble) the said Hector nor his ayris in the pecyabyll brukynge and joysinge (enjoyment) of the landis forsaides vnder all payne and chargis that efter may folow in wytness off the quhylkis I haff append to thir myn letres off sesyng my seyll at Alydyll (? Talladale) in Garloch the x day of the moneth off December the zher off Gode ane thousande four hundreth nynte and four zheris befor thir witnes Schir Doull Rurysone vicar of Urcharde, Murthy beg, Mak murquho, Johnne Thomassone, Kenneth Mcynleyssoune; Donalde Mcynleyssoune; Doull Ruresone, and Duncan Lachlansoune serieande with vtheris diuerse."

The next authentic document in his favour is a Precept, by the King to the Chamberlain of Ross, commanding him to obey a former precept given to Hector Roy Mackenzie of the males, &c., of Braane and Moy, as follows:—"Chalmerlane of Ross, we grete you weill fforsamekle as we direct(ed) oure speciale letres to you obefor (of before) making mentioun that we had gevin to oure louit Hector Roy Makkenze the males and proffites of oure landis of Braane and Moy with ariage cariage and vther pertinence tharof lyand within oure lordschipe of Rosse for his gude and thankfull service done and to be done to us induring oure will and that it was oure will that he had broukit and joisit (enjoyed) the saidis landis with all proffitis tharof induring our will and sa the tenandis now inhabitaris tharof brouk thare takkis and nocht removit tharfra, the whilk letres as we are sekirlye (surely) informit ye disobeit in great contemptioun and lichtleing of our autoritie riale (royal authority). Herfor we charge you zit as obefor that ye suffir the said Hector to brouk and jois the saidis landis and tak vp and haue all males fermez proffitis ariage

* MS. History of the Family of Gairloch. Another MS. says that his possessions in Kintail were "bounded by the rivers of Kilfilene an Croe."

cariage and deu seruice of the saidis landis and that the tenandis and inhabitaris tharof to answer and obey to him and to nane vtheris quhill (till) we gif command be our speciale letres in the contrar, and this on na wise ye leif vndone as ye will incur our indignatioun and displeasour. Thir our letrez sene and vnderstand deliuer thame agane to the berar to be kepit and schevin be the said Hector apoun compt for your warand befor our Comptrollar and auditoriouis of our chekker at your nixt compt, and after the forme of our said vther letres past obefor gevin vnder our signet at Edinburgh the fift day of Marche (1508) and of Regne the tuenty zere. (Signed) "JAMES R."

It will thus be seen that Hector Roy had extensive possessions of his own, and the dispute between him and his nephew, John of Killin, fully described in previous numbers,* has probably arisen in respect of Hector's rights to the half of Kintail which his father had left him jointly with his eldest brother, Kenneth a Bhlair, VII. of Kintail. He kept possession of Islandonain Castle until compelled by an order from the Privy Council to give it up to John of Killin in 1511,† and it appears from proceedings before the Privy Council that, from 1501 to 1508, Hector continued to collect the rents of Kintail without accounting for them; that he again accounted for them for one year, in 1509; and for the two following years the second time retained them, while he seems to have kept undisturbed possession of the stronghold of Islandonain throughout. We can find no record of his answer to the summons to appear before the Privy Council, if he ever did put in an appearance, but in all probability he kept possession to compel his nephew to come to terms with him as to his joint rights to Kintail, without any intention of ultimately keeping John of Killin out of possession. This view is strengthened by the fact that John obtained a new charter under the Great Seal granting him Kintail anew on the 25th of February 1508-9 ‡—the same year in which Hector Roy received a grant of Brahan and Moy—probably following on an arrangement of their respective rights in those districts; also from the fact that Hector does not appear to have fallen into disfavour with the Crown for his conduct towards John of Kintail; for only two years after he brought the action against Hector before the Privy Council, he receives a new charter, under the Great Seal, of Gairloch, Glasletter, and Coirre-nan-Cuilean, dated 8th of April 1513,§ "in feu and heritage for ever," and he and his nephew appear ever after to have lived on the most friendly terms. Gairloch, originally the possession of the Earls of Ross, and confirmed to them by Robert Bruce in 1306 and 1329, was granted by Earl William to Paul M'Tyre and his heirs by Mary Grahame, for a yearly payment of a penny of silver in name of blench ferne in lieu of every other service except the foreign service of the King when required. In 1372 King Robert the II. confirmed the grant. In 1430 King James I. granted to Nele Nelesoun (Neil son of Neil Macleod) for his homage and service in the capture of his deceased brother, Thomas Nelesoun, a rebel, the lands of Gairloch.||

* *Celtic Magazine*, vol. iii., pp. 216-221 and 242-244.

† Acts of the Privy Council xxii., fol. 142. For copy of Decree see *Celtic Magazine*, vol. iii., pp. 242 3.

‡ Reg. of the Great Seal, vol. xv., fol. 89.

§ The original charter is in the Gairloch Charter Chest.

|| Origines Parochiales Scotiae, vol. ii. p. 406.

Though Hector Roy was in possession of Crown Charters to Gairloch, he found it most difficult to obtain possession from the Macleods, and their chief, Allan MacRory Macleod. This Allan married, first, a daughter of Alexander Ionraic, VI. of Kintail, and sister of Hector Roy, by whom he had issue two or three sons. He married, secondly, a daughter of Roderick Macleod of the Lews, by whom he had one son. Roderick determined to murder all the male issue of the Macleods of Raasay, and those of Gairloch by Mackenzie's daughter, that his own grandson, by Allan's second marriage, might succeed. With this view he invited all the members of the two families—with whom he was connected by his marriage with the widow of Mackay of Reay, a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail—to the Island of Isay,* pretending that he had matters of great consequence to communicate to them. All the members of both families and their more immediate relatives and friends accepted the invitation. Roderick feasted them sumptously, on their arrival, at a great banquet. In the middle of the festivities he informed them of his desire to have each man's advice separately, and that he would afterwards make known to all of them the momentous business to be considered, and which concerned each of them most closely. He then retired into a separate apartment, and called them one by one, when they were each, as they entered, stabbed with dirks through the body by a set of murderous villains whom he had appointed for the purpose. Not one of the family of Raasay was left alive except a boy nine years of age, who was being fostered from home, and who had been sent privately, when the news of the massacre had gone abroad, to the Laird of Calder, who kept him in safety during his minority. He afterwards obtained possession of Raasay, and became known as Gillechallum Garbh MacGhillechallum. Macleod of Gairloch's sons, by Hector Roy's sister, were all murdered. Roderick placed his own grandson in an inner room, where, walking with his brutal relative, he heard one of his brothers cry on being stabbed by the assassins dirk, and said "Yon's my brother's cry." "Hold your peace," old Rory replied, "yonder cry is to make you laird of Gairloch; he is the son of one of Mackenzie's daughters." The boy, dreading his own life might be sacrificed, held his tongue, "but afterwards he did what in him lay in revenging the cruel death of his brothers and kinsmen on the murtherers."† The same writer informs us that "this was the first step that Hector Roy Mackenzie gote to Garloch. . . . . His brother-in-law, Allan Macleod, gave him the custody of their rights, but when he found his nephews were murdered, he took a new gift of it to himself, and going to Garloch with a number of Kintail men and others, he took a heirschip with him, but such as were alive of the Shiol 'ille Challum of Garloch, followed him and fought him at a place called Glasleoid, but they being beat Hector carried away the heirschip. After this and several other skirmishes they were content to allow him the two-thirds of Garloch, providing he would let themselves possess the other third in peace, which he did, and they kept possession till Hector's great-grandchild put them from it."

The Earl of Cromarty, and the other MS. historians of the family, cor-

* This island is near Dunvegan in Skye.

† Ancient MS. History.

roborate this. Earl George says that Hector "incited to revenge" by the foul murder of his nephews, made some attempts to oust the Macleods from Gairloch during John of Killin's minority, but was not willing to engage in a war with such a powerful chief as Macleod of Lews, while he felt himself insecure in his other possessions, but after arranging matters amicably with his nephew of Kintail, and now being master of a fortune and possessions suitable to his mind and quality, he resolved to avenge the murder and to "make it productive of his own advantage." He summoned all those who were accessory to the assassination of his sister's children before the Chief Justice. Their well-grounded fears made them absent themselves from Court. Hector, according to another authority, produced the bloody shirts of the murdered boys, whereupon the murderers were declared fugitives and outlaws, and a commission granted in his favour for their pursuit, "which he did so resolitly manadge that in a short tyme he kiled many, preserved some to justice, and forced the remainder to a compositione advantagious to himselfe. . . His successors, who were both active and prudent men, did thereafter accquire the rest from their unthrifty neighbours." The greatest defeat that Hector ever gave to the Macleods "was at Bealach Glasleod, near Kintail, where most of them were taekin or killed." At this fight Duncan Mòr na Tuaighe, who so signally distinguished himself at Blar-na-Pairc, was present with Hector, and on being told that four men were at once attacking his son Dugal, he answered, "Well, if he be my son there is no hazard for that," a remark which turned out quite true, for the hero killed the four Macleods, and came off himself without any serious wounds.*

In acknowledgment of the King's favour, Hector gathered his immediate followers in the west, joined his nephew, John of Killin, with his vassals, and fought, in command of the Clan, at the disastrous battle of Flodden, from which both narrowly escaped; but most of their followers were slain. Some time after his return he successfully fought the desperate skirmish at Druim-a-chait, already referred to, with only 140 men against 700 of the Munros, Dingwalls, Maccullochs, and other tribes, under the command of William Munro of Fowlis, on which occasion Sheriff Vass of Lochslin was killed at a bush near Dingwall, "called to this day Preas Sandy Vass," or Alex. Vass's bush, a name assigned to it for that very cause.† This battle has been already fully described.‡

Hector, during his life, granted to his nephew, John of Killin, his own half of Kintail, Kinellan, Fairburn, Wester Brahan, and other possessions situated in the Low Country, which, as will be seen hereafter, brought his son, John Glassich, into trouble.§

Hector Roy was betrothed to a daughter of the Laird of Grant, but she died before the marriage was solemnised. He however had a son by

* "Duncan in his old days was very assisting to Hector, Garloch's predecessor, against the Macleods of Garloch, for he, with his son Dugal, who was a strong, prudent, and courageous man, with ten or twelve other Kintailmen, were alwise, upon the least advertisement, ready to go and assist Hector, whenever, wherever, and in whatever he had to do, for which cause there has been a friendly correspondence betwixt the family of Gerloch and the MacRas of Kintail, which still continues."—*Genealogy of the MacRas.*

† Gairloch MS. History.

‡ *Celtic Magazine*, vol. iii. pp. 217-18.

§ Gairloch MS.

her called Hector Càm, he being blind of one eye, to whom he gave Achterneed and CulteLeod, now Castle Leod, as his patrimony. Hector Càm married a daughter of Mackay of Farr, by whom he had two sons, Alexander Roy and Murdo.* Alexander married a daughter of John Mòr na Tuaighe MacGillechallum, a brother of Macleod of Raasay, by whom she had a son, Hector, who lived at Kinellan, was nicknamed the Bishop, married a daughter of Macleod of Raasay, and left a large family, one of whom was afterwards married to Murdo Mackenzie of Achilty. Hector Càm's second son, Murdo, also left issue.

Hector Roy, after the death of Grant's daughter, married Anne Macdonald, a daughter of Ronald MacRanald, generally called Ronald Bàn, Laird of Moidart. She was widow of William Dubh Macleod of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg, by whom she had a daughter, who, by Hector Roy's influence at Court, was married to Rorie Mor of Achaghluineachan, ancestor of the Mackenzies of Fairburn and Achilty, after she had a natural son, Murdoch, by him, who became progenitor of the family of Fairburn. By this marriage Hector had four sons and three daughters.

1. *John Glassich*, his heir.
2. *Kenneth* of Meikle Allan, now Allangrange, who married a daughter of Alexander Dunbar of Kilbuyack, and widow of Allan Mackenzie, II. of Hilton.
3. *John Tuach*, who inherited Scatwell, and
4. *Dougal Roy*.

The daughters married respectively, Bayne of Tulloch, John Aberach Mackay, and James Bayne Fraser of Bunchrew, a natural son of Lord Lovat, killed at Blar-na-Leine, ancestor of the Frasers of Reelick. Hector had also a son, John Beg, who, according to some authorities, was illegitimate, and from whom descended some Mackenzies who settled in Berwick and Alloa.

Hector died in 1528. On the 8th of September of that year, a grant is recorded to Sir John Dingwall, "Provost of Trinity College, besyd Edinburgh, of the ward of the lands of Garlocht, quhilkis pertenit to umquhill Achinroy Mackenzie." He was succeeded by his eldest lawful son,

II. John Glassich Mackenzie, who appears from the above quoted document to have been a minor at his father's death. His retour of service is not extant, but an instrument of sasine, dated 24th of June 1536, in his favour, is in the Gairloch charter chest, in which he is designated "John Hector-son," and in which he is said to be heir, served and retoured to his father, Hector Roy Mackenzie, of the lands of Gairloch, and the grazings of Glasletter and Coirre-nan-Cuilean. John is said

* "These were both succeeded by the son of the former (Alexander), a slethful man who dotingly bestowed his estates on his foster child, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, in detriment to his own children, though very diserving of them, Captain Hector Mackenzie, late of Dumbarton's Regiment, and also a tribe in the Eastern circuit of Ross, surnamed, from one of their progenitors, Mac Eanin, *i.e.*, the descendants of John the Fair.—*Gairloch MS.* Another MS. gives the aditional names of—"Richard Mackenzie, vintner in Edinburgh, grandson of Alexander Mackenzie of Calder, Midlothian; Duncan Mackenzie, an eminent gunsmith in London; and James Mackenzie, gunsmith in Dundee." It also adds that of the successors of the Mac Eanins in Easter Ross, were "Master Alexander Mackenzie, an Episcopal minister in Edinburgh; and preceptor to the children of the present noble family of Cromarty, whose son is Charles Mackenzie, clerk to Mr David Munro of Meikle Allan."

to have objected to his father's liberality during his life in granting, at the expense of his own successors, to his nephew, John of Killin, so much of his patrimonial possessions. According to the Gairloch MS. already quoted he gave him his half of Kintail, Kinellan, Fairburn, the Wester Brahan, and "other possessions in the Low Country besides." John thought these donations exorbitant, and therefore "sought to retrench them by recovering in part what with so much profusion his father had given away, and for that, a feud having ensued betwixt him and his chief, he was surprised in his house by night, according to the barbarous manner of the times, and sent prisoner to Iland Downan, and there taken away by poison in A.D. 1550. His brother Dugal, who sided with him, and John (Beg), his natural brother, were both slain in the same quarrel."*

A bond, dated about 1544, has been preserved by the Spalding Club, to which John Glassich's name, among others, is adhibited, undertaking to keep the peace, and promising obedience to Kenneth, younger of Kintail (Kenneth na Cuirc), as the Queen's Lieutenant.† John's obedience does not appear, however, to have been very complete. Mackenzie of Kintail having, according to another authority, received information of John's intention to recover if possible part of the property given away by his father, sent for him to Brahan, where he came, accompanied by a single attendant, John Gearr. The Chief charged him with designs against him, and John's asseverations and vindication proving unsatisfactory, he caused him to be apprehended. His attendant, John Gearr, seeing this, drew his two-handed sword and made a fierce onslaught on the Chief who sat at the head of the table and smartly bowed his head under it, or he would have been cloven asunder. John Gearr was instantly seized by Mackenzie's guards, who threatened to tear him to pieces, but the Chief, admiring his fidelity, strictly charged them not to touch him. John Gearr was questioned as to why he had struck at Mackenzie himself and took no notice of those who apprehended his master, when he boldly replied that he "saw no one else present whose life was a worthy exchange for that of his own Chief." The sword made a deep gash in the table, and the mark, which was deep enough to admit of one's hand being placed edgeways in it, remained in it until Colin, first Earl of Seaforth, caused the piece to be cut off, saying, that "he loved no such remembrance of the quarrels of his relations."

John Glassich, by all accounts, was neither too circumspect in his conduct at home and among his neighbours, nor a dutiful and loyal subject to his Sovereign. In 1547 his property was forfeited to the Crown, for refusing to join the Royal Standard, and the escheat thereof granted to the Earl of Sutherland, as will be seen by the following account:—"Ane lettre maid to Johnne Erle of Suthirland his airis assignais ane or ma of the gift of all gudis mouable and vnmouable dettis takkis stedingis cornis obligationis sowmes of money gold silver cunzeit and vncunzeit and vtheris gudis quhatsumeuir quhilkis pertenit to Johne Hectorsoune of Garloch and now perteining to our souerane lady be reson of eschete throu the said Johnis tresonable remaning and byding at hame fra the oist and

* Gairloch MS. Another MS. says that John Tuach was assassinated the same night.

† Spalding Miscellany, vol. iv., p. 213.

army devisit to conuene at Peblis the x day of Julii instant for recouering of the hous at Langhalme furth of oure auld Inymies handis of Ingland in contrare the tennour of the lettres and proclamationis maid thairupon Incurrand thairthrou the panis contenit thairuntill or ony vther wise sal happin to pertene to us our souerane be resoun foirsaid wyth power etc. At Sanct androis the xxiiij day Julii The year of God Im. Vc. xlvij. (1547) yeris."*

There is no trace in the Privy Council Records of the reversal of this forfeiture; but it does not appear to have affected the succession. Indeed it is not likely that it even affected the actual possession, for it was difficult, even for the Earl of Sutherland, backed up by Royal authority, to wield any substantial power in such an out-of.the-way region as John Glassich's possessions in the west. We have already stated that in 1551 the Queen granted to John Mackenzie of Kintail and his apparent heir, Kenneth na Cuirc, a remission for the violent taking of John Glassich, Dougal, and John Tuach, his brothers, and for keeping them in prison, thus usurping "thairthrou our Souerane Ladyis autorite." Neither of them is spoken of in this remission as being then deceased, though tradition and the family MS. history has it that John Glassich was poisoned or starved to death at Islandonain Castle in 1550.† It is possible, however, that Kintail found it convenient to conceal John's death until the remission had been already secured. Only six weeks after the date of the "respitt" we find John Glassich, referred to in the Council Records, under date of 25th July 1551, as the "omquhile (or late) Johne McCanze of Garlocht," his lands having then been given in ward to the Earl of Athol, "ay and quhill (till) the lauchful entre of the rychtuis air or airis thairto being of lauchfull age."‡

Though Hector Roy Mackenzie obtained a charter of Gairloch in 1494, the Macleods continued for a time to hold possession of a considerable portion of it. According to the traditions of the district they had all to the east and south-east of the Crasg, a hill situated on the west side of the churchyard of Gairloch, between the present Free and Established Churches. At the east end of the Big Sand, on an elevated and easily defended rock, stood the last stronghold occupied by the Macleods of Gairloch—to this day known as the "Dùn" or Fort. The foundation is still easily traced. It must have been a place of considerable importance, its circumference being over 200 feet. Various places are still pointed out in Gairloch where desperate skirmishes were fought between the Macleods and the Mackenzies. Several of these spots where the slain were buried look quite green to this day. The "Fraoch Eilean," opposite Leac-na-Saighid, where a naval engagement was fought, is a veritable cemetery

* Reg. Sec. Sig., xxi. fol. 31b.

† One of the family MSS. has it that by his marriage "he got the lands of Kinkell, Kilbokie, Badinearb(?) Pitlundie, Davochcairn, Davochpollo, and Foynish, with others in the Low Country, for which the family has been in the use to quarter the arms of Fraser with their own. This John, becoming considerably rich and powerful by these different acquisitions, became too odious to and envied by John, Laird of Mackenzie, and his son Kenneth then married to Stewart, Earl of Athole's daughter, that they set upon him, having previously invited him to a Christmas dinner, having got no other pretence than a fit of jealousy on account of the said Earl's daughter, bound him with ropes and carried him a prisoner to Islandownan, where his death was occasioned by poison administered to him in a mess of milk soup by one MacCalman, a clergyman and Deputy-Constable of the Fort."

‡ Reg. Sec. Con., vol. xxiv., fol. 84.

of Macleods, ample evidence of which is yet to be seen. Of this engagement, and of those at Glasleoid, Lochan Neigh, Leac-na-Saighid, Kirkton, and many others, thrilling accounts are still recited by a few old men in the district; especially of the prowess of Domh'ull Odhar Mac Ian Leith, and the other Kintail heroes who were mainly instrumental in establishing the Mackenzies of Gairloch permanently and in undisputed possession of their beautiful and romantic inheritance. Hector Roy and John Glassich succeeded in driving the Macleods out of the country, but they often returned, accompanied occasionally by their relatives, the Macleods of Lews, whose Chief, until the death of Torquil Dubh Macleod of the Lews, the Macleods of Gairloch and Raasay acknowledged as their superior.

John Glassich married Agnes, daughter of James Fraser of Foyness, with issue—

1. *Hector*,
2. *Alexander*, and
3. *John*, who succeeded each other in succession. He had also two natural sons before his marriage,

Alexander Roy and *Hector Caol.*

Alexander Roy had a son John, who lived at Coirre Mhic Dhomhnuill in Torridon, and who had a son, Mr Murdoch Mackenzie, Chaplain to Lord Reay's Regiment in the Bohemian and Swedish service, under Gustavus Adolphus. This clergyman was afterwards made Bishop of Moray and Orkney in succession. He had a son, Sir Alexander of Broomhill and Laird of Pitarrow in Kincardine, father of Colonel Alexander Mackenzie of Hampton, Virginia, who left his English estates to his nephew, Mr Young of Castleyards, Kirkwall. He had also a daughter, Jacobina Mackenzie, who settled in Dundee. The Bishop had a brother, Alexander, who settled in Strathnaver, at that time the property of Lord Reay, of whom were descended Mr Hector Mackenzie, an Episcopal clergyman at Inverness, and father to James and Alexander, ministers in Edinburgh. The learned Dr James Mackenzie of Drumshiuch, a distinguished physician, and author of "The History of Health," and Mr William Mackenzie, schoolmaster, afterwards lost on the coast of Guinea, were also grandsons of this Bishop Mackenzie. He had another son, Mackenzie of Groundwater, who left a son, Thomas Mackenzie, a merchant in Kirkwall, whose brothers were the learned Murdoch Mackenzie, navigator to his Majesty "known by his accurate surveys of the Western Coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, and whose abilities will render him famous to posterity," and James Mackenzie, a writer, once in the service of the Earl of Morton, in the Orkney Islands, and author of a treatise on Security. Another of the Bishop's descendants was James Mackenzie, author of one of the Gairloch MS. histories, to whose services we are not a little indebted, though he attempts to make his ancestor legitimate at the expense of correct genealogy.

Hector Caol left a numerous tribe in Gairloch, still known as Clann Eachainn Chaoil, and said to be distinguished by their long, slender legs.

John Glassich died in 1550, as already stated, at Islandonain Castle was buried in the Priory of Beauly and succeeded by his eldest lawful son,

(To be Continued.)

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.

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VI.

DIGRESSIONS, like delays, are dangerous. When in the third paper of this series we ventured to turn aside and ask whether the Highlanders of 1807 were able in large numbers to read the Gaelic Bible then so freely open to them, we did not anticipate a longer digression than could easily be closed within the compass of a few short paragraphs. Instead of this we have been carried away from our main purpose through the long pages, all crowded with facts, figures, and references, of the two longest papers of the series. And with the writer at least the growing interest of this long digression had to some extent succeeded in thrusting aside the claims of the original inquiry. Warned by the pile of MS. accumulating at his left elbow that it was high time to bring the last paper to a close, he woke up rather suddenly to find himself face to face with this startling fact; and he must now confess that, in pulling up precipitately, and all too hurriedly dismounting from the driving box, he was not so careful of the bystanders' corns as he ought to have been. Of course he knew that everywhere throughout the Highlands good work was done by the Parish school and its *vis-a-vis* of the Free Church, as well as by the old Gaelic schools, mainly administered in these latter times by the Free Church, by the new Gaelic schools of the Established Church, and by the ladies' schools of the former body. He was anxious only to bring his paper to a close, and had no thought of disparaging the work of these schools. He has indeed ample materials beside him for a history of these schools and their creditable share in the great work of Highland education, which may some day be turned to good account. But for the present the educational digression must close. It has already overflowed all reasonable bounds. And we must return to the Gaelic Bible.

Reid has the following paragraph at page lviii. of the introduction to his Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica:—"During the present century various controversial pamphlets on the subject of the different Gaelic translations of the Scriptures and Psalter have been printed, and although for the most part they are conducted in a very acrimonious manner, yet much may be gleaned from them on that topic." Much of our leisure time has for the last month been spent in searching for these pamphlets; but the labour has hitherto been in vain. The authorities of the Advocates' Library have kindly given us every facility for prosecuting the search among their miles of richly laden, well ordered book shelves. So have also the curators of other libraries. But the search has been bootless. The library of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge has been broken up and dispersed; their minutes only, and a set of their voluminous reports being retained. May we therefore appeal to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* for help in this matter? In the manses and old mansion houses of the North there must still remain many sets of these pamphlets. The family of the late Reverend Dr Thomas Ross of Lochbroom may be indicated as likely in pre-eminent measure to be the depositary of the interesting treasure; for of the Gaelic Bible controversy which seventy

years ago raged so fiercely, the issue being mainly between the factions of the North and the South-West Highlands, the learned, versatile, and pugnacious doctor could well say "pars magna fui."

Driven from this field for want of materials, and pressed for time by reason of the precious hours wasted in vainly searching for them, we must make a virtue of necessity and present this month a paper whose brevity will compensate for the undue length of its immediate predecessor.

It will be remembered that the first portion of the first translation into Scotch Gaelic of the Old Testament, extending from Genesis to Deuteronomy, was published in 1783, under the care of Dr Stuart of Luss. Before being published, however, Dr Stuart's proof sheets were submitted for revision to a committee, of which the Rev. Donald Macqueen of Kilmuir, in Skye, the "learned friend" of Dr Johnson, was a prominent member. The other members of the committee will be found correctly named in Reid's Bibliotheca. The part of this first portion of the work entrusted for revision to Mr Macqueen appears to have embraced the books of Numbers and Deuteronomy. By good fortune three sheets of his proposed corrections have been preserved, and are now in the safe keeping of the Advocates' Library. They are dated respectively 14th February, 25th February, and — May, 1783. The proof as finally adjusted appears to have been presented to the General Assembly of the same year, which is also the date inscribed on the title page.

The first of the three sheets of proposed corrections is entitled—"Observations on the Gaũlic *(sic)* Bible." The corrections run thus :—

1. "Numbers, chap. 22, v. 41. *Er an La marich* rather, or *Er an a Lah*, the next day." This correction Dr Stuart adopted, correcting in his turn Mr Macqueen's primitive orthography. What was Dr Stuart's first rendering, in absence of his proof sheets, we cannot tell. Probably it did not materially differ from the Irish, which reads "Agus tarla ar na mharach." As finally adjusted, the verse stands thus: "Agus air an là maireach ghabh Balac Balaam, agus thug e suas e gu aitibh arda Bhaail, a chum as gu faiceadh e o sin a' chuid a b'iomallaiche do'n t-shluagh."

2. "Chap. 23, v. 28. *Agaigh* rather than *aise*." In absence of the proof the relevancy of this correction is not perceptible.

3. "Chap. 24, v. 4. To your *tuitam*, the mode of adoration among the true prophets, I would add *anna paishonagh*, into an ecstasy, for I do not take Balaam to have been an upright prophet, tho' the Lord, who opened the mouth of his ass, was pleased to make use of him to reveal some truth much against his will." This correction is not adopted by Stuart. "v. 14. *Sainfhios* is a whisper. *Taisbonigh me dhuit*." In adjusting the text, Stuart, though not adopting this correction, yet gives effect to it indirectly. *Sanas* and *fios* are put alternatively in a foot-note, and the text is altered to *bheir mi rabhadh dhuit*. "v. 15. Instead of *duinte* say *fosgoilte*." *Duinte* is retained.

4. "Chap. 25, v. 14 and 15. We know nothing of *priomh*, which seems to be derived from *primus*. I would say *ard tealach*." *Priomh* is retained in both verses, but *ceud* and *ard* are put as a foot-note.

5. "Chap. 26, v. 10. I would say *bal-cohiright*." The word objected to appears to have been *comhara*, which is retained with *ball-sampuill* as a foot-note.

6. "Chap. 27, v. 19. I would rather say *na fionoish.*" This verse as adjusted, reads: "Agus cuir e 'an lathair Eleasair an t-sagairt, agus 'an lathair a' cho' chruinnich uile; agus thoir aithne dha 'nam fianuis."

7. "Chap. 28, v. 18. *Shaorachoil* is very good: is not *trailhoil* at least as good a word?" The suggestion is accepted, and the word excepted to is removed from the text and given as a foot-note.

8. "Chap. 30, v. 2. *Boinn* is indeed used in the Gaulic version of the Psalms, yet *cuibhreach* is, I think, a better word." *Boinn* is rejected (the Irish is *banna)* in favour of *ceangal,* and Mr Macqueen's *cuibhreach* is put at the foot of the page.

9. "Chap. 31, v. 10. *An duin* is to be taken into the text, for *badhuin* is a fortified fold for cows, of which we have many under that designation, and [they] were necessary when Danes and natives were mixed together. It is the *cuballum* (cow-wall) of the Galatians in Phrigia, where cows' dung, as in Huskar, an island in our neighbourhood, became a necessary article for fireing. See Livy, b. 38, 18. From that very word I am apt to believe these were Teutonic Gauls." This savory pellet, so learnedly interlarded, did not miss the mark. *Badhuin* was rejected in favour of *an duin, caistealan* and *daighnichean* being given as alternative readings at the foot of the page. "v. 50. *Usgair* is our word for bracelets both in common language and in songs." The Irish is *braisleid.* Dr Stewart finally adopted Mr Macqueen's suggestion, putting the word in the text as *usgraichean.* But it is evident that he was not satisfied that the word would be generally intelligible to his countrymen; for, besides giving another word *lamh-fhailean,* at the foot of the page, he is fain to add the English *(bracelets, Sasg.)*

10. "Chap. 32, v. 28. *Muthadh* we do not use. I heard it for changing money. We would say *air an ahirachagh.*" This correction has puzzled us immensely. If it had been made on a proof-sheet of Dr John Smith's we should have hastened at once to the Hebrew Bible for some explanation of it. But in the case of a proof-sheet emanating from the worthy minister of Luss, it was best to go to the English, taking a look in passing at the Irish. And there, sure enough, stand invitingly obvious the ready-made elements of an ingenious, fine-spun theory. The Irish has "d' aithribh onoracha threabh chloine Israel," and the English "the chief fathers of the tribes of the children of Israel." Some careless transcriber of Dr Stuart's notes must have changed *aithrichean,* or perhaps *aithrichibh,* to *atharrachadh.* This in turn would be corrected into *muthadh* on the proof now passing through the hands of Mr Macqueen. What could be more natural or obvious? But like many another fine spun theory it has no foundation in fact. By a slip of the pen Mr Macqueen has written 28 for 38. And on turning to the latter verse, which records the change of the names of Nebo and Baal-meon, the reader will see that Dr Stuart enriched his translation by adopting the judicious correction of his learned brother of Kilmuir.

This closes, on one page, the first of the three sheets of Mr Macqueen's corrections, which are preserved in the Advocates' Library.

The letter is subscribed by "your affectionate and humble servant, Don. Macqueen," and is dated from "Kilmuir, Feby. 14th, 1783. But, like the young lady's letter, Mr Macqueen's has a *post script*—and such a

post script! It extends to five closely-written quarto pages, all on the theme, "Was Balaam a real prophet or not?" Besides a great many quotations from Greek and Latin authors in reference to oracles, augurs, and auspices, this learned essay in the form of a post-script contains not a little that is full of interest in regard to popular cursing and ecclesiastical excommunication as practiced of old among our Highland ancestors. We may return to it.

The second sheet is dated February 25th, 1783. Like its predecessor it has a long and learned post-script, chiefly on the subject of Prayer, and is copiously illustrated with Greek and Latin quotations. In it occurs, also, the well known Gaelic charm for the toothache, which needs not here be reproduced. Of corrections on "the Gaulic version of the Pentatuch," it contains but the two following :—

1. "Chap. 35, v. 6. *Didean*, defence, is a good word, if there were no better. *Comrigh* is a sanctuary, and is the name of the principal farm on the estate of Applecross, because it was one. You have it also in the poems of Ossian—*Gabham do Chomrigh, fhir mhoir*, I embrace your protection, great man. The term in our old laws is *girth hug e an girt er*, we still say of a man who runs away fast from destruction. Any of the words will do. I prefer the second." Dr Stuart retains *didean*, but gives *comruich* and *girt* at the foot of the page.

2. "v. 20. *A fuilmsah* is more intelligible than *plaide-luidhe. Le run mealtah* would answer." The English is, "if he thrust him of hatred, or hurl at him by *lying of wait*, that he die." *Plaid-luighe*, in this sense of *lying in ambush* is certainly not a common expression in the living Gaelic of the day. Nor has it been borrowed from the Irish Bible. The Highland Society's Dictionary gives it solely on the authority of the Gaelic Scriptures. While retaining the word in the text, Dr Stuart yields to Mr Macqueen so far as to give also *le fath-fheitheamh* and *le run mealltach* at the foot of the page. *Plaid-luighe* is also given as an alternative reading in Proverbs i. 11, and Acts xiii. 16. In the latter passage the text reads *feall-fholach*. Is the word simply *plaid-lying*—wrapping one's self up in his plaid, and, crouching under cover, thus to lie in wait for his victim?

The third sheet, dated — May 1783, has just six half lines of corrections to forty-six lines of a post-script. The corrections suggested are these :—

1. "Deut., chap. 16, v. 11. Here you have omitted *the Levite*."
2. "Deut., chap. 17, v. 16. *Dho fein* is left out."
3. "Deut., chap. 17, v. 17. The same words are left out."

These three corrections are duly attended to.

4. "Chap. 18., v. 19. Why not *tagraiga me e* rather than *iaraidh?*" No notice is taken of this correction.

5. "Chap. 21, v. 14. *Antighearnas* is tyranny. I would say *creaidh orra*." Not adopted.

6. "Chap. 22, v. 10. *Troiagh* is the word here and in Ross-shire, I find *ar* is used in Broadalbin." Dr Stuart retains *ar*, but gives *treabhadh* (ploughing) at the foot of the page.

It is hoped that these specimens of the mode of working followed by the first translators of our Gaelic Bible will have some intrinsic interest for the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*. It is hoped also that they will

minister some true comfort to the mind of the pious Highlander as showing that, not merely the meaning of his Bible, but indeed its every word and phrase have reached him after the careful review and scrutiny of many competent scholars. Nor will the student of philology scorn, from a comparison of the widely-differing orthography of Stuart and Macqueen, to cull some scraps of linguistic significance, not unworthy of a place in his graduated pigeon-holes of accumulating well-ordered fact, from which, in time, important results may emerge.

DONALD MASSON.

Correspondence.

THE MACKENZIES OF HILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the May number of the *Celtic Magazine* you give a long account of the Mackenzies of Hilton. By some oversight you omitted to notice a most worthy member of the Hilton family. I allude to Mr Alexander Mackenzie, who was one of the leading foremen stone-masons at the building of the Caledonian Canal. Soon after the completion of that great national work, the Government of Sweden made preparations to commence a similar undertaking. When their plans were fully matured and ready to be carried into effect, they communicated with Mr Telford, the engineer who so successfully completed the Caledonian Canal, and requested him to recommend to them a superintendent for the various descriptions of work in connection with the Swedish Canal. Out of the hundreds of stone-masons employed on the Caledonian Canal, young Alexander Mackenzie, grandson of Alexander, X. of Hilton, and son of "Alastair Mor Mac Fhir Bhaile Chnuic," was selected to superintend the mason-work of the Swedish Canal, which took eight years to build; during which time Mackenzie was sole superintendent of the mason-work. On the successful termination of the undertaking, Mackenzie not only received the thanks of the King and Government of Sweden, but in addition had special presents from the King as well as pressing invitations to remain in the country. He, however, preferred his native country, to which he returned, and commenced business as a wine merchant and vintner in Liverpool, where I knew him personally for many years.

After Mackenzie settled in Liverpool, a massive gold medal was struck in commemoration of the building of the canal. The Swedish Ambassador in London made special enquiries regarding him, and Lord Sandon, then M.P. for Liverpool, satisfied him as to the identity of Mackenzie, when the Ambassador handed the medal to Lord Sandon, who presented it to Mr Mackenzie,—and in whose possession I have repeatedly seen it,—in the name of the King and Government of Sweden.—I am, &c.,

INVERNESS. COLIN CHISHOLM.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWERS.

(16) THE PEERAGE AND BARONETCIES OF CROMARTY AND TARBAT.—In answer to "Tarbat's" query in the April number of the *Celtic Magazine*, the representative of the Mackenzies of Ardloch, (Sir) John Mackenzie, farmer, Lochinver, is heir-male to the above honours, after his cousin, the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Baronet of Tarbat and Royston. Sir John, however, never assumed the title. He is the only surviving male issue of his father, his brothers having all pre-deceased him without male issue. He has no male issue of his own. S.

(17) CAPTAIN HUMBERSTON-MACKENZIE.—In answer to "K. E. M'K.'s' query in last issue, this officer, killed at the storming of Ahmednugger, on the 8th of August 1803, was a *natural* son of Colonel Thomas Frederick Mackenzie-Humberston, XX. of Kintail, who died of his wounds at Geriah, on the 30th April 1783, unmarried. Captain Colin Mackenzie, late of the 78th, who wrote the history of the regiment for Fullarton's "Highland Clans," adds the following footnote:—"It may not be known to the public, and perhaps not to the 78th Regiment itself, that the handsome black granite slab inserted in the Pettah wall of Ahmednugger, bearing an inscription that on this spot fell, at the storming of the fort, Captain Thomas Mackenzie-Humberston (son of Colonel Mackenzie-Humberston, who was killed at the close of the Maharatta war, 1783); also to the memory of Captain Grant, Lieutenant Anderson, the non-commissioned officers, and privates of that regiment who fell on that occasion, was placed here as a memorial by the Honourable Mrs Stewart-Mackenzie (then Lady Hood), eldest daughter of Lord Seaforth (brother of Colonel Humberston), when she visited this spot on her way from Poonah to Hyderabad, in March 1813.—*Memorandum found among the papers of the late Colonel C. Mackenzie-Fraser of Castle Fraser.*" A.M.

HIGHLAND ANCESTRY OF MR GLADSTONE.

IT will be seen that Mr Gladstone is descended on the mother's side from the ancient Mackenzies of Kintail, through whom is introduced the blood of The Bruce, of the ancient Kings of Man, and of the Lords of the Isles and Earls of Ross; also from the Munros of Fowlis, and the Robertsons of Strowan and Athole. His descent on the father's side from the ancient Scottish family of Gledstaines is better known. According to Douglas's Baronage, the Robertsons are descended from the Lords of the Isles, while Skene derives them from King Duncan, eldest son of Malcolm III. of Scotland. Smibert agrees with the former. The first of the family was

(1) Duncan, from whom the Robertsons are by the Highlanders called "Clann Donnachaidh," or the descendants of Duncan. He was one of the greatest warriors of his time, and was in great favour with Robert Bruce. He fought, as a very old man, with his eldest son, Robert, with King David at the battle of Durham in 1346, where they were both taken pri-

soners. He was succeeded in his extensive possessions in Athol by his eldest son

(2) Robert, who obtained a charter from David Bruce, under the Great Seal, dated 24th May 1362. He had a son and successor

(3) Duncan, who married a lady of the family of Graham, by whom he had three sons, the second of whom

(4) Duncan, became the progenitor of the Robertsons of Inshes, Inverness. This Duncan settled at Inverness, in the reign of James I., as a merchant. He married, and had a son

(5) Robert, who carried on his father's business, and being very successful, he acquired lands and houses in the neighbourhood of the town. He married, and had a son

(6) John, who assumed the surname of Robertson. He sold some of the lands acquired by his predecessors to a Mr Thomas Mushet, by charter dated 24th April 1448. He died in the reign of James III., and was succeeded by his eldest son

(7) Laurence, who, in 1517, purchased a slated house in Inverness, from the monastery there, and which, until recently, remained in the possession of the family. He was succeeded by his son

(8) John Robertson, served heir to his father in the reign of James V. He died without issue, and was succeeded by his uncle

(9) William Robertson, second son of John No. 6, in 1536, who was succeeded in turn by his son

(10) John Robertson, a man of great strength and courage, in consequence of which he was called "Stalwart John." He was standard-bearer to Lord Lovat at the sanguinary battle fought at Loch Lochy, between the Frasers and the Macdonalds, known among the Highlanders as "Blar na Leine"—the battle of the shirts. Here he remarkably distinguished himself, and the service by him on that occasion has always been acknowledged by the family of Fraser. He was Provost of Inverness, and, being a very successful merchant, he acquired considerable property in the neighbourhood, and resided at a place still called "Robertson's field," at Kinmylies, close to the burgh. He married, first, a daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock, by whom he had an heir and successor. He married, secondly, a daughter of Fearn of Pitcullen, by whom he had three sons and one daughter, one of whom—

(11) William Robertson became first of the Robertsons of Kindeace, who carried on a most extensive business in Inverness, acquired vast wealth, and purchased the lands of "Orkney" (? Urchany), in the county of Nairn, in 1615, and the lands of Kindeace, of which this branch has been since designated, in the county of Inverness, in 1639. He married Elspeth, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Howison, minister of Inverness, by whom he had six sons and three daughters. The first two, William and George, died unmarried before their father, who was succeeded by his third and eldest surviving son

(12) Gilbert Robertson II. of Kindeace, who married Margaret, eldest daughter of Colin Mackenzie, I. of Kincraig, second son of Roderick Mor Mackenzie, I. of Redcastle, by his wife Florence, daughter of Robert Munro, fifteenth Baron of Fowlis, Roderick Mor Mackenzie of Redcastle being the third son of Kenneth Mackenzie, tenth Baron of Kintail, by

Lady Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of John, second Earl of Athol. By this marriage Gilbert Robertson had two sons and several daughters. The eldest son, William, died before his father, unmarried. He was succeeded by his second and only surviving son

(13) Colin Robertson III. of Kindeace, who married a daughter of Sir Robert Munro, Bart. of Fowlis, by whom he had two sons, William and George. He was succeeded by the eldest son, William Robertson IV. of Kindeace, a cornet of Dragoons, who married, first, Catherine, daughter of Robert Robertson of Shipland, a cadet of Inshes, by whom he had two sons and several daughters. He married, secondly, Anne, daughter of Sir John Munro, Bart. of Fowlis, without issue. The second son,

(14) George Robertson, was Sheriff-Depute and Commissary of Ross, and married Agnes, daughter of John Barbour of Aldourie, by whom he had four sons, the eldest of whom,

(15) Andrew Robertson, a writer in, and Provost and Sheriff-Substitute of Dingwall, married Anne Mackenzie, daughter of Colin Mackenzie, a Bailie of Dingwall by his wife Mary, only daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, II. of Torridon, sister to John Mackenzie, III. of Torridon, paternal grand-aunt to the late Bishop Mackenzie, of Nottingham, and to the Rev. Charles Mackenzie, Prebendary of St Paul's Cathedral, London. By this marriage Andrew Robertson, Provost of Dingwall, had, among others, a daughter Anne, who married, as his second wife, the late Sir John Gladstone, Baronet of Fasque, Kincardineshire, by whom she had issue, among others, the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, M.P.

A. MACKENZIE.

The above was originally addressed to, and appeared in the *Scotsman*. It was cut out and forwarded to the right honourable gentleman, who sent the following courteous acknowledgement :—

"A. Mackenzie, Esq., *Celtic Magazine* Office, Inverness, N.B.

"SIR,—I thank you very much for your courtesy in sending me the extract in which you have kindly given me my place as a descendant, through my mother, of the Mackenzies.—Your faithful and obedient

"May 7th, 1879." (Signed) "W. E. GLADSTONE."

QUERIES.

(18) MACKENZIES OF APPLECROSS.—On 17th August 1737, Kenneth Mackenzie, brother to John Mackenzie of Applecross, was entered apprentice to Thomas Gordon, clock and watchmaker, for six years. Can any of your readers give any information regarding the subsequent career of the above K. M'K., and, if so, are any of his descendants in existence?

J. MACLAGAN.

(19) THE MACLEANS OF DOCHGARROCH.—There was a James Maclean, merchant, burgess of Inverness, whose daughter Margaret married a Mackenzie of Highfield in the last century. Is it the case that he was of the Macleans of Dávochgarioch; if not, of what family was he, who was his wife, and of what stems were their male and female ancestors generally?

F. MEDENHAM.

(20) THE CHIEFSHIP OF THE MATHESONS.—In regard to the question of the Matheson chiefship, which is being canvassed in your Magazine, is there not some story setting forth that one claimant is the descendant of the son of a favourite old servant, who was brought up in the family and bore the same name? He did not succeed to the estate—a younger son did.

QUILL.

(21) "DAVID ROSE IN BALCONIE" resided there in 1687 before and after. He was brother of Rose of Clava and tenant of Francis Robertson of Kiltearn. Can any one kindly give a clear account of his descendants? LEX.

(22) ROBERTSONS OF KINDEACE.—Can any of your readers state in your Genealogical Query column what was the relationship or other family connection between Andrew Robertson, formerly Provost of Dingwall, and the Rev. Dr Harry Robertson, minister of Kiltearn, who died about 1813. I think his father was Professor, if not Principal, of the College or University of Aberdeen. WM. R. SANDBACH.
10 Prince's Gate, Hyde Park, London.

(23) CAMPBELL OF GLENLYON.—In Burke's Peerage the following entry occurs:—"Robert Campbell, Esq. of Glenlyon, directly descended from Archibald Campbell of Glenlyon, son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, was great grandfather of Archibald Campbell, an officer in the army, who was father of General Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart. of Garth, G.C.B.," *the* hero of the Burmese War. Can any of your correspondents answer the following questions:—Was this Robert Campbell the commander at the massacre of Glencoe? What were the names of the Glenlyons between the first Archibald and Robert? Who were their wives? Where is the full pedigree of the Glenlyon family to be found? The ancestors of Sir Archibald Campbell of Garth were tacksmen of Carie in Rannoch. I am descended from the family through a female, and I would be deeply grateful to any one who could favour me with any information regarding the wife or family of Sir Archibald's great-grandfather, the son of Robert Campbell of Glenlyon. C.J.L.
Dundee.

(24) The two songs, of which the following verses form a part, were composed by a Mackenzie in Kishorn, Applecross, about the beginning of the present century. To the best of my knowledge he was a lineal descendant of the old family of Applecross, and when the land was taken from the people of the Highlands, he urged them with song and every kind of persuasion to go to America. To set them the example he emigrated, at an advanced age, either to Nova Scotia or Carolina about the beginning of the present century. Can any of your readers supply a correct version of these, or give any information about the author? COLIN CHISHOLM.

Tha mi 'n duil ri dhol thairis
Mar dean aon rud mo mhealladh,
Bithidh mi fein air an luing
Gabhail fuinn air mo leabaidh.

Ach a Righ th' anns na Flathas
Glac an stiuir na do lamhan,
Agus reitich an cuan
Gus an sluagh 'leagail thairis

Bàs a Choirneil nach maireann
A mhill oirne na barail,
Na 'm biodh tuath air an giullachd
Cha bhiodh gluasad air duine.

Tha gach uachdaran fearainn
San taobh-tuath air am mealladh,
Chuir iad bhuatha 'n cuid daoine
Air son caoirich na tearra.

(Second Song).

Bhean an tigh na biodh sprochd ort,
Faigh am botul a nuas,
Gu 'm bheil m' inntinn ro-dheonach,
Dhol a sheoladh thar chuan,
Dol a dh-ionnsuidh an aite,
Gus na bhrachd am mor-shluagh,
Gu iosal Naomh Mairi,
'S cha bhi màl ga thoirt bhuainn.

Bithidh am bradan air linne ann,
'S na millean do dh-fheidh,
Bithidh gach eun air na crannaibh.
'S ann am barraibh nan geug,
Bithidh an cruineachd a fas ann,
Bidh an t-àl aig an spreidh,
'S an am na Feill-patric,
Bithidh an t-aiteach dha reir.

JOHN MACKAY, OR *IAN MOR AIREACH*.

By the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.

—o—

My old Highland major told me, what perhaps you know better than I do, I mean, that some half century or more ago, before sheep were quite so much in fashion in the Highlands as I believe they now are, and when cattle were the only great staple of the country, the proprietors of the glens had them always well filled with cows. In those times it was the custom in Ross-shire to allow one calf only to be reared for each two cows of the herd. Each calf with its pair of cows was called a *Cauret* (Càraid); and these caurets were let to renters, who, as they might find it most advisable, took one or more of them in lease, as it were, according as their circumstances might dictate; and the renter being obliged to rear one calf for the landlord for each cauret he held, he was allowed the remainder of the milk for his own share of the profit. These milk-renters were called *arrachs;* and John Mackay, the hero of my story, was called Ian Mor Aireach, from his lofty stature, and from his being one of these milk-renters. According to my informant the major, who personally knew him, Ian well merited the addition of Mor, for he declared that he was the most powerful man he had ever beheld.

It so happened that Ian went down on one occasion into Strath-Connan, to attend a great market or fair that was held there, probably to dispose of his cheese; and as he was wandering about after his business was over, his eye was caught exactly like those of some of our simple trouts of the lake here, by the red and tinsel, and silk and wool, and feather glories of a recruiting sergeant and his party. He had never seen anything of the kind before, and he stood staring at them in wonderment as they passed. Nor did his solid and substantial form fail to fill the sergeant's eye in its turn; but if I am to give you a simile illustrative of the manner in which it did so, I must say that it was in the same way that the plump form of a well-fed trout might fill the greedy eye of a gaunt pike. He resolved to have him as a recruit. The party was accordingly halted immediately opposite to the spot where Ian was standing; and after one or two shrill shrieks of the fife, and a long roll of the drum, the martial orator began an oration, which lasted a good half hour, in which he largely expatiated on the glories of a soldier's life, and the riches and honours it was certain one day or other to shower on the heads of all those who embraced it. The greater part of this harangue was lost upon Ian Mor Arrach, partly because he but very imperfectly understood English, and partly because his senses were too much lost in admiration. But when the grand scarlet-coated gentleman approached him with a smiling air, and gaily slapping him on the back, exclaimed,—

"Come along with us, my brave fellow, and taste the good beef aud mustard, and other provender, that King George so liberally provides for us gentlemen of his army, and drink his Majesty's health with us in his own liquor. Come, and see how jollily we soldiers live!"

His wits returned to him at once, and he quickly understood enough of what was said to him, to make him grin from ear to ear, till every tooth in his head was seen to manifest its own particular unmingled satisfaction, and his morning's walk from his distant mountain residence having wonderfully sharpened his appetite, he followed the sergeant into a booth with all manner of alacrity, and quietly took his seat at a table that groaned beneath an enormous round of beef, flanked by other eatables, on which the hungry recruits fell pell-mell, and in demolishing which Ian rendered them his best assistance. The booth or tent was constructed, as such things usually are, of some old blankets stitched together, and hung over a cross stick, that was tied horizontally to the tops of two poles fixed upright in the ground. It was the ambulatory tavern of one of those travelling ale and spirit sellers who journey from one fair or market to another, for the charitable purpose of vending their victuals and drink to the hungry and thirsty who can afford to pay for them. The space around the interior of the worsted walls of this confined place was occupied with boxes, vessels, and barrels of various kinds; and whilst the landlord, a knock-kneed cheeseparing of a man, who had once been a tailor, sat at his ease in one corner reckoning his gains, his wife, a fat bustling red-nosed little woman, was continually running to and fro, to serve the table with liquor. Many were the loyal toasts given, and they were readily drank by Ian, more, perhaps, from relish of the good stuff that washed them down, than from any great perception he had of their intrinsic merit. His head was by no means a weak one. But the sergeant and his assistants were too well acquainted with all the tricks of their trade not to take such measures as made him unwittingly swallow three or four times as much liquor as they did.

"Now, my gallant Highlander," exclaimed the sergeant, when he thought him sufficiently wound up for his purpose, "see how nobly His Majesty uses us. Starve who may, we never want for plenty. But this is not all. Hold out your hand, my brave fellow. See, here is a shilling with King George's glorious countenance upon it. He sends you this in his own name, as a mark of his especial favour and regard for you."

"Fod, but she wonders tat sae big an' braw a man as ta King wad be thinkin' on Ian Arrach at a', at a'," said the Highlander, surveying the shilling as it lay in the palm of his hand; "but troth, she wonders a hantel mair, tat sin King Shorge was sendin' ony sin till her ava, she didna send her a guinea fan her hand was in her sporran at ony rate. But sic as it be, she taks it kind o' ta man;" and saying so, he quietly transferred into his own sporran that which he believed to have come from the King's.

"That shilling is but an arnest of all the golden guineas he will by and bye give you," said the sergeant; "not to mention all those bags of gold, and jewels, and watches which he will give you his gracious leave to take from his enemies, after you shall have cut their throats."

"Tut, tut, but she no be fond o' cuttin' trotts," replied Ian; "she no be good at tat trade at a' at a'."

"Ha! no fears but you will learn that trade fast enough," said the sergeant. "You mountaineers generally do. You are raw yet; but wait till you have beheld my glorious example—wait till you have seen me

s heer off half-a-dozen heads or so, as I have often done, of a morning before breakfast, and you will see that there is nothing more simple."

"Och, och!" exclaimed Ian, with a shrug of his shoulders, that spoke volumes.

"Aye, aye," continued the sergeant, "'tis true, you cannot expect that at the very first offer you are to be able to take off your heads quite so clean at a blow as I can do. Indeed, I am rather considered a rare one at taking off heads. For example—I remember that I once happened to take a French grenadier company in flank, when, with the very first slash of my sword, I cut clean through the necks of the three first file of men, front rank and rear rank, making no less than six heads off at the first sweep. And it was well for the company that they happened only to be formed two deep at the time, for if they had been three deep, no less than nine heads must have gone."

"Keep us a'!" cried some of the wondering recruits.

"Nay," continued the sergeant; "had it not been for the unlucky accident that by some mistake the fourth front-rank man was a leetle shorter than the other, so that the sword encountered his chin-bone, the fourth file would have been beheaded like the rest."

"Och, och!" cried Ian again.

"But," continued the sergeant, "as I said before, though you cannot expect to take up this matter by nattral instinck, as it were, yet I'll be bail that a big stout souple fellow like you will not see a month's sarvice before you will shave off a head as easily as I shave this here piece of cheese, and—— confound it I have cut my thumb half through."

"Her nanesell wunna be meddlin' wi' ony siccan bluidy wark," said Ian, shaking his head, and shrugging his shoulders. "She no be wantan' to be a boutcher. But noo," added he, lifting up a huge can of ale, "she be biddin' ye a' gude evenin', shentilmans, and gude hells, and King Shorge gude hells, an' mony sanks to ye a'; and tell King Shorge she sall keep her bit shullin' on a string tied round her neck for a bonny die." And, so rising up, Ian put the ale can to his head, and drained it slowly to the bottom.

"But, my good fellow," said the sergeant, who had been occupied, whilst Ian's draught lasted, in tying up his thumb in a handkerchief, and giving private signals to his party, "you are joking about bidding us good evening—we cannot part with you so soon."

"Troth, she maun be goin' her ways home," said Ian, "she has a far gate to traivil."

"Stuff!" cried the sergeant; "surely you cannot have forgotten that you have taken King George's money, and that you have now the great privilege of holding the honourable and lucrative situation of a gentlemen private in his Majesty's infantry, having been duly and volunteerly enlisted before all these here witnesses."

"Ou, na," said Ian, gravely and seriously; "she didna' list—na, na, she didna' list; troth, na. So, wussin' ta gude company's gude hells wanss more, an' King Shorge's hells, she maun just be goin' for she has a lang gate o' hill afore her."

"Nay, master, we can't exactly part with you so easily," said the sergeant, rising up. "You are my recruit, and you must go nowhere without my leave."

"Hoot, toots," replied Ian, making one step towards the door of the booth; "an' she has her nane leave, troth, she'll no be axan' ony ither."

"I arrest you in the King's name!" said the sergeant, laying hold of Ian by the breast.

"Troth, she wudna' be wussin' to hort her," said Ian, lifting up the sergeant like a child, before he knew where he was; "but sit her doon tere, oot o' ta way, till her nane sell redds hersell of ta lave, an' wuns awa'."

Making two strides with his burden towards a large cask of ale that stood on end in one corner of the place, he set the gallant hero down so forcibly on the top of it, that the crazy rotten boards gave way, and he was crammed backwards, in a doubled up position, into the yawning mouth of the profound, while surges of beer boiled and frothed up around him. Ian would have charitably relieved the man from so disagreeable a situation, which was by no means that which he had intended him to occupy; but, ere he wist, he was assailed by the whole party like a swarm of bees. The place of strife was sufficiently narrow, a circumstance much in favour of the light troops who now made a simultaneous movement on him, with the intention of prostrating him on the ground, but he stood like a colossus, and nothing could budge him; whilst, at the same time, he never dealt a single blow as if at all in anger, but ever and anon, as his hands became so far liberated as to enable him to seize on one of his assailants, he wrenched him away from his own person, and tossed him from him, either forth of the tent door, or as far at least as its bounds would allow, some falling among the hampers and boxes—some falling like a shower upon the poor owners of the booth—and some falling upon the unfortunate sergeant. The red-nosed priestess of this fragile temple of Bacchus, shrieked in sweet harmony with the groans of the knock-kneeded and broken-down tailor, and in the midst of the melee, one unhappy recruit, who was winging his way through the air from the powerful projectile force of Ian Mor, came like a chain-shot against the upright poles of the tent—the equilibrium of its whole system was destroyed—down came the cross-beam—the covering blankets collapsed and sank—and, in a moment, nothing appeared to the eyes of those without but a mighty heap, that heaved and groaned underneath like some volcanic mountain in labour previous to an eruption. And an eruption to be sure there was—for, to the great astonishment of the whole market people, Ian Mor Arrach's head suddenly appeared through a rent that took place in the rotten blanket, with his face in a red hot state of perspiration, and his mouth gasping for breath. After panting like a porpoise for a few seconds, he made a violent effort, reared himself upon his legs, and thrusting his feet out at the aperture, which had served as a door to the tent, he fled away with all the effect of a fellucca under a press of sail, buffetting his way through the multitude of people and cattle, as a vessel would toss aside the opposing billows; and then shooting like a meteor up the side of the mountain that flanked the strath, he left his flowing drapery behind him in fragments and shreds adhering to every bush he passed by, bounded like a stag over its sky line, and disappeared from the astonished eyes of the beholders.

It were vain to attempt to describe the re-organization of the discomfited troops, who, when their strange covering was thus miraculously re-

moved, arose singly from the ground utterly confounded, and began to move about limping and cursing amidst the bitter wailings of the unhappy people, whose frail dwelling had so marvellously fled from them. The attention of the party was first called to their gallant commander, who, with some difficulty, was extracted from the mouth of the beer barrel, dripping like a toast from a tankard. His rage may be conceived better than told. His honour had been tarnished, and his interest put in jeopardy. He, whose stirring tales of desperate deeds of arms and fearful carnage, had so often extended the jaws of the Highland rustics whom he had kidnapped, and raised their very bonnets on the point of their bristling hair with wonder—who could devour fire as it issued from the mouth of a cannon—and who could contend single-handed against a dozen of foes, to be so unceremoniously crammed, by the arm of one man, into a beer barrel, in the presence of those very recruits, and to be afterwards basely extracted from it before the eyes of the many who had listened to his boastful harangues. And then, moreover, to be chouched out of the anticipated fruits of his wily hospitality, as well as of a silver shilling, by the flight of the broad-shouldered Celt, whom he thought he had secured, and of whom he expected to have made so handsome a profit. All this was not to be borne; and, accordingly, wide as was Ross-shire, he determined most indefatigably to search every inch of it until he should again lay hands on him. From the enquiries made on the spot, it was considered as certain that Ian Mor had gone directly home to his lonely bothy, in a high and solitary valley, some dozen of miles or so from the place where they then were; and as one of the recruits knew the mountain tracks well enough to act as guide, he collected the whole of his forces, amounting to nearly double the number of those who had been engaged in the battle of the booth, and after having refreshed and fortified them and himself with all manner of available stimuli, he put himself at their head, and set forward on his expedition at such an hour of the night as might enable them to reach the dwelling of Ian Mor Arrach before he was likely to leave it in the morning in pursuit of his daily occupation.

Ian Mor was but little acquainted with the tricks of this world; and no wonder, for the habitation in which he lived, and from which he rarely migrated, was situated in one of those desert glens which are to be found far up in the mountains, where they nurse and perhaps give birth to the minuter branches of those streams, which, running together in numbers, and accumulating as they roll onwards through wider and larger valleys, go on expanding with the opening country, until they unite to water the extended and fertile plains in some broad and important river. The ascent to the little territory of which Ian Mor was the solitary sovereign was by a steep and narrow ravine among rocks, down which the burn raged against the opposing angles, like a wayward child that frets and fumes against every little obstacle that occurs to the indulgence of its wishes. Higher up its course was cheerful and placid, like the countenance of the same child perhaps, when in the best humour and in the full enjoyment for the time being of all its desires, laughing as it went its way among water-lilies, ranunculuses, and yellow marygolds, meandering quietly through a deep and well swarded soil, that arose from either side of it in a gently curving slope to the base of two precipitous walls of rock, with-

in the shelter of which the caurcts of Ian Mor had ample pasture for a stretch of about a quarter of a mile upwards to the spot where the cliffs, rising in altitude, and apparently unscalable, shut in the glen in a natural amphitheatre. There the burn issued from a small circular lochan; and it was on the farther margin of this piece of water, and immediately at the foot of the crags behind it, that the small sod hovel of Ian Mor Arrach was placed, so insignificant a speck amid the vastness of the surrounding features of nature, as to be hardly distinguished from the rock itself, especially when approached, as it now was, in the grey light of the morning, until the sergeant and his party had come very near to it.

(To be Continued.)

PROPOSED VISIT TO OUR TRANSATLANTIC COUSINS.

—o—

We are not in the habit of publishing in these pages the various communications of a flattering character which reach us from many whose good wishes we value none the less highly on that account—nor the approving notices which we have almost invariably received since the origin of this periodical from the home and foreign press. We, however, feel that we would neither be doing justice to our warm-hearted friends on the other side, nor to ourselves, in the circumstances, if we did not show our appreciation of the following warm, though perhaps, on the whole, somewhat more complimentary tribute than our merits would entitle us to expect or accept, without some little qualification :—

"A Highland Welcome.—Scotsmen living on this side of the Atlantic —and especially such of them as are of Highland birth or extraction— will be happy to know that Alex. Mackenzie, the talented editor of the *Celtic Magazine* (a periodical of wide celebrity, published in Inverness, Scotland), intends to spend a portion of the coming summer in a holiday tour through Canada and the United States, with a view to seeing and reporting the prose and poetry of life in the bush. Mr Mackenzie, in addition to his editorial laurels, has earned for himself a very enviable reputation as the author of a 'History of the Clan Mackenzie,' 'The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer,' and 'Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands,' He will be open to engagements as a lecturer, on such subjects as 'Flora Macdonald—her life and times,' 'The present state of the Highlanders at home and abroad,' 'Highland valour as exhibited in the renowned deeds of the Highland Regiments.' &c. We have good ground for believing Mr Mackenzie to be a gentleman admirably well qualified to win popular favour as a lecturer on such themes as these. Which, of all our Caledonian and St Andrew's Societies, will be the first to do itself the honour of engaging his services!"—*The British Daily Whig, Kingston, Canada.*

REMNANTS OF GAELIC POETRY.

——o——

No. IV.—CAITIR BHAN.

THE following verses are by Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie. The subject of them is *Caitir Bhan*, or Fair Catherine. The poet tells us how deeply he himself is in love with her. In this, however, he is not singular. She has among her admirers the minister of the parish, Mr Duncan, and his assistant, Mr Martin. The former rests his hope of being the successful suitor on his professional position as the superior in office, the latter on his personal appearance. A keen contention having arisen between the clerical rivals as to which of them has the better claim to the hand and heart of the fair Catherine, the poet, happening to come the way at the time, tries to put an end to their unseemly strife by making the ridiculous proposal that they should have her alternately, and by promising that unless another suitor, who is for the present beyond the seas, returns home, she will never be taken from them. He accounts for the great admiration in which Catherine is held, by describing her various accomplishments and her uncommon personal attractions :—

Mile failt air Caitir Bhan !
Am bheil thu 'd shlaint a' mairsinn ?
O na dh'fhag mi thu air airidh
Ann an Gleann na Pataig,
Riamh o 'n la sin, ged bu nar e,
Cha robh caileachd agam,
Cha 'n fhaighinn cadal no pramh
Gun thu bhi teann a' m' ghlacaibh.

'S tu thog an aimhreit ann mo cheann
A chuir air chall an t-acras,
Cha 'n 'eil meadhail dhomh ach gann
O na theann mo bheachd ort,
Cha 'n 'eil leirsinn, cha 'n 'eil geireid,
Cha 'n 'eil feum no taic annam,
'S ged bhiodh agam spionnadh cheud
Gu 'n chuir mo speis dhuit as da.

'S mor an sarachadh mar tha mi
Anns gach la air m' aiseag,
Tuirseach trom, 's mo chridhe fas,
Ag iarraidh blathais air Caitir,
'S mur toir do chairdeas fein a mhàn
Mo shlainte air a h-ais dhomh,
Cha leighis sagart mi no pàpa,
Ged robh grasan aca.

'S lughaid a tha dhomhsa naire
Gradh a thoirt do Chaitir,

'S na daoine 's crabhaich' anns a' bhraighe
O cheann raidhe glact' aic,
'S mor an call 's an seors' a th' ann
Mur dean iad sampuill cheart dhuinn,
'S gur iad a chairich air ar ceann
Na chuir fo cheannsal peacadh.

Maighstir Donncha 's Maighstir Mairtin
Air an saradh aice,
Chosdadh fear dhiubh searmon Ghaelig
Ri aon ghair thoirt aisde,
Thuirt maighstir Mairtin, 'S tusa 's grainnde,
'S i mo lamh-s' a ghlacar,
Thuirt maighstir Donnch', Tha thusa meallta,
'S mise 's airde facal.

Thainig mis' orr' anns an uair
'S an robh an tuasaid aca,
'S cha b' fhasa leam na 'n te bhi uam
Cho fuathasach 's a dh' at iad,
Thuirt mi, Uaibh e, bithibh stuama,
'S gheibh sibh uair mu'n seach dhith,
'S mur tig am fear tha thall an cuan
Cha toirear uaibh am feasd i.

Am fear tha aineolach mu 'n te ud
Bheir e beum gun airceas
Do na beisdibh dh' fhas an deidh oirr'
'S nach robh feudail aice,
Ach e fein bhi dh' ionnsuidh ceile,
'S eolas feille aige,
Feuch dha 'h-eudann am measg cheud,
'S gu 'n toir e fein a mach i.

Aghaidh mhaiseach, gruaidhean dathta
Suil mar dhearcaig aice,
Ciochan corrach air uchd soluis,
'S moran toil' thombaca,
Muineal ealla, mar an canach,
Deudach gheal mar chailc aic,
A beul dearg tana o 'n cubhr' anail
Cha tig mearachd facail.

Meoir a 's grinne, lamh a 's gile,
Nach bi milleadh anairt,
A siosar daor 's a snathad chaol
Ni 'n greim nach sgaoil air chabhaig,
Thug Nadur caoin gach gibht mhaith saor,
Tha 'm faolum ud barraicht',
Cha 'n 'eil barr aobhachd, caoimhneis, daonnachd
Ann an aoraibh aingil.

Corp seang fallain 's cuimte tarruing,
Calp mar alabaster,
Troidh chruinn chuimir, a ceum innealt',
Brog nach ceannaich leth-chrun,
Teangadh ghasd' a labhras taitneach,
O 'm pailt Beurl a's Laidinn,
'S ann duit is ceirt 'thig peann a ghlacadh
Na do 'n chlarc a th' againn.

'S mor an sabhaladh 's an tabhachd
Do mo chairdibh 'n taic rith'
I bhi tamh am baile braighe
Ann an aite leth-taoibh,
Cha 'n 'eil mac mna 's an anail blath ann,
'S a chiall-nadair aige,
Ma 's ann a Adhamh, gu bhi 'n gradh
Nach d' fhoghainn dha a faicinn.

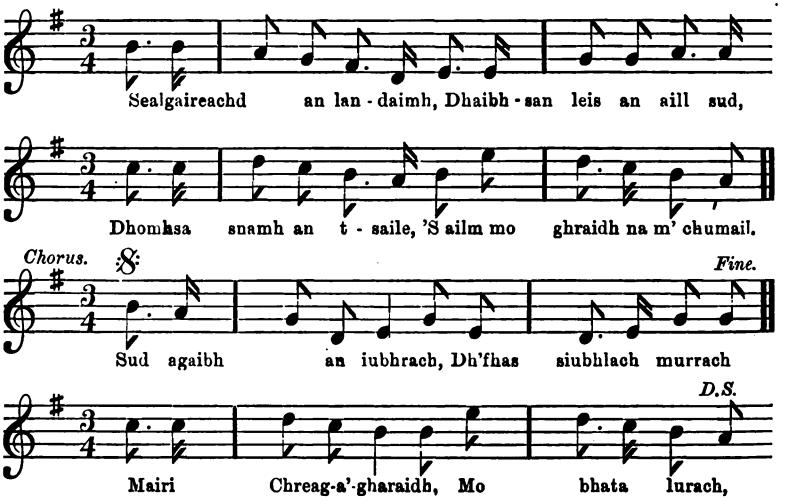
Mar chloich daoimein no 'n t-or foinidh,
Bu tu 'n saoi gun choimeas,
Cridhe gaolach, nadur faoilidh,
Inntinn aonta thairis,
'S mor am faobhachadh air saoghal
'N uair a ghlaodhar d' anam,
O nach faod a bhi chloinn daoine
Bean a chaoidh cho ceanalt.

The minister of Laggan, above-mentioned as "Maighstir Donncha,' was probably either the predecessor or the successor of the Rev. Andrew Gallie, to whom reference is repeatedly made in the famous controversy concerning the authenticity of Ossian's poems.

SEANACHAIDH.

"STEWART'S SKETCHES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.—A new edition of the 'Sketches of the Highlanders and Highland Regiments,' by General Stewart of Garth, is being prepared by Mr Alex. Mackenzie, the zealous editor of the *Celtic Magazine.* The 'History of the Highland Regiments' will be brought down to date, and additions made in the shape of notes and appendices, but otherwise the work will be reproduced *verbatim* from the edition of 1823. The publishers are Messrs A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness.—*Athenæum.* [We learn that, very appropriately, the 78th will be dealt with by Captain Colin Mackenzie, late of that regiment, and author of its History in Fullarton's 'Highlands and Highland Clans.' 'Stewart's Sketches' has been for some time a rather scarce work, and we are therefore very glad that this opportunity is to be afforded to Highlanders at home and abroad of having it in their libraries. There is no book in existence better entitled to a place there.]"—*Highlander.*

MAIRI CHREAG-A'-GHARAIDH.



Key G.

: m ., m | r . d : t, ., s, : l, ., l, | d . d : r ., r

: f ., f | s . f : m ., r : m . l | s ., f : m . r ||

Chorus. Fine.

: m ., r | d . s, : l, : d . l, | s, ., l, : d . d ||

D.S.

: f ., f | s . f : m : m . l | s ., f : m . r

'S tric, mo leannan cliuiteach,
Chaidh mi 'n ceann le surd leat,
'S cach le acfhuinn bhruite,
Fo chroinn ruisgte ruith leis.

Sud thu 'n suil na h iar ghaoith,
Gu d' cheann-uidhe dian dhol,
Mar troimh neoil na h-iarmailt,
Chitear triall na h-iolair.

Ri am ruith nan reisean,
Mach 'sa chomh-stri gheur thu
Mar gum faicte faoileann
'Snamhadh caoil 'measg thunnag.

Coma co 'm fear uaibhreach
Bheireadh dhiot am fuaradh,
Bu leat falach-cuain air
Aig ceann shuas do thuruis.

'Nuair thig tim an iasgaich,
Co ach thusa chiad-aon,
Fear nan lann ag iarraidh
Cheart cho dian ri sulair.

Cha bu tusa mhallag
Thilleadh mar a dh-fhag thu,
'S ann a chleachd mo Mhairi,
Liontan lan o'n bhuinne.

NOTE.—The author of the above song is Evan MacColl, the well-known Gaelic Bard who still tunes his lyre in distant Canada as musically and blithely as he did in his younger days on Lochfyne side. The above song relates to those early days, and is in praise of his boat, "Mairi Chreag-a'-Gharaidh."—"Bata," he adds in a note accompanying the song when sending it to us, "leis an tric a lean am Bard iasgach an sgadain air Loch-Fine ann an laithean oige." The air is popular all over the Highlands, and many songs are sung to it.—W. M'K.

THE

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MEMOIR OF A HIGHLAND OFFICER.

—o—

WE regret having to record the death, on the 27th May last, at 41 Queensborough Terrace, London, in his 53d year, of Major-General Alexander Mackay Mackenzie, only surviving son of the late Colonel Alexander Mackenzie of Gruinard, scion of a family which has produced several distinguished officers. General Mackenzie's father was wounded in the neck, lost an eye, and had two horses killed under him in the Peninsula. His grandfather on the mother's side was Colonel Mackenzie of Lochend, a cadet of the family of Gairloch, and a distinguished soldier. John Mackenzie, V. of Gruinard, and uncle to Major-General Mackenzie, sold the property in 1795, to Henry Davidson of Tulloch, who re-sold it to Meyrick Bankes of Letterewe, the present proprietor. Thus the later representatives of the family had to fight their way in the world, and honourably did they do it, maintaining the soldierly character of their ancestors. General Mackenzie obtained his commission as ensign on the 31st of May 1842. In 1843 and 1844 he served against the insurgents in Bundelcund, and on the 1st of December 1846 obtained his commission as a lieutenant. He commanded the 8th Irregular Cavalry at the mutiny of the native troops, at Bareilly, on the 31st May 1857. He tried hard to induce the regiment—"a regiment," according to Colonel Malleson, "remarkable for their discipline and intelligence"—to charge the guns, but failed in doing so. The regiment hitherto stood out loyally, and Captain Mackenzie had every confidence in them, even after the other regiments mutinied. He had previously been with them for several years, as adjutant and second in command. He was devoted to the regiment, gave to it his undivided care, and "was unsurpassed in all the qualities of a commanding officer." At ten o'clock on the morning of the 31st of May, it was reported to Captain Mackenzie by a Hindu Rissalder of his regiment, that some of the Hindus of his troop had heard the Sepoys of the 18th and 68th say that they intended to rise that day at eleven o'clock, and "to murder every European—man, woman, and child—in the place, seize the treasury, and open the jail." Reports of the same kind had been circulated for a fortnight previously which turned out to be unfounded, and Captain Mackenzie did not, although he had some suspicions, implicitly believe that the danger was so near. He, however, took precautionary measures, and sent orders to his native Adjutant to

warn the native officers commanding troops to be ready to turn out their men at a moment's notice. He at the same time wrote to Colonel Troup, the officer in command, informing him of the reports in circulation. He then ordered his own horse, Lieutenant Becher's, his second in command, and Dr Currie's to be saddled; breakfasted; and donned his uniform, so as to be ready, in any emergency, for immediate action. Scarcely had he done so, than Captain Brownlow rushed in to inform him that the row had already began. The reports of the battery guns and the discharge of musketry immediately confirmed the messenger. Colonel Troup came in. Captain Mackenzie mounted and rode down where his men were to turn them out. Colonel Malleson in his "History of the Indian Mutiny" describes the subsequent action of officers and men as follows :—

"The 1st, 2nd, and 3d troops of the 8th, forming the right wing, were soon drawn up in front of their lines facing the station. But it seeming to Mackenzie that the troops of the left wing showed unusual delay, he proceeded amongst them to hasten their movements. Meanwhile, the confusion was every moment increasing. From all parts of Baréli, officers, civilians, and others, were running and riding into the lines for protection. The artillery and infantry were keeping up a constant and rapid fire on the fugitives, whilst all around bungalows were beginning to smoke and blaze. Keeping his head cool all this time, Mackenzie, gallantly aided by Becher, had turned out the troops of the left wing, and was getting them into order, when happening to look round, he saw the troops of the right wing go 'threes right,' and move off at a trot to the right and rear of the lines. Digging his spurs into his horse, Mackenzie quickly headed the wing, halted it, and asked by whose order they had moved. The Rissaldar, commanding the 1st squadron, replied that Colonel Troup had given the order. Upon this, Mackenzie rode on to Colonel Troup, who had moved ahead in company with some officers and civilians, and asked what he proposed to do. Troup, who by the death of the brigadier had become the senior officer in the station, replied that he proposed to retire on Nainí Tál. Mackenzie, still feeling sure of his men, earnestly requested permission to be allowed to take his regiment back and try and recover the guns. Troup replied that it was useless; but yielding at last to Mackenzie's urgent pleadings, he consented in these words: 'It is no use; but do as you like.'

"The fact was that Colonel Troup, influenced by the information he had received on the night of the 30th of May and the impression then formed having been strengthened by the delay of the left wing to turn out, entirely mistrusted the 8th Irregulars. Mackenzie on the other hand, whilst thoroughly believing in them, felt satisfied that the order given to them by Colonel Troup to follow the Europeans to Nainí Tál was the one order which would try their fidelity to the utmost, as the carrying it out would impose upon them the necessity to leave all their property, and, in some instances, those for whom they cared more than for their property, at the mercy of the rebels. There can be no doubt now that the information on which Colonel Troup acted was partly true. There were traitors amongst the 8th Irregulars. Prominent amongst these was the senior native officer, Mahomed Shaffí. This man had been gained over by Khán Bahádur Khán, and had in his turn done his best to gain

the men. Yet it is to be regretted, I think, that Mackenzie's arrangements were interfered with before the temper of the men had been actually tested. The movement to the right, and the remonstrance with Colonel Troup, lost many precious moments at a most critical period.

"The value of a few moments was never more clearly demonstrated than on this occasion. Whilst Mackenzie had been talking to Colonel Troup, the left wing had been drawing up in line. The moment they were quite ready, the traitor, Mahomed Shaffi, watching his opportunity, gave the order to the men of the wing to follow him, and at once rode towards the cantonment. Mackenzie heard the tramp of their horses' feet the moment after he had received Colonel Troup's permission to do as he liked. He did not at once realise the cause of their action, for almost simultaneously with it arose the cry that they had gone to charge the guns. Mackenzie at once addressed the men of the right wing, and told them he was going to take them to recover the guns. The men received the intelligence with apparent delight, and followed Mackenzie—accompanied by Mr Guthrie, the magistrate, and some officers*—at a steady trot to the parade-ground. On arriving there they found the left wing drawn up, apparently fraternising with the rebels. It was necessary to bring them back, if possible, to their allegiance, so Mackenzie, leaving his right wing under charge of Becher, rode up to them and addressed them. Whilst, however, in the act of speaking, and after the men had shown a disposition to follow him, there arose from the magazine of the 18th Native Infantry—the point where the mutinous sepoys were massed, and where a gun had been placed—a cry summoning all the sowars to rally round the Mahomedan flag and to uphold their religion, 'otherwise,' shouted the speaker, 'the Mahomedans will be forced to eat pork, and the Hindús beef.' At the same time a green flag was hoisted. The cry and the sight of the flag arrested the favourable disposition of the men of the left wing, and Mackenzie finding his efforts with them hopeless, rode back to the right. Here, however, a new disappointment awaited him. The men of this wing had felt the influence acting on the left, and had began to steal off. By the time Mackenzie returned, men to the number of about one troop alone remained. Amongst these were most of the native officers. With so small a body it was hopeless to charge, and it was almost certain that an order to that effect would not have been obeyed. Mackenzie retired then in the direction taken by Colonel Troup and the others. As he passed his regimental lines more men dropped away, and before he had gone half a mile, the number of the faithful was reduced to twenty-three, of whom twelve were native officers! † They overtook Colonel Troup and his party twenty-three

* Their names were Captain Kirby and Leutenant Fraser of the Artillery; Captain Paterson and Lieutenant Warde, 68th Native Infantry; Lieutenant Hunter, 18th Native Infantry.

† It is due to these twenty-three men to place on record that though every possible temptation was held out to them to desert the Europeans not one of them yielded to it. Amid many trials they remained faithful, and managed to do excellent service. The Rissaldar, Mahomed Nazim Khan, not only left all his property, but three children behind, to obey the call of duty. Mackenzie's orderly, a Mahomedan, rode throughout the retreat of sixty-six miles Mackenzie's second charger, a magnificent Arab, on which it would have been easy for him to ride off. But he was faithful, and when the horse Mackenzie was riding dropped dead, the orderly at once dismounted and came on on foot.

miles from Baréli. Troup was warm in his acknowledgments. In truth he never expected to see them. 'Thank God,' he exclaimed to Mackenzie, as the latter rode up, 'I feared you had gone to certain death.' The retiring party, now united, proceeded without a halt to Nainí Tál, accomplishing the distance , sixty-six miles, in twenty-two hours."

On the 20th October 1857, an order is issued by Colonel M'Ausland, in which he says that he cannot allow Captain Mackenzie, with his regiment, to leave the Province of Kumoan "without acknowledging the valuable services performed by that regiment, from the period they so nobly protected and escorted the officers and European residents from Bareilly to Nynee Tal after the mutiny of 31st May last, to the present date." The Colonel brought "the loyal and gallant conduct" of the officers and men "prominently to the notice of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief," and tendered to Captain Mackenzie and his men his best thanks and acknowledgements "for their services, which have so mainly contributed to the safety of the province." Colonel Troup, C.B., senior surviving officer of the Bareilly Brigade, wrote to Captain Mackenzie on the 24th January 1858 :—"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the gratifying intelligence that the Supreme Government of India had been pleased to confer on the Native officers and men of the regiment under your command the ranks and distinctions to which, as a mere matter of justice, I deemed it my duty to recommend them, as some reward for their most extraordinary devotion and gallant conduct on the 31st of May last, under trials and temptations such as, in my opinion, soldiers were never before exposed to, and for their marked uniform good conduct, under no ordinary difficulties, from that to the present date. I would fain hope that, when matters become more settled to admit of your superiors having leisure to look into matters of perhaps less importance than those which, at present, engross their valuable time, your own indefatigable and unwearied exertions, and the gallant example you set your men on the occasion above referred to, and to which I can at all times bear the most ample and undeniable testimony, will not long remain unrewarded by Government."

He now joined Mr J. C. Wilson, and, in command of the faithful remnant of the 8th Irregulars, aided in preserving 48 Christian refugees who had been sheltered by friendly Hindoos at Rohilcund. He became brevet captain December 9, 1857, and raised the new 8th Irregular Cavalry (afterwards the 6th Bengal Cavalry), and served throughout the siege and capture of Lucknow, commanded a portion of the regiment on

These men had their reward when the regiment was re-organised, and they redeemed, on the 6th of April 1858, the good name of their regiment, being commended for the "marked gallantry" they displayed at Harha in Oudh under the command of Captain Mackenzie. In the text I have recorded a plain and unadorned statement of the conduct of Captain Mackenzie and Lieutenant Becher on this trying occasion. It is but just to both those officers that the opinion of the officer commanding the brigade to which they belonged should be added. In his report on the events recorded in the text Colonel Troup thus wrote :—"In justice to Captain Mackenzie and Lieutenant Becher I consider it my duty, however much they, like others, may have been deceived by their men, to state that in my opinion no two officers could have behaved better towards, or shown a better or more gallant example to their men than they did. I was in daily, I may say hourly, communication with them, and I have great pleasure in stating that from the very first to the last they were unremitting in the performance of the many harassing duties required of them." Colonel Troup further recommended them to the favourable notice of the Commander-in-Chief.

the 5th April 1858, on which occasion he charged the rebels, and after a desperate resistance cut up the rebel leader, Lullah Singh, and the whole of his body-guard. Upwards of one-fourth of his men were killed or wounded, and his own charger wounded. Major-General Sir J. E. W. Inglis, Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, sends a report to the Secretary of the Indian Government, dated Cawnpore, 6th April 1858, which ends thus:—"In conclusion, I beg to be permitted to bring to the favourable notice of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief the excellent services rendered by Captain Mackenzie, who, with the faithful remnant of his corps, most gallantly charged and destroyed a troublesome enemy (Lullah Singh) and his body guard, all of whom rallied round their leader and fought desperately." Captain Evans, Deputy Commissioner of Oonao, in reporting the result of this engagement, says:—"The death of the rebel leader, Lullah Singh, who, with all his immediate clansmen, was cut up by the Irregular Cavalry under Captain Mackenzie, is likely to have the best effect in causing that part of my district to become more settled." Captain Mackenzie was called upon, in a letter, dated 9th April 1858, from the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, to recommend to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief two of the soldiers engaged under him at Hurha who most distinguished themselves, with a view to their receiving the "Order of Merit" for their gallantry.

In 1862 we find him commanding the Deolee Irregular Force, on which occasion the agent for the Governor-General at Rajpootana, after having made a minute inspection of the force under his command, expresses his "entire satisfaction with the efficiency of the force, which reflects considerable credit on yourself, the second in command, and adjutant." And he is especially pleased to find over 200 Meenas in the Infantry, and that Mackenzie was carrying out one of the chief objects in the raising and maintenance of the force, "by entirely recruiting from this wild clan." In the same year the gallant officer obtained his majority, and in 1868 he is lieutenant-colonel. In 1869 he was appointed to make enquiry as to the condition of the Banswarra State on which occasion the duties have been "both efficiently and carefully carried out," and his report "is exhaustive in detail of particulars regarding the Government, and the state of the country and its people." In 1870 he commanded the Meywar Bheel Corps, while he was at the same time first Assistant Political Agent at Meywar. Brigadier-General Montgomery, after inspecting the force, speaks most highly of them, and writes to Colonel Mackenzie that while he saw "a great deal to admire, he saw nothing to find fault with." The drill and discipline is "all that can be desired," and a spirit of cheerfulness and contentment pervaded all ranks which impressed General Montgomery most favourably. He never saw a regiment go better past at the double and "there is a spring and life in the movement of the Bheels, which show that they must take a pride in their work." Colonel Mackenzie was not, however, satisfied with the ordinary drill routine, but introduced games among his men, with which the inspecting officer is highly pleased, and on which he remarks as follows:—"My report on your corps would be incomplete if I neglected to notice the games which followed the inspection. I think the institution by you of these games most praiseworthy, and the hearty way in which the Bheels join shows that they are highly appreciated by them

I believe they will do more than merely amuse, for the people will think well of the officers who enter so cordially into their sports. The shooting for prizes will draw out skill in their weapons, and the other sports will draw out hearty, manly qualities. . . . . The corps was originated to introduce civilization among the Bheels, and I believe your management will tend to further that object, and to make the Bheels appreciate serving under British officers."

He was appointed Political Superintendent of the Hilly Tracts of Meywar, in addition to his other offices, and on the 20th of February 1871 Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Nixon, Political Agent at Meywar, wrote to him as follows:—"As the time is now at hand when you are about to make over the command of the Bheel Corps and vacate your political appointment as the 1st Assistant Political Agent and Political Superintendent of the Meywar Hilly Tracts, I think it my duty to place on record the great regret I feel at losing the services of so efficient and valuable an assistant as you have proved yourself to be, and at the same time to tender you my thanks for the able and masterly way in which you have conducted the duties of your office. I must especially notice the tact and discretion you have displayed on all occasions, as also the cordial good feeling you have fostered and sustained, not only among the chiefs and native gentry of the Hilly Tracts with whom you have been associated, but also amid the wild tribes whom you have had to control. It is to be hoped that the beneficent and kindly sway with which you have managed the Bheels will increase their attachment to our Government, and continue to justify us in that policy of humanity which dictated our acceptance of the position of trust we hold towards them. His Highness the Maha Rana of Oodeypore has requested me to convey to you his sentiments of regret at your departure, and his acknowledgements of the cordial good feeling which has prevailed between yourself and the Durbar during your tenure of office, which has not only facilitated the transaction of official business, but has greatly simplified the difficulties inherent in a dual Government. I can only hope that at some future period your high abilities will procure you promotion in the Political department, in which you have served for the past eight years so devotedly and zealously." The following conveying the thanks of the Government of India is addressed to him by the officiating Agent Governor-General, Rajpootana:—"Camp Palee, 25th March 1871.—Under instructions from his Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India in Council, I am directed to communicate to you the cordial thanks of the Goverment of India for your exertions during the calamitous famine in Rajpootana in the years 1868 and 1869. The care and attention you bestowed on the relief of distress prevented any outbreak or plunder in that most difficult part of the country, the Bheel Tracts, which were sorely oppressed by the famine. The orderly quiet which prevailed during the whole period of the distress reflects much credit on you, and I am commanded to acknowledge it on the part of Government." In 1873 he became full colonel, and major-general in 1874.

It will be seen from the above quoted official documents that the late Major-General Mackenzie, who was heir-male of the family of Gruinard, descended from the Earls of Seaforth, was a most distinguished officer, and

that he rendered excellent service to the Government. And as it is part of our object and intention to commemorate such men and such services among our Highland countrymen, where the means are available, we make no apology for the length of this notice. The form in which we have given it will, we feel sure, be considered much more valuable than if we had given the substance of the documents and other information in our own phraseology. General Mackenzie married Marion, daughter of the Rev. William Colville of Newton, Cambridge-shire, by whom he had issue, two sons—John, now the representative of the family of Gruinard, and Stuart; also, two daughters, Lilias and Sybil, all of whom survive him. He took a great interest in the history of his ancestors, as well as in everything pertaining to the Highlands; and on all occasions his great ambition was to send down to his successors, untarnished, as far as he was concerned, the honour of his ancestors and the good name of his beloved Highlands.

A. M.

RETURNED.

Drooping lilacs nod and sway
All your fragrant purple plumes;
Robins sing your sweetest lay
'Mid the dainty apple blooms;
Golden sunshine flowerets rare,
Smile and blossom bright I pray;
Smile, O sky! O winds, blow fair!
For my lover comes to-day.

Comes from sailing o'er the main,
Back to wed his promised bride;
From the casement once again
I shall see his swift bark glide
Up the silver-crested bay,
Where the ripples dance and gleam
'Till beneath the sunlight they
Waves of liquid silver seem.

Just one little year ago
Since we parted on the strand;
Then, as now, like perfumed snow,
Blossoms strewed the meadow land;
Earth hath donned her robe of green—
Daisy-broidered, gemmed with gold.
Ah, how like a troubled dream
Seem the months that since have rolled

Hasten, darling, o'er the sea,
For to-day is due thy vow;
"Love, you whispered, look for me
When upon the crimson bough
Of the maple, blue birds sing;
When the swallow 'neath the eaves
Toy-crowned are twittering,
And the zephyrs woo the leaves."

Drooping lilacs nod and sway
All your fragrant purple plumes;
Robins sing your sweetest lay
'Mid the dainty apple blooms;
For my own true lover now
Clasps me closely to his heart:
Whispers, kissing cheek and brow,
"Darling, mine, no more we part."

—*American Scotsman.* MARY J. MACCOLL.

JOHN MACKAY, OR *IAN MOR AIREACH*,

By the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.

—o—

[Concluded.]

The leader of the enterprise felt that no time was to be lost in a survey, lest, whilst they were hesitating, Ian might perceive them, and again make his escape. A simultaneous rush, therefore, was made for the door; but albeit that Ian generally left it unfastened, he had somehow or other been led to secure it on this occasion, by lifting a stone of no ordinary size, which usually served him as a seat, and placing it as a barricade against it on the inside. Their first attempt to force it being thus rendered altogether unavailing,—

"John Mackay, otherwise Ian Mor Aireach, open to us in the name of King George," cried the sergeant, standing at the full length of his pike from the door, and poking against it with the point of the weapon.

"Fat wud King Shorge hae wi' Ian Mor?" demanded the Highlander.

"Come, open the door and surrender peaceably," cried the sergeant; "you are the King's lawful recruit. You have been guilty of mutiny and desartion; but if you will surrender at discretion, and come quietly along with us, it is not unlikely that, in consideration of your being as yet untaught, and still half a savage, you may not be exactly shot this bout; though it is but little marcy you desarve, considering how confoundedly my back aches with the rough treatment I had from you. Keep close to the door, my lads," continued he, sinking his voice, "and be ready to spring on him the moment he comes out."

Whilst the sergeant yet spoke, the whole hovel began to heave like some vast animal agonized with internal throes. The men of the party stood aghast for one moment, and in the next the back wall of the sod edifice was hurled outwards, and the roof, losing its support, fell inwards, raising a cloud of dust so dense as utterly to conceal for a time the individual who was the cause and instrument of its destruction.

"Ha! look sharp, my lads!" cried the sergeant, "be on your mettle."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the herculean form of Ian Mor arose before his eyes, from amidst the debris and dust, as did the figure of the Genii from the jar, before those of the fisherman in the Eastern fable.

"There he is, by Jupiter!" cried the sergeant, involuntarily retreating a step or two. "On him!—on him, and seize him, my brave boys!"

The nature of the spot seemed to forbid all hope of escape. The party blocked up the space in front of the bothy, and the narrow stripe of ground that stretched along between the lake on the one hand, and the cliffs on the other, grew more and more confined as it ran backwards, until it disappeared altogether at a point about an hundred yards distant, where the crags rose sheer up out of the water. In this direction Ian Mor moved slowly off, after throwing on the throng of his assailants a grim smile, which, however, had more of pity than of anger in it. Before he had taken a dozen steps, the most forward of the party were at his

skirts. He turned smartly round, and suddenly catching up the first man in his arms, he sent him spinning through the air into the lake, as if he had been a puppy dog. The next in succession was seized with astonishment, but before he could shake himself free of it, he was seized by something more formidable, I mean by the iron hands of Ian Mor, who flung him also far amid the waters after his fellow. A whole knot of those who followed then sprang upon him at once, but he patted them off, one after another, as if they had been so many flies, and that he had been afraid to hurt them; but, as it was impossible for him to accommodate his hits with mathematical precision to the gentleness of his intentions, some of the individuals who received them bore the marks of them for many a day afterwards. The ardour of the attack became infinitely cooled down. But still there were certain fiery spirits who coveted glory. These, as they came boldly up, successively shared the fate of those who had gone before them. Some were stretched out, as chance threw them, to measure their dimensions on terra firma, whilst others were hurled hissing hot into the lake, where they were left at leisure to form some estimate of their own specific gravity in a depth of water which was just shallow enough to save them from drowning. Meanwhile, the object of their attack continued to stalk slowly onwards at intervals, smiling on them from time to time, as he turned to survey the shattered remains of the attacking army, that now followed him at a respectful distance, and halted every time he faced them. The sergeant, like an able general, kept poking them on in the rear with his pike, and upbraiding them for their cowardice. Meanwhile Ian gradually gained ground on them, and having produced an interval of some twenty or thirty yards between himself and them, just as they thought that he had arrived at a point where further retreat was impossible, he suddenly disappeared into a crack in the face of the cliff, hitherto unobserved, and on reaching the place, they found that the fearless mountaineer had made his slippery way up the chimney-like cleft, amidst the white foam of a descending rill, that was one of the main feeders of the Lochan, into which it poured.

"The feller has vanished into the clouds," said the sergeant, shuddering with horror as he looked up the perilous rocky funnel, and at the same time, secretly congratulating himself that Ian had not stood to bay. "He has vanished into the clouds, just out of our very hands, as I may say. Who was to think of their being any such ape's ladder as this here?"

The party returned, sullen and discomfited, to the strath, and their leader now gave up all hopes of capturing Ian Mor Aireach, either by stratagem or force. But his thirst for the large sum which he expected to realize by producing such a man at head-quarters, rendered him quite restless and unremitting in his inquiries, the result of which was that he found out that Lord Seaforth, then, I believe, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, might do something towards apprehending the runaway. He accordingly waited on his Lordship to request his interference for procuring the seizure of John Mackay, surnamed Ian Mor Aireach, a deserter from his Majesty's service. Lord Seaforth enquired into the case, and believing that the man had been fairly enlisted, he procured his immediate appearance at Brahan Castle, by going the right way to work with him. There, it so happened, that Lord Rae was at that time a visitor,

and Lord Seaforth called in his aid to work upon Ian Mor, who bowed to the ground in submission to the wishes of his chief.

"This is an unlucky business, Ian Mor," said Lord Rae, "it seems that you have deserted from the King's service, after having accepted his money, and that moreover, you have twice deforced the officer and party. Your case, I fear, is a bad one. Depend upon it, they will have you, if it should cost them the sending of a whole regiment after you; and then, if you give them so much trouble, no one can say what may be the consequence. Take my advice, and give yourself up quietly. I shall write to your commanding officer in such terms as will save you from any very bad consequences; and with the recommendations which you shall have, there is no saying but you may be an officer ere long. All the Mackays are brave fellows; and if all I have heard be true, it appears that you are no disgrace to the name."

Ian was too proud of the interest taken in him by his noble chief, to dispute his advice or wishes for one moment. He would have sacrificed his life for him. And accordingly, abandoning his mountain-glen and his caurets, he surrendered himself to the sergeant, who implicitly obeyed the instructions he received from Lord Rae to treat him kindly, particularly as they were backed up with a handsome douceur; and Ian was soon afterwards embarked to join his regiment, then quartered in Guernsey.

The regiment that Ian Mor was attached to was almost entirely a new levy, and the recruits were speedily put on garrison duty, frivolous perhaps in itself, but probably given to them more as a lesson, in order that they might become familiar with it, than from any absolute necessity for it. It so happened, that the first guard that Ian mounted, he was planted as a night sentinel on the Queen's Battery. The instructions given to his particular post were to take especial care that no injury should happen to a certain six-pounder, which there rested on its carriage; and when the corporal of the guard marched Ian up as a relief, he laughed heartily to hear the earnest assurances which he gave, in answer to the instructions he received from the man he was relieving, "Tat not a bonn o' ta body o' ta wee gunnie sould be hurt, at a', at a', while he had ta care o' her."

And Ian kept his word; for he watched over the beautiful little piece of ordnance with the greatest solicitude. It so happened, however, that whilst he was walking his lonely round, a heavy shower of rain began to fall, and a bitter freezing blast soon converted every particle of it into a separate cake of ice, which cut against his nose and eyes, and nearly scarified his face, so that much as he had been accustomed to the snarling climate of the higher regions of the interior of Scotland, he felt as if he would lose his eye-sight from the inclemency of the weather; and then he began to reason that if he should lose his eye-sight, how could he take care of the gun? His anxiety for the safety of his charge, united to a certain desire for his own comfort, induced him gravely to consider what was best to be done. He surveyed the gun, and as he did so, he began to think that it was extremely absurd that he should be standing by its side for two long hours, whilst he might so easily provide for its security in some place of shelter; and accordingly he quietly removed it from its carriage, and poising it very adroitly on his shoulder, he carried it deliberately away.

Strong as Ian was, the position and the weight of the six-pounder, considerably more than half a ton, compelled him to walk with a stiff mien and a solemn, measured, and heavy tread. He had to pass by two or three sentinels. These were all raw unformed recruits like himself, and full of Highland superstitions. Each of them challenged him in succession as his footstep approached; but Ian was too much intent on keeping his burden properly balanced to be able to reply. He moved on steadily and silently therefore, with his eye-balls protruded and fixed, from the exertion he was making, and with his whole countenance wearing a strange and portentous expression of anxiety, which was heightened by a certain pale blue light that fell upon it from one part of the stormy sky. Instead of attempting to oppose or to arrest such a phantom, which came upon them in the midst of the tempest, like some unearthly being which had been busied in the very creation of it, each sentry fled before it, and the whole rampart was speedily cleared.

It was not many minutes after this that the visiting sergeant went his rounds. To his great surprise, he was not challenged by the sentry upon Ian Mor's post; and to his still greater astonishment, he was permitted to advance with impunity till he discovered that Ian Mor was not there. But what was yet most wonderful of all, the gun of which he was especial guardian was gone.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" exclaimed the corporal, "I see'd the man planted here myself alongside the piece of ordnance; what can have become of them both?"

"'Tis mortal strange," said the sergeant. "Do you stand fast here, corporal, till we go down the rampart a bit, to see if we can see anything."

"Nay, with your leave, sergeant," said the corporal, "I see no use in leaving me here to face the devil. Had we not better go and report this strange matter to the officer of the guard?"

"Nonsense,—obey my orders; and if you do see the devil, be sure you make him give you the countersign," said the sergeant, who had had all such fears rubbed off by a long life of hard service.

On walked the sergeant along the rampart. The other sentries were gone also. One man only he at last found, and him he dragged forth from under a gun-carriage.

"Why have you deserted your post, you trembling wretch?" demanded the sergeant.

"Did you not see it, then?" said the man, with a terrified look.

"See what?" asked the sergeant.

"The devil, in the shape of Ian Mor Aireach, with his face like a flaming furnace, shouldering a four-and-twenty pounder," replied the man; "och, it was a terrible sight."

"By jingo, my boy, your back will be made a worse spectacle of before long, if I don't mistake," said the sergeant.

By this time a buzz of voices was heard. The guard had been alarmed by the fugitive sentries, whose fright had carried them with ghastly looks to the guard-room. The guard had alarmed the garrison, and the whole place was thrown into confusion. Soldiers, non-commissioned officers, and officers were seen running and heard vociferating in all directions, lanterns and flambeaux were everywhere flitting about like fire-flies, and

soldiers' wives and children were heard screaming and crying. The cause of the tumult was reported in a thousand different ways. Some of the least rational of the women and juveniles even believed and asserted that an enemy had landed on the island; whilst those who really were aware that the true cause of the uproar was Ian Mor's mysterious disappearance, were employed in searching everywhere for him and the six-pounder; but he was nowhere to be found, and wonder and astonishment multiplied at every step.

At length the tumult rose to such a height, that the commanding-officer was roused, and hurrying on his clothes, he came running to the Queen's Battery to know what all the hubbub was about. The place was filled with a crowd of all ranks, each individual of which was ready to hazard his own conjecture in explanation of this most unaccountable event. All gave way at the colonel's approach. After hearing what had happened, he enquired into the circumstances so far as they were known; he listened calmly and attentively to the various accounts of those who had been making ineffectual search, and having heard all of them patiently to an end—

"This is very strange," said he; "but well as you have searched, it appears to me that none of you seem to have ever thought of looking for him in his barrack-room. Let us go there."

Off went the colonel, accordingly, to the barrack-room, followed by as many curious officers and soldiers as could well crowd after him; and there, to be sure, snug in bed, and sound asleep, lay Ian Mor Aireach, with the piece of artillery in his arms, and his cheek close to the muzzle of it, which was sticking out from under the blanket that covered both of them. The spectacle was too ridiculous, even for the colonel's gravity. He and all around him gave way to uncontrollable bursts of laughter, that speedily awaked Ian from the deep sleep in which he was plunged. He stared around him with astonishment.

"What made you leave your post, you rascal?" demanded the sergeant of the guard, so much provoked as to forget himself before his commanding officer.

"Nay, nay," said the colonel, who already knew something of Ian, from the letter which he had received from his chief, "you cannot say that he has left his post; for you see he has taken his post along with him."

"Is na ta wee bit gunnie as weil aside her nanesell here," said Ian, with an innocent smile. "Is she na mockell better here aside her nanesell, nor wi' her nanesell stannin cauld an weet aside her yonder on ta Pattry?"

"Well, well," said the colonel, after a hearty laugh. "But how did you manage to bring the gun here?"

"Ou troth her nanesell carried her," replied Ian.

"Come, then," said the colonel, "if you will instantly carry it back again to the place whence you took it, nothing more shall be said about it."

"Toots! but she'll soon do tat," said Ian, starting out of bed, and immediately raising the gun to his shoulder; he set out with it, followed by the colonel and every one within reach; and, to the great astonishment of all of them, he marched slowly and steadily towards the

battery with it, and replaced it on its carriage, amidst the loud cheers of all who beheld him.

As Ian was naturally a quiet, sober, peaceable, and well-behaved man, a thorough knowledge of his duty soon converted him into a most invaluable soldier; and nature having made him a perfect model, both as to mould and symmetry of form, the colonel, who took a peculiar fancy to him, soon saw that he was altogether too tall and fine looking a man to be kept in the ranks. Accordingly he had him struck off from the ordinary routine of domestic duty, and drilled as a fugleman, in which distinguished situation Ian continued to figure until his services were terminated by an unlucky accident.

It happened one evening that the colonel of an English regiment dined at the mess of the Highland corps. In the course of conversation this gentleman offered a bet that he had a man who would beat any individual who could be picked from among the Highlanders. One of the Highland officers immediately took him up and engaged to produce a man to meet the English champion next morning. By break of day, therefore, he sent for Ian Mor Aireach, and told him what had occurred, and then added—

"You are to be my man, Ian; and I think it will be no hard thing for you who shouldered the six pounder to pound this boasting pock-pudding."

"Troth, na," said Ian, shaking his head, "ta pock-pudden no done her nae ill,—fat for wad she be fighten her? Troth her honour may e'en fight ta man hersell, for her nanesell wull no be doin' nae siccan a thing."

"Tut! nonsense, man," said the officer, "you must fight him, aye and lick him too; and you shall not only carry off the honour, but you shall have a handsome purse of money for doing so."

"Na, na," said Ian, "ta man no dune her nae ill ava, an she'll no be fighten for ony body's siller but King Shorge's."

"Surely you're not afraid of him,", said the officer, trying to rouse his pride.

"Hout, na!" replied Ian Mor, with a calm, good-humoured smile; "she no be feart for no man livin'."

"So you wont fight," said the officer.

"Troth, na," said Ian, "she canna be fighten wissout nae raison."

"Surely your own honour—the honour of the regiment—the honour of Scotland—the purse of gold—and my wishes thus earnestly expressed, ought to be reasons enough with you. But since you refuse, I must go to Alister Mackay; he will have no such scruples, I'll warrant me."

This last observation was a master-stroke of policy on the part of the officer. Alister Mackay was a stout athletic young man; but he was by no means a match for the English prize-fighter. Nor did the officer mean that he should be opposed to him; for he only named him, knowing that he was a cousin of Ian Mor's, and one for whom he had the affection of a brother; and he was quite sure that his apprehension for Alister's safety would be too great to allow him to be absent from the field, if it did not induce him to take his place in the combat. And it turned out as he had anticipated. Ian came, eagerly pressing forward into the throng; and no sooner did he appear, than the officer pointed him out to the Englishman, as the man that was to be pitted against him; and as the Highlanders

naturally took it for granted, that the big fugleman was to be their man, they quickly made a ring for him amidst loud cheering.

"Come away, Goliath! come on!" cried the Englishman, tossing his hat in the air, and his coat to one side. Ian minded him not. But the growing and intolerable insolence of the bully did the rest; for, presuming on Ian's apparent backwardness, he strode up to him with his arms akimbo, and spit in his face.

"Fat is she do tat for?" asked Ian simply of those around him.

"He has done it to make people believe that you are a coward, and afraid to fight him,"—said the Highland officer, who backed him.

"Tell her no to do tat again," said Ian seriously.

"There!" said the boxer; repeating the insult.

Without showing the smallest loss of temper, Ian made an effort to lay hold of his opponent, but the Englishman squared at him, and hit him several smart blows in succession, not one of which the unpracticed Highlander had the least idea of guarding.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Highland officer, "I fear you will be beaten, Ian."

"Foo!" cried Ian coolly, "she be strikin' her to be sure, but she be na hurtin' her. But an she disna gie ower an her nanesell gets one stroak at her, she'll swarrants she'll no seek nae mair."

The Englishman gave him two or three more hard hits that went against his breast, as if they had gone against an oaken door; but at last Ian raised his arm, and swept it round horizontally with a force that broke through all his antagonist's guards; and the blow striking his left cheek, as if it had come from a sledge hammer, it actually drove the bones of the jaw on that side quite through the opposite skin, and, at the same time, smashed the whole skull to fragments. The man fell, like a log, dead on the spot; and horror and astonishment seized the spectators.

"Och hone! och hone!" cried Ian Mor, running to lift him from the ground, in an agony of distress, "She's dootin' she kilt ta poor man."

Ian was thrown into a fit of the deepest despair and sorrow by this sad catastrophe, sufficiently proving to every one around him, that his heart was made of the most generous stuff; and, indeed, the effect of the horrible spectacle they had witnessed, was such as to throw a gloom on all who were present, and especially on those who were more immediately concerned with the wager. The case was decidedly considered as one of justifiable homicide. It was hushed up by general consent, and a pass was granted to Ian to return to Scotland.

As he was slowly journeying homeward, Ian happened to spend a night at Stonehaven, and, as he was inquiring of his landlord as to the way he was to take in the morning, the man told him that he might save some distance by taking a short cut through the park of Ury, the residence of Mr Barclay of Ury, who, as you probably know, was even more remarkable for feats of bodily strength than his son, Captain Barclay, the celebrated pedestrian.

"Ye may try the fut-road through the park," said Ian's host; "but oddsake, man, tak' care an' no meet the laird, for he's an awfu' chiel, though he be a Quaker, and gif ye do meet him I rauken that ye'll just hae to come yere ways back again."

"Fat for she do tat?" demanded Ian.

"Ou, he's a terrible man the laird," continued the landlord. "What ıink ye?—there was ae night that a poor tinker body had putten his bit auney into ane of the laird's inclosures, that it might get a sly rug o' the rass. Aweel, the laird comes oot in the mornin', an' the moment he pied the beast, he ga'ed tilt like anither Samson, and he lifted it up in is airms and flang it clean oot ower the dyke. As sure as ought, gif he ıeets you, an' he disna throw you ower the dyke, he'll gar ye gang ilka t o' the road back again."

"Tuts! she'll try," replied Ian.

Soon after sunrise, Ian took the forbidden path, and he had pursued without molestation for a considerable way, when he heard some one allooing after him, and turning his head to look back, he beheld a entleman whom he at once guessed to be the laird, hurrying up to him.

"Soldier!" cried Mr Barclay, "I allow no one to go this way, so thou ıust turn thee back."

"She be sorry tat she has anghered her honour," said Ian bowing subıissively, "but troth it be ower far a gate to gang back noo."

"Far gate or short gate, friend, back thou must go," said Mr Barclay.

"Hoot na! she canna gang back," said Ian.

"But thou must go back, friend," said the laird.

"Troth, she wunna gang back," replied Ian.

"But thou must go back, I tell thee," said the laird, "and if thou ılt not go back peaceably, I'll turn thee back whether with thy will r not."

"Hoot, toot, she no be fit to turn her back," said Ian with one of his ıroad good-humoured grins.

"I'll try," said the laird, laying his hands on Ian's shoulders to carry ıis threat into immediate execution.

"An she be for tat," said Ian, "let her lay doon her wallet, an' she'll ee whuther she can gar her turn or no."

"By all means, good friend," said the laird, who enjoyed a thing of he kind beyond all measure. "Off with thy wallet, then. Far be it rom me to take any unseemly advantage of thee."

The wallet being quietly deposited on the ground, to it they went; ıut ere they had well buckled together, Ian put down the laird beside the allet with the same ease that he had put down the wallet itself.

"Ha!" cried the laird, as much overcome with surprise at a defeat, hich he had never before experienced, as he had been by the strength hat had produced it. "Thou didst take me too much o' the sudden, riend,—but give me fair play. Let me up and I will essay to wrestle rith thee again."

"Weel, weel," said Ian coolly, "she may tak' her ain laizier to rise, or her nanesell has plenty o' sun afore her or night."

"Come on then," said Mr Barclay, grappling again with his antagonist nd putting forth all his strength, which Ian allowed him full time to xert against him, whilst in defiance of it all he stood firm and unshaken s a rock.

"Noo!—doon she goes again!" said Ian, deliberately prostrating the aird a second time, "an' gif tat be na eneugh, she'll put her doon ta ird time, sae tat she'll no need nae mair puttens toon."

"No, no," said the laird panting, and, notwithstanding his defeat, much delighted not only with the exercise he had had, but that he had at last discovered so potent an antagonist. "No, no, friend!—enough for this bout. I own that thou art the better man. This is the first time that my back was ever laid on the grass. Come away with me, good fellow, thou shalt go home with me."

Ian's journey was not of so pressing a nature as to compel him to refuse the laird's hospitable offer, and he spent no less than fourteen days living on the fat of the land at Ury, and Mr Barclay afterwards sent a man and horses with him to forward him a few stages on his way.

On his return to Strath-Conan, Ian was welcomed by many an old friend; and he speedily felt himself again rooted in his native soil. He soon re-edified his bothy; but he did so after that much improved and much more comfortable style of architecture, which his large experience of civilized life had now taught him to consider as essential. He again took readily to his caurets, and to the simple occupations attendant on the care and management of them, which he forthwith increased to a considerable extent by increasing their numbers; and every day he grew wealthier and wealthier by means of them. The taste which he had now had of society, led him more frequently to visit the gayer and livelier scenes of the more thickly inhabited straths; and it was seldom that a market, a marriage, or a merry-making of any kind occurred, where Ian's sinewy limb and well turned ankles were not seen executing the Highland fling to a degree of perfection rarely to be matched. These innocent practices he continued long after he was a husband and a father,—yea, until he was far advanced in life.

If Ian had a spark of pride at all, it was in the circumstance that the calves of his legs were so well rounded, that, however much his limbs might be exercised, they always kept up his hose without the aid of a garter, an appendage to his dress which he always scorned to wear. One night a large party of friends were assembled in his house to witness the baptism of a recently born grandson. After the ceremony and the feast were both over, the young people got up to dance, and, old as he was, Ian Mor Aircach was among the foremost of them. To it he went, and danced the Highland fling with his usual spirit and alacrity, snapping his fingers and shouting with the best of them. But alas! when the dance was over, he suddenly discovered that his hose had fallen three inches from their original position, betraying the sad fact that his limbs had lost somewhat of their original muscle. This was to him a sad sinking in the barometer of human life. He surveyed his limbs for some time in silence with a melancholy expression; and then, with something like a feeling of bitterness, which no one had ever seen take possession of him before, he exclaimed—

"Tamm her nanesell's teeths!—She may weel gie ower ta fling, noo tat her teeths wunna haud up her hose!"—*Highland Rambles.*

[The work from which the above Story is taken is now very rare; and we intend, occasionally, to re-produce some of the excellently-told tales preserved in it by the late Baronet, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder.]

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

By the Editor.

[Continued.]

THE MACKENZIES OF GAIRLOCH.

III. Hector Mackenzie, in whose favour there is a sasine dated 6th May 1563,* in which he is described as "Achyne Johannis McAchyne," and bearing that the lands had been in non-entry 12 years, and thus carrying back the date of his succession to the year 1551, when they were given in ward to John, fourth of the Stewart Earls of Athol. Hector died—probably killed, like his brother—without issue, in September 1566, and was succeeded by his next lawful brother,

Alexander Mackenzie, who has a retour, as heir to "Hector his brother-german," in the lands of Gairloch—namely, "Garloch, Kirktoun, Syldage, Hamgildail, Malefage, Innerasfidill, Sandecorran, Cryf, Baddichro, Bein-Sanderis, Meall, Allawdall, with the pasturage of Glaslettir and Cornagullan, in the Earldom of Ross, of the old extent of £8;" but not to any of the other lands which Hector Roy is said to have left to his descendants. This retour is dated 2d December 1566.† Alexander did not long possess the estates, for he died, to all appearance, and probably killed—a few weeks after his succession, without making up any titles. It is not, therefore, thought necessary to reckon him as one of the Barons of Gairloch.

It is more than likely that the brothers Hector and Alexander met with the same treatment as their father and uncles, John Glassich, John Tuach, and John Beg, and by the same authors. This is in accordance with local tradition, and an old MS. which says that Agnes Fraser fled with John Roy "to Lovat and her Fraser relatives," adds regarding the fate of his brothers—"In those days many acts of oppression were committed that could not be brought to fair tryales befor the Legislator." "She was afterwards married to Chisholm of Comar, and heird his family, here she keepd, in as conceald a manner as possible, and, as is reported, every night under a Brewing Kettle, those who, through the barbarity of the times, destroyed the father and uncles, being in search of the son, and in possession of his all excepting his mother's dower. He was afterwards conceald by the Lairds of Moydart and of Farr, till he became a handsome man and could putt on his weapon, when he hade the resolution to waitte of Colin Camme Mackenzie, Laird of Kintail, a most worthy gentleman who established him in all his lands, excepting those parts of the family estate for which Hector and his successors hade an undoubted right by writs."

He was succeeded by his brother,

IV. John Roy Mackenzie, Hector Roy's third son, who was still a minor, though his father had been dead for 15 or 16 years, and the estate

* Gairloch Charter Chest.

† Ing. Retour Reg., vol. i., fol. 22, and Origines Parochiales.

was, in 1567, given in ward by Queen Mary, who "granted in heritage to John Banerman of Cardeyne, the ward of the lands and rents belonging to the deceased Hector Makkenych of Garloch, with the relief of the same when it should occur, and the marriage of John Roy Makkenych, the brother and apparent heir of Hector."* In 1569, John Roy being then of "lauchful age," is served and retoured heir to his brother-german, Hector, in his lands of Gairloch,† as specified in the service of 1566, passing over Alexander, undoubtedly because he never made up titles to the estate. The retour of 1569 gives the date of Hector's death as 30th September 1566. In 1574 John Roy has a sasine which bears that the lands were seven and a-half years in non-entry. This takes it back to the date of Hector's death, three months before the gift of ward to John Bannerman. In the same year he acquired half the lands of Ardnagrask from Lovat, partly in exchange for the rights he had inherited in Phoineas from his mother, he being described by Lovat in the disposition, according to an old inventory, as "the son, by her first husband, of his kinswoman Agnes Fraser." From this it may be reasonably assumed that John Glassich's widow had made over her rights to her son during her life, or that she had by this time died.

We find from the old inventory already quoted that there was a Charter of Alienation by Hugh Fraser of Guisachan, dated 29th May 1582, and it appears from it that John Roy acquired Davochcairn and Davochpollo, in Strathpeffer, in 1574, from this Hugh Fraser, and that in the first-named year he also obtained from him the lands of Kinkell-Clarsach and Pitlundie, in terms of a Contract of Sale dated 26th of January 1581. The charter is confirmed by James VI. in 1583. It appears from his daughter's retour of service‡ that the baron's eldest son, John, died in 1601. He had been infeft by his father in Davochpollo and Pitlundie, and married Isabel, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Fairburn, by whom he had a daughter, also named Isabel, who married Colin Mackenzie of Strathgarve, brother to Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and first of the Mackenzies of Kinnock and Pitlundie. Colin entered into a lawsuit with Alexander of Gairloch, probably in connection with this marriage, "to cut him out of his Low Country estate."§ In 1657 she mortgaged Davochpollo and Pitlundie to her cousin, Kenneth of Gairloch; and her successor, John Mackenzie of Pitlundie, completed the sale to him, which brought the property back to the Gairloch family.||

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* Origines Parochiales Scotiae, p. 406, and Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xxxvi. fol. 6.

† Ing. Retour Reg., vol. i., fol. 22, and Origines Parochiales.

‡ Ing. Retours Reg., vol. viii., fol. 284*b*.

§ Colin of Kinnock, who entered a lawsuit against Alexander Mackenzie of Gairloch, meaning to cut him out of his Low Country estates, and being powerfully supported by Mackenzie of Fairburn and Mr John Mackenzie of Tolly, minister of Dingwall, a pledding clergyman, kept him sixteen sessions at Edinburgh; the last year of which Gairloch and his brother Kenneth seeing Lord Kintail insulted by the Earl of Glencairn, who was supported by most of those on the street, put on their armour and came directly to his assistance, and rescuing him from imminent danger brought him to their lodging. No sooner was the tumult over than they embraced very cordially, and the whole matter in debate was instantly taken away, and Gairloch got a present of 600 merks to finish the Tower of Kinkell, of which his father (John Roy) only built three stories. —*Gairloch MS.*

|| Papers in the Gairloch Charter Chest.

In 1606 John Roy received a charter of resignation in favour of himself in life-rent, and of his son, Alexander in fee, erecting Gairloch into a free barony; and in 1619 he obtained another charter,* under the Great Seal, by which Kinkell is included in the Barony, and constituted its chief messuage. John Roy built the first three stories of the Tower of Kinkell, "where his arms and those of his first wife are parted her pale above the mantelpiece of the great hall."†

The only son of Roderick MacAllan of Gairloch, who survived the massacre by his uncle, Roderick Macleod of the Lews, in the absence of young Macgillechallum Garbh of Raasay, under the care of the Laird of Calder, possessed himself of Raasay and took up his quarters in Castle Brochail, the ancient residence of the Chiefs of the Macleods; and of which the ruins are still to be seen on the east side of the island. Seeing this, Donald Macneill, who previously sent young Macleod of Raasay to be under the protection of Calder, brought back the rightful heir, and kept him, in private, until an opportunity occurred by which he could obtain possession of the castle. This he soon managed by coming to terms with the commander of the stronghold, who preferred the native heir to his relative of the Gairloch Macleods. It was arranged, that when Macneill should arrive at the castle with his charge, access should be given to him. The commander kept his word, and Macgillechallum Garbh was soon after proclaimed Laird of Raasay.

In 1610 the severe skirmish at Lochan-Neigh, in Glen Torridon, was fought between the Mackenzies—led by Alexander, since his brother's death in 1601, the apparent heir of Gairloch—and the Macleods under command of John MacAllan Mhic Rory, only surviving male representative of Allan Macleod of Gairloch, accompanied by his uncle, John Tolmach Macleod. John MacAllan was taken prisoner; many of his followers were killed, seventeen or eighteen taken prisoner, and the few who escaped with John Tolmach were pursued out of the district. In the following year (1611) Murdoch Mackenzie, a younger son of Gairloch, accompanied by Alexander Bayne, apparent heir of Tulloch, and several men from Gairloch, sailed to the Isle of Skye in a vessel loaded with wine and other commodities. It is asserted by some that Murdoch's intention was to apprehend John Tolmach, while others maintain that his object was to secure the daughter of Donald Dubh MacRory, who was a cousin of John MacAllan, at the time a prisoner in Gairloch, and his heir of line, in marriage. The latter is the most probable, and is the unbroken tradition in Gairloch. By such a union, failing issue by John, who was well secured in captivity by John Roy, the ancient rights of the Macleods would become vested in the Gairloch family, and a troublesome dispute would be settled for ever, especially if John Tolmach was secured at the same time. We may easily conceive how both objects would probably become combined; but whatever may have been the real object of the trip to Skye, it in the end proved fatal. The ship found its way—intentionally on the part of the crew, or forced by a severe storm—to a sheltered bay off Kirkton of Raasay, where the young laird, a son of Macgillechallum

* These charters are in the Gairloch Charter Chest.
† Gairloch MS.

Garbh, at the time resided. Here it was deemed advisable to cast anchor; and young Raasay, hearing that Murdoch Mackenzie was on board, consulted a friend, Macgillechallum Mòr MacDhomhnuill Mhic Neill, who persuaded him to visit the ship as a friend, and arrange to secure young Mackenzie by stratagem, with the view to get him afterwards exchanged for their relative, John MacAllan Mhic Rory, still a prisoner in Gairloch. Acting on this advice, young Raasay, Gillecallum Mòr, and twelve of their men, started for the ship, leaving word with his bastard brother to get all the men in Raasay in readiness to go out to their assistance in small boats as soon as the alarm was given. Mackenzie received his visitors in the most hospitable and unsuspecting manner, supplying them with as much wine and other viands as they could consume, and sat down with them himself. Four of his men, however, felt a little suspicious, and fearing the worst consequences, abstained from drinking. Alexander Bayne of Tulloch and the rest of Murdoch's men partook of the good things to excess, and ultimately became so drunk that they all retired to sleep below deck. Mackenzie sat between Raasay and Macgillechallum Mòr, without any concern, when the former, seeing him alone, started up, turned suddenly round upon him, and told him that he must become his prisoner. Murdoch instantly got up in a violent passion, laid hold of Raasay by the middle and threw him down, exclaiming, "I would scorn to be your prisoner." One of Raasay's followers seeing his chief treated thus, drew his dirk and stabbed Mackenzie through the body, who, finding himself wounded, jumped back to draw his sword, and his foot coming against some obstruction, he stumbled and fell overboard. Those on shore having heard the row, came out with their small boats, and seeing Mackenzie, who was a dexterous swimmer, manfully making for Sconsar on the opposite shore of Skye, pelted him with stones, and drowned him. The few of his men who kept themselves sober, seeing him thus perish, resolved to sell their lives dearly, and fighting like heroes, they killed the young Laird of Raasay, Macgillechallum Mòr, author of all the mischief, and his two sons; but young Bayne of Tulloch and the six inebriated companions who followed him under deck hearing the uproar, attempted to come up, and were all killed by the Macleods as soon as they presented themselves through the hold. But not a soul of the Raasay men ultimately escaped alive from the swords of the four heroes who kept themselves free from the influence of the viands, and were ably supported by the crew of the vessel. The small boats now began to congregate around the ship, and the Raasay men attempted to get on board; but they were thrown back and slain, and pitched into the sea without mercy. The shot and ammunition having become exhausted, all the pots and pans, and other articles of furniture which could be made of any service were hurled at the Macleods, while our four abstainers plied their more warlike weapons with deadly effect. Having procured a lull from the attempts of the enemy, they began to pull in anchor, when a shot from one of the boats at a distance killed one of the four heroes, Hector MacKenneth, "a pretty young gentleman." The other three seeing him killed, and all of them being more or less seriously wounded, they cut their anchor cable, hoisted canvas, and sailed away before a fresh breeze, with their horrid cargo of dead bodies lying about the deck. As soon as they got out of

danger, they determined to throw the bodies of Raasay and his men overboard, that they might receive the same treatment as their own master, whose body they were unable to search for. It is reported that none of the bodies were ever found, except that of Macgillechallum Mòr, which came ashore, and was afterwards buried in Raasay. They carried the bodies of Bayne of Tulloch and of his companions to Lochcarron, where they were properly buried. The three survivors were John MacEachainn Chaoil, John MacKenneth Mhic Eachainn, and Kenneth MacSheumais. The first named lived for thirty years after, dying in 1641; the second died in 1662; and the third in 1663—all very old men. Amongst the slain was a son of Mackenzie of Badachro, a cadet of the House of Gairloch, who is said to have signally distinguished himself.* This sanguine skirmish seems to have been the last which took place between the Mackenzies of Gairloch and the Macleods, and the former appear to have held undisputed possession of the whole of Gairloch from that day to this. Their conduct has, however, for years been such that they deemed it prudent to obtain a remission from the Crown for their lawless conduct, which was duly granted, in 1614, by James VI.†

John Roy purchased or rented the tithes of his lands, which appear to have led him into no end of disputes. A certain Mr Alexander Mackenzie was appointed minister at Gairloch—the first after the Reformation; and in 1583 he had to get a decree from the Lords of the Privy Council and Session ordaining the teind revenue to be paid to him. At the Reformation Sir John Broik appears to have been rector of the Parish; after which it was vacant until, in 1583, King James VI. presented this Alexander Mackenzie to "the parsonage and vicarage of Garloch vacand in our Souerane Lordis handis contenuallie sen the reformatioun of the religioun within this realme by the decease of Sir John Broik."‡ In 1584 Mr Alexander Mackenzie let the teinds to John Roy for three lives and nineteen years more, for an annual payment of £12 Scots. In 1588 the Crown granted a similar tack for a like payment. In 1612 Mr Farquhar MacGillechriost raised an action against John Roy and his son Alexander for payment of teind. A certain Robert Boyd became cautioner for the Teind of 1610; but the action went on for several years, and was apparently won by Mr Farquhar Macgillechriost, who, in 1616, let the teind of Gairloch, for nineteen years, to Alexander Mackenzie, Fiar of Gairloch, for £80 Scots yearly. Alexander then surrendered to Colin, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, the tithes of the lands of Letterewe, Inverewe, Drumchore, and others, who, on his part, as patron of the parish, bound himself not to sanction the set of the tithes to any other than the said Alexander and his heirs.§

John Roy Mackenzie married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Glengarry, by his wife, Mary, daughter of Kenneth Mac-

* Allangrange, Ardintoul, and Letterfearn MSS., and Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland. For traditional Gaelic account, taken down from the recitation of Kenneth Fraser in Gairloch, see *Celtic Magazine*, vol. iii., pp. 192-4.

† For this document see Foot-note, pp. 321 2—"History and Genealogies of the Mackenzies," to be issued in a handsome volume this month (July), by A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers of this Magazine.

‡ Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xlix., fol. 62.

§ Papers in the Gairloch Charter Chest.

kenzie (na Cuirc), X. of Kintail, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John, Earl of Athol, and by her had issue—

1. *John*, who married, as already seen, Isabel, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, II. of Fairburn, by whom he had an only daughter, also named Isabel, who married Colin Mackenzie of Kinnock. John died before his father in 1601.

2. *Alexander*, his successor.

3. *Murdoch*, killed unmarried, at Raasay, in 1611.

4. *Kenneth*, I. of Davochcairn, who married, first, Margaret, daughter of James Cuthbert of Alterlies and Drakies, Inverness, with issue—present representation unknown; and secondly, a daughter of Hector Mackenzie, IV. of Fairburn, also with issue—present representation unknown. He died at Davochcairn in 1643, and was buried at Beauly.

5. *Duncan* of Sand, who married a daughter of Hugh Fraser of Belladrum, by whom he had issue, two sons and three daughters. He died at Sand of Gairloch from the bite of a cat at Inverasdle, in 1635, and is buried at Gairloch. The sons were Alexander, who succeeded him at Sand, and John, who married a daughter of Mr George Munro, minister of Urquhart, and resided at Ardnagrask. Katharine, the eldest daughter, married, first, a son of Allan MacRanald Macdonald, heir male of Moydart, then residing at Baile Chnuic, or Hiltown of Beauly, and secondly, William Fraser of Boblanie, with issue, seven daughters, all married; one to Ross of Bindale; another of Sand's daughters married Thomas Mackenzie, brother of Alexander Mackenzie, V. of Achilty; and the third married Duncan MacIan vic Eachainn Chaoil.

Alexander, who succeeded his father at Sand (retour 1647), married a daughter of Murdo Mackenzie of Kernsary—situated at the northern extremity of Loch Maree—fifth son of Colin Cam, XI. of Kintail, by his wife, Barbara, daughter of John Grant, XII. of Grant. Murdoch married a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, II. of Fairburn, by whom he had, in addition to the daughter who became the wife of Alexander Mackenzie of Sand, an only lawful son, John, killed in 1645 at the Battle of Auldearn, in command of the Lews Mackenzie Regiment, whereupon the lineal and sole representation of the Kernsary family reverted to the descendants of Alexander Mackenzie of Sand, through Mary, his wife. By her Sand had two sons and two daughters. He was succeeded, in 1656, by the eldest son, Hector, who also appears to have succeeded his uncle John in Ardnagrask. He married Janet Fraser, with issue—John, who died at Ardnagrask in 1759, and left a son, Alexander, who got a new tack of Ardnagrask for forty years, commencing in May 1760;* and who married Helen Mackenzie, daughter of Donald, great-grandson of Murdo Mackenzie, V. of Hilton (by his wife, Jean Forbes of Raddery), by whom he had a large family of five sons and six daughters. The eldest son, John, a merchant in, and Bailie of, Inverness, was born at Ardnagrask in 1762. He married Prudence, daughter of Richard Ord, Merkinch, Inverness, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John, third son of Alexander. VII. of Davochmaluag,† by whom he had five sons and two daughters. Three of

* Gairloch Papers.

† See Davochmaluag genealogy in "History and Genealogies of the Mackenzies" by the present writer.

the sons died without issue, one of whom was John, a merchant in Madras. Alexander married Maria Lascelles of Blackwood, Dumfries, with issue—John Fraser, who married Julia Linton, with issue; Alexander, who married Adelaide Brett, Madras, with issue; and four daughters, Margaret, Jane, Frances, and Maria, two of whom married, with issue.

Bailie John's second surviving son, the Rev. William Mackenzie, married Elizabeth Maclaren, by whom he had issue—John Ord, married, without issue; James, married, with issue; Richard, married Louisa Lyall, with issue; Henry, of the Oriental Bank Corporation; Gordon, of the Indian Civil Service; and Alfred, of Townsville, Queensland; also, Louisa, Isabella, Maria, and Williamina, all of whom married, the first three with issue.

The Bailie's daughters were Elizabeth, who married Montgomery Young, with issue; and Jane, who married Provost Ferguson, of Inverness, with issue—John Alexander, married, with issue; Mary, married Walter Carruthers of the *Inverness Courier*, with issue; and Agnes Prudence, married the Rev. G. T. Carruthers, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in India.

6. *William* Mackenzie of Shieldag, who married a daughter of the Rev. Mr Murdo Mackenzie, minister of Kintail, with issue, seven sons and seven daughters, and a natural son, John Mòr, who married a natural daughter of Murdo Mackenzie of Redcastle.

7. A daughter, married Fraser of Foyers.

8. *Katrine*, married Fraser of Culbokie.

9. Another *Katrine*, married Fraser of Struy.

10. *Janet*, married, first, George Cuthbert of Castlehill, Inverness (marriage contract 29th June 1611); and secondly, Neil Munro of Findon.*

11. A daughter married Alastair Mòr, brother of Chisholm of Comar.

John Roy married, secondly, Isabel, daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie, I. of Fairburn, and by her had issue—

12. *Captain Roderick* of Pitglassie, who served in the army of the Prince of Orange, and died unmarried in Holland, in 1624.

13. *Hector* of Mellan, who married the widow of the Rev. John Mackenzie of Lochbroom; and secondly, a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, IV. of Achilty, by whom he had issue, five sons.

14. *John*, a clergyman, who married a natural daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, I. of Kilcoy, with issue, four sons and two daughters. He died at Rhynduin in 1666.

15. *Katrine Og*, married Fraser of Belladrum.

16. *Isabel*, married, first, Alastair Og Macdonald† of Shirness, or Cuidreach, brother-german to Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, and ancestor of the Macdonalds of Cuidreach and Kingsburgh, in the Isle of Skye. She married, secondly, Hugh Macdonald of Skirinish.

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* Marriage contract in Gairloch Charter Chest, dated 5th February 1627.

† The marriage contract is in the Gairloch Charter Chest, dated 23rd Jan. 1629. This gentleman, in the month of November 1625, killed a man in Uist named Alexander Mac Ian Mhic Alastair, for which he received a remission from Charles I., dated at Holyrood, the first of August 1627, and which Macdonald appears to have deposited in the Gairloch Charter Chest on his marriage with Isabel of Gairloch.

John Roy had also a natural son, Kenneth Buy, by a woman of the name of Fraser, who married a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, IV. of Achilty; and two natural daughters, one of whom married Donald Bain, Seaforth's Chamberlain in the Lews, killed in the battle of Auldearn in 1645; and the other, Margaret, married Alexander, "second lawful son" of John Mackenzie, IV. of Hilton.

He died at Tarradale in 1628, in the 80th year of his age; was buried in the churchyard of Gairloch, and succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

V. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, who was advanced in years at his father's death. He appears to have been most active in the duties pertaining to the head of his House during the life of his father, and led his followers against the Macleods in their repeated incursions to re-possess themselves of Gairloch. "He was a valiant worthy gentleman. It was he who made an end of all the troubles his predecessors were in in the conquering of Gairloch from the Shiel Vic Gilie Challum."* Very little is known regarding him, his career being so much mixed up with that of his father. Under the charter of 1619 he was infeft in the barony as Fiar, and he immediately succeeded on his father's decease. In 1627, while still Fiar of Gairloch, he obtained from his son-in-law, John Mackenzie of Applecross (afterwards of Lochslinn), who married his daughter Isobel, a disclamation of part of the lands of Diobaig, previously in dispute between the Lairds of Gairloch and Applecross.† In 1637 Alexander proceeded to acquire part of Logie Wester from Duncan Bayne, but the matter was not arranged until 1640, in the reign of his successor.

Alexander married, first, Margaret, daughter of Roderick Mòr Mackenzie, I. of Redcastle, by his wife, Finguala, or Florence, daughter of Munro of Fowlis, with issue—

1. *Kenneth*, his heir.
2. *Murdo*, "predecessor to Sand and Mungastle,"‡ who married a

* Applecross MS.

† In the Gairloch Charter Chest there is a feu charter of endowment by John Mackenzie of Applecross, in implement of the contract of marriage with his betrothed spouse, Isobel, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, younger of Gairloch dated 6th of June 1622. After John of Lochslinn's death, she married, secondly, Colin Mackenzie of Tarvie; and there is also a sasine in favour of Margaret, second lawful daughter of this Colin of Tarvie, by Isobel of Gairloch, and spouse of Matthew Robertson of Davochcarty, in implement of a marriage contract. A little piece of scandal seems, from an extract of the Presbytery Records of Dingwall, of date 3d of March 1666, to have arisen about this pair—Matthew Robertson and Margaret Mackenzie. "Rorie McKenzie of Dochmaluak, compearing desyred ane answer to his former supplication requiring that Matthew Robertson of Dochgarty should be ordained to make satisfaction for slandering the said Rorie with alledged miscarriage with Matthew Robertson's wife. The brethren considering that by the witness led in the said matter there was nothing but suspicion and jealousies, and said Matthew Robertson being called and inquired concerning the said particular, did openly profess that he was in no wayes jealous of the said Rorie Mackenzie and his wife, and if any word did escape him upon which others might put such a construction, he was heartily sorry for it, and was content to acknowledge so much to Rorie Mackenzie of Dochmaluak, and crave pardon for the same, which the Brethren taking into their consideration, and the Bishop referring it to them (as the Moderator reported), they have, according to the Bishop's appointment, ordered the said Matthew Robertson to acknowledge so much before the Presbytery to the party, and to crave his pardon in anything he has given him offence. The which being done by the said Matthew Robertson, Rory Mackenzie of Dochmaluak did acquiesce in it without any furder prosecution of it."

‡ There is great confusion about the families of the various Sands which we have not been able to clear up. The following is from public records:—"In 1718 on the for-

daughter of John Mackenzie, III. of Fairburn, with issue—a daughter, Margaret, who married Colin Mackenzie, I. of Sanachan, brother to John Mackenzie, II. of Applecross.

3. *Hector*, "portioner of Mellan," who married a daughter of Donald MacIver, and "of whom a small tribe in Gairloch."

4. *Alexander*, a cornet in Sir George Munro's Regiment; "an officer under Cromwell, whom he afterwards left, and was wounded on the King's side at the battle of Worcester, leaving a succession in Gairloch by his wife, Janet, daughter of Mackenzie of Ord." He lost an eye at Worcester, and was consequently ever after known as "Alastair Càm," or One-eyed Alexander. That he was not killed at Worcester, as stated in one of the Gairloch MSS., is conclusively proved by the marriage contract, in the Ord charter chest, which shows that he married Janet, daughter of John Mackenzie, I. of Ord, in 1652, a year *after* the battle of Worcester, fought in 1651. The marriage contract is dated "Chanonrie 21 July and 6th August 1652." His descendants are still well known in Gairloch as "Sliochd Alastair Chàim," or the descendants of Alexander the One-eyed, one of them being the late John Mackenzie, of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," who was fifth in legitimate male descent; as also the Author of this History, who is, both on the male and female side, sixth in succession. Alexander Càm's immediate successors settled in North Erradale, Gairloch, the half of which they held down to the beginning of the present century. He died in Gairloch, and was buried with his descendants in the Eastern Chapel, in the churchyard there.

5. *Isobel*, married John Mackenzie of Applecross (afterwards of Lochslinn), brother-german to Colin, first Earl of Seaforth, poisoned at Tain. By him she had issue, a daughter, who married Sir Norman Macleod, father of John Macleod of Muiravenside and Bernera, advocate. Isobel married, secondly, Colin Mackenzie of Tarvie, third son of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, Tutor of Kintail, with issue. She married, thirdly, Murdoch Mackenzie, V. of Achilty, without issue.

6. *Margaret*, married Alexander Ross of Cuilich, from whom came the family of Achnacloich.

7. Another married Robert Gray of Skibo, with issue.

Alexander of Gairloch married, secondly, Isabel, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, progenitor of the families of Coul and Applecross, with issue—

8. *William* of Multafy and I. of Belmaduthy.

9. *Roderick*, married Agnes, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, I. of Suddie, with issue.

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feiture of the Fairburn estate, *Alexander* Mackenzie of Sand appeared and deponed that *Murdoch* Mackenzie of Sand, his father, had a wadset of Mungastle and certain other lands from Fairburn. In May 1730 *Alexander* Mackenzie of Sand purchased Mungastle for 3000 merks from Dundonell, who had meantime become proprietor of it. In January 1744 *Alexander* Mackenzie of Sand, son of the preceding Alexander, was infeft in Mungastle in place of his father. In 1741 the above Alexander (the younger) being then a minor, and John Mackenzie of Lochend being his curator, got a wadset of Glenarigolach and Ridorch, and in 1745 Alexander being then of full age, apparently purchased these lands irredeemably. In March 1765 Alexander Mackenzie of Sand, with consent of Janet Mackenzie his wife, sold Mungastle, Glenarigolach, &c. One of the witnesses to this deed of disposition is Alexander Mackenzie, eldest son to Alexander Mackenzie, the granter of the deed."

10. *Angus*,* married the eldest daughter of Hector Mackenzie, IV. of Fairburn, without issue.

11. *Annabella*, married Donald Mackenzie, III. of Logie, with issue.

12. *Janet* (? Isabella), married Alexander Mackenzie of Pitglassie, progenitor of the Mackenzies of Ardross.

Alexander had also a natural daughter, who married George, fourth son of John Mackenzie, I. of Ord.

He died, as appears from an entry in an old inventory of his successor's retour of service, on the 4th of January 1638,* in the 61st year of his age, at Island Suthain, in Loch Maree, where traces of his house are still to be seen. He was buried with his wife "in a chapel he caused built near the Church of Gairloch," during his father's lifetime and was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

RONALD MACGREGOR.

Hast thou forsaken me, Ronald Macgregor?
Hast thou forgotten thy Mary for aye?
If thou hast pity, my Ronald Macgregor,
Give back the heart thou hast taken away:—
Little I thought when we wandered together,
Blest with the sunshine of love's joyous years,
That thou would'st leave me in anguish to wither
'Neath the cold blight of love's sorrows and tears:—
Leave me not, Ronald Macgregor! Macgregor!
My poor heart is breaking, oh! hear its last prayer;
Come again, Ronald Macgregor! Macgregor,
Leave not thy Mary to die in despair.

Lone is my shieling, my Ronald Macgregor,
Sadness is dwelling where joy had its home;
Dark is the glen now, my Ronald Macgregor,
All that was lovely has weary become:—
Where are the vows that I fondly did cherish?
Still on each breeze is thy love-promise borne;
Are the bright dreams that once filled me to perish,
Never to cheer me as sadly I mourn?—
Leave me not, Ronald Macgregor! Macgregor! &c.

Deep runs the river, my Ronald Macgregor,
O! there is pity for me in its song;
Tho' thou art happy, my Ronald Macgregor,
Ever 'twill whisper to thee of my wrong:—
Ever 'twill tell thee my peace thou hast taken,
Soon it will give me the love that I crave,
Death is the joy of thy Mary forsaken—
Ronald! I'll love thee tho' cold in the grave:—
Fare thee well, Ronald Macgregor! Macgregor! &c.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

* This Angus "was a brave soldier, and commanded a considerable body of Highlanders under King Charles the Second at the Torwood. He, with Scrymgeour of Dudhope and other loyalists, marched at a great rate to assist the Macleans who were cut to pieces by Cromwell's dragoons at Inverkeithing, but to their great grief were recalled by the Earl of Argyll, general of the army.—*Gairloch MS.*

* In this service we find "Kirktoun with the manor and gardens of the same," and, after a long list of the townships, the fishings of half the water of Ewe, and the rivers Kerry and Badachro, we have "the loch of Lochmaroy, with the islands of the same. *and the manor place and gardens in the Island of Ilinrory*, the loch of Garloch, with the fishings of the same," from which it appears that the residence on Island Rory Beg, the walls of which and of the large garden are yet distinctly traceable, was at least as early as that on Island Suthain in which Alexander died.

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.

VII. AND LAST.

THROUGH the good offices of a friend, whose similar kindness on former occasions has already been acknowledged in these papers, there lies now before us a thin octavo volume of 102 pages, entitled "Letters and other Documents, on the subject of a New Translation of the Sacred Scriptures into Gaelic; with notes: by the Rev. Dr Thomas Ross, minister of Lochbroom. Edinburgh: printed by John Moir, Royal Bank Close, 1821."

This volume contains (1) a short "Report of the Proceedings of the General Assembly, extracted from the *Inverness Journal* of 2d June 1820," (2) nine hotly controversial letters thereanent, written chiefly by Dr Ross of Lochbroom on the one hand, and Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld on the other, (3) certain relative minutes of the Presbytery of Lochcarron and the Synod of Glenelg, and (4) private letters to Dr Ross from Dr Irvine and Dr John Stuart of Luss, published apparently without their consent.

The occasion of this formidable controversy was an overture transmitted to the General Assembly by the Synod of Ross. The overture is of some historic interest, and, in these pages, passing reference has already been made to it, in connection with a philological question which promises to yield important scientific results: the influence, to wit, of Kirke's Irish Bible on the living Gaelic of the day in the Scottish Highlands. We therefore make no apology for quoting the overture at length. It is as follows:—"The Synod of Ross having observed with much satisfaction the anxious desire entertained by all descriptions of people within their bounds for the knowledge of the Word of God in their native language, and the hourly increasing capacity which they are acquiring for the perusal of the Scriptures with understanding and delight; considering also the generous and benevolent exertions made by all descriptions of Christians throughout the British Empire for the extension of the Gospel; considering also that many of the people in their bounds are removed at a great distance from places of public worship, and bereaved of every earthly means of enjoying the light and knowledge of the Word of God in their own language; viewing also with great alarm the exertions made by the enemies of religion for the extension of infidelity, error, blasphemy, and irreligion, towards overturning the great foundation of the faith and hope of Christians, cannot now but lament that any means by which a knowledge of the Word of God could be extensively and usefully promulgated have been opposed by any of the friends of Christianity or of social order in this country; considering also that from a variety of circumstances, as extraordinary as they are unaccountable, various obstacles have been thrown in the way, to retard the publication of a translation of the Scriptures, by the Rev. Dr Thomas Ross, minister in Lochbroom, a man eminently qualified for translating the Bible into that dialect of the Gaelic language best understood in this district of the Church;—feel themselves called upon, by every legal and constitutional means in their power, to forward and promote the publication of a work so much wanted, so loudly

called for, and so anxiously expected by every considerate and impartial friend of the Gospel. Having also good reason to believe that the wants of the Christian public can be supplied by this translation, within a much shorter time than by any other, the Synod therefore humbly overture the Very Reverend the General Assembly, praying that they may be pleased to express their approbation of Dr Ross' labours in this great undertaking, and give permission to all Ministers, Teachers, and private Christians connected with the Church of Scotland, to use this translation of the Bible, in those districts of the country where it shall be best understood, or otherwise preferred; provided always that the author shall be considered bound to submit his translation to the examination of persons properly qualified to judge of its correctness; and that these persons do report to the General Assembly, declaring that the work is executed in such a manner as shall render it deserving of the countenance and patronage of this Church."

Summarily stated, the object of this overture was to induce the Assembly, (1) in the interest of free-trade in Gaelic Bibles, to repeal an interim Act obtained by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, prohibiting the use of any Gaelic version of the Bible other than the Society's in any Church, Chapel, or School within the Church of Scotland, and (2) to procure the countenance and patronage of the Church, through the General Assembly, for a new Gaelic Bible which Dr Ross of Lochbroom was understood to have ready for the press.

In support of the overture, "a clergyman of Ross-shire" (p. 3), described in the minutes of the Society as Mr Donald Mackenzie, stated "that a great part of the people of Ross-shire could not understand Dr Stuart's translation"—"that almost every district in the Highlands had a separate dialect, and that were he, who had the Ross-shire dialect, to preach in Perthshire or Argyleshire, he would be unintelligible." He stated farther that Dr Ross had long been engaged on a translation of the Scriptures, adapted to the dialect of Ross-shire, and, though this new translation was still unpublished, "he read various recommendations of it from synods, presbyteries, and individual clergymen."

Dr Irvine thought that "a more unnecessary and improper overture was never laid on the table of the Assembly." Were this overture listened to, the consequence would be that as in the county of Ross various dialects prevailed, and as Dr Ross' translation could not be adapted to all of them, yet another translation would be demanded, and "the same complaint would never cease." He denied that the Highlanders of Perthshire could not understand the Ross-shire dialect. Besides, if every one who thought fit were allowed to make translations of the Scriptures "there would be great danger of misleading and bewildering the people." There were many preachers in Ross-shire who "could neither write nor read Gaelic."

Dr Macfarlane of Drymen moved that the overture be dismissed. The assertion that the Society's translation was unintelligible to a part of the county of Ross he met, by pointing to the fact that in the Gaelic chapels in their great cities, people from every quarter of the Highlands worshipped together without complaint of their not understanding the service. But even if the people of Ross really had a difficulty in understanding the Society's translation, was it possible to allow a new version for

every separate district? And would they allow the Bible to be translated into every "jargon and provincial dialect" of the Lowlands?

Dr Cook seconded, observing that, as was well known to all acquainted with ecclesiastical history, there never was a more successful mode of propagating heresy than by "venting translations of the Scriptures."

The overture was accordingly dismissed.

Into the newspaper controversy which ensued, and which is embalmed in the book before us, we shall not enter. An exhibition of its plentiful flowers of rhetoric and piquant personalities might amuse a leisure hour, but would certainly not be for edification. That, however, to many in the North the Society's Gaelic Bible was in part unintelligible, and in large measure unpalatable, is a fact which cannot be denied. It must not, indeed, be overlooked that the minutes quoted by Dr Ross in the book before us appear, as of set purpose, to carefully avoid the expression of an opinion on this question. The truth is that the cautious terms in which these minutes are expressed form a significant contrast to the strong and sweeping assertions of Mr Donald Mackenzie in the Assembly. The Presbytery of Lochcarron, while abundantly complimentary to Dr Ross and his contemplated translation, urge no stronger objection to the Society's Bible than its "very small type, equally unfit for being read by the aged, and used in families, as it is for the use of the clergy in the pulpit." And the Synod of Glenelg, while vaguely pointing to "some imperfections in point of translation," rest their opinion of its being "by no means adapted to general use," on "the smallness of the type and the coarseness of the paper."

But we can, ourselves, recall many occasions on which truly pious people could not conceal their dislike for it. The dislike of it expressed to Dr Johnson, by the minister of Coll, already referred to, is also a case in point. And the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine* has recently informed us that his distinguished relative, John Mackenzie of Gairloch, even on his death-bed, could not repress a similar feeling. As the lamented author of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" lay helpless on the weary bed from which ere long he was carried to the grave, his devoted sister often read to him from her Gaelic Bible, but ever and anon she came to phrases and turns of expression which grated on his too sensitive ear, when he would interrupt her with the request—"not that one"—and pointing to Kirke's Bible—"read from my own one." It was with no ordinary feelings that during a recent visit to the North we gazed on this precious relic of one whose memory is dear to every true-hearted Highlander—the bright, red-edged, beautiful, little London Edition of Kirke's Bible, in whose dainty pages the bruised spirit of the dying poet found full oft, what ott it sorely needed, the true heart's-ease and the sweet balm of Gilead. It has the following inscription:—"John Mackenzie, Edinburgh, March, 1848"—in the handwriting of the famous compiler of the "Beauties,"—the year in which he died, and in which the Bible has all the appearance of having been newly bound. Long may the beautiful volume remain, as it now is, the treasure prized above all others in our editor's sanctum!

But beyond recording such facts as may afterwards avail for its deliberate treatment, the inquiry as to the influence on our living Scotch Gaelic of the Irish Gaelic of Kirke cannot here be farther discussed. We must proceed with the history of our Gaelic Bible, and, if possible, close it within the limits of this paper.

Dr Ross' new translation—which, it is but fair to add, he himself believed to be "not merely adapted for every district of Ross-shire, but also intelligible wherever the Gaelic language is known"—being thus safely shunted by the General Assembly, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge pressed forward with new vigour the publication of what was to be their *magnum opus.*

The first volume of this work—a handsome quarto edition of the 1807 version to the end of the Pentateuch, carefully revised by Dr Stuart of Luss and Dr Stewart of Dingwall, was printed, and presented to the same Assembly which so unceremoniously snuffed out the aspirations of Dr Ross. On the very same day on which the Overture of the Synod of Ross was dismissed—27th May 1820—a Committee of the Assembly reported that this first volume of the new quarto Bible had been stereotyped, that by competent judges it was considered to be "nearly unrivalled in its close adherence to the original, and in the felicity with which the spirit of the original had been transferred into the native language of the Highlands." This committee also congratulates the Church on the promotion of Dr Alexander Stewart from Dingwall to the Canongate, "as a circumstance peculiarly favourable for expediting the completion of the work," and it notices with exultation "a grant of £1000 to Dr John Stuart by the Lords of his Majesty's Treasury in acknowledgment of his valued services." This chorus of triumphant congratulation was fitly closed with three several votes of thanks, unanimously accorded by the Assembly, and with all due ceremony conveyed by the Moderator from the chair, (1) to Dr John Stuart "for his continued attention and accuracy in this pious undertaking," (2) to Dr Alexander Stewart for "the valuable aid" he had given in the work, and (3) to the Society and its Secretary, Dr Campbell. Thus signally did Dr Stuart and the Society triumph over Dr Ross and his friends, who all too rashly had ventured to assail them in the Assembly, by that awful weapon of ecclesiastical warfare borrowed by the Scotch Church from its French allies under the name of an Overture. Nor did Dr Ross' heavy broadsides in the *Inverness Journal* in one whit abate from the exultant vigour with which his enemies in the South and West shouted their *Io Triumphe* over his discomfiture. We forbear to give illustrations. We give rather an extract from the Society's Sermon for 1821, which, while it will gratify all who like ourselves sat under the preacher's academic prelections at Aberdeen, will specially interest the transatlantic readers of the *Celtic Magazine.* The preacher was the Rev. Daniel Dewar, LL.D., afterwards Principal of Marischal College in Aberdeen, and his eloquent words are well worthy of being quoted and kept in remembrance :—

"It is in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, which form the nursery of emigration to a new world, and from which thousands have so long removed annually to this New World, that those in the service of this society, whether missionaries or schoolmasters, are labouring to promote Christian knowledge. The prospect of usefulness thus opened up is unbounded. The schools of your Society have trained up, and are still continuing to train up those that are to people other and distant lands, and to bear along with them the principles in their hearts, and the Bibles in their hands which you have conveyed to them, and by which they are to

be the means of conveying the knowledge of salvation to millions yet unborn. In one respect we cannot behold, without regret and sorrow, the warm-hearted Highlanders leaving for ever the dwelling-places of their fathers, and the rocks and streams and mountains which met their earliest view, and taking the last look of the friends of their youth, and of the scenes endeared to them by all they love, which they cannot forget, and withdraw slowly and with faltering steps to the ship that waits to carry them across that mighty deep over which they are never again to return; the wind passeth over them, and they are gone, and the place of their habitation shall know them no more. But when I remember that the greater part of those who are thus borne away have received Christian instruction and Christian feeling through the means of this venerable Society—that every one of them bears along with him, as his treasure, a copy of that blessed book which has been translated and circulated at its expense, I begin to regard them as so many Christian Missionaries carrying the light of the glorious gospel to the Western World, to diffuse it over its remote and newly-peopled regions, and to confer on their future and numerous inhabitants the privilege of hearing in their own tongue, the wonderful Works of God."

But the exultation of Dr Stuart's party in the Assembly on 27th May 1820 was sadly and solemnly changed on 27th May 1821. The promotion of Dr Alexander Stewart from the hyperborean shadows of Ben-Wyvis to the classic slopes of Arthur Seat had indeed fulfilled the prediction of his friends in the visible acceleration of his joint work with the learned minister of Luss. The second portion of that work was in type, and had been distributed for revisal among the friends of the translators. Everything looked as if prospering gales and a speedy entrance with flying colours into the desired haven were to be the lot of the literary venture which Dr Ross had described as "that monopoly of translating the Sacred Scriptures into Gaelic recently made by a certain description of consecrated translators" (p. 7). But on the 24th May, Dr John Stuart was suddenly cut down by the hand of death; and three days later, Dr Alexander Stewart entered after him the shadows of that mysterious land, where now both they and their doughty antagonist are at peace, and at last see eye to eye.

The death of two such men, happening as it did, fell on the Church with a shock of surprise and grief. To the Society, coming as it did in the crisis of their great work, it was a terrible disappointment and an irretrievable loss. "They were assured that it would be extremely difficult to find in one man that extensive acquaintance, both with Oriental and Gaelic literature which were necessary" for taking up the broken threads of the work. They felt that it would be highly inexpedient to commit the revisal of the text of 1807 to "hands less judicious" than those by whom the work had hitherto been conducted. The Society therefore resolved to complete the work by simply reprinting what remained undone of it from the 1807 Edition, no change being allowed but such only as was necessary to bring the spelling into harmony with that which in the new work had been systematically observed. By the General Assembly this arrangement was materially altered. The revised Pentateuch, published in 1820, was put aside, and the Old Testament of 1807, with the

second Luss Edition of the New Testament, was ordered to be reprinted verbatim, under the supervision of the following committee:—Dr Thomas Fleming, Dr Robert Anderson, Mr Norman Macleod, Dr Grahame, Dr Irvine, and Duncan Macneil, Esq. (Lord Colonsay?). To these the Society added the name of Principal Dewar, and they continued as corrector of the press Mr John Macdonald (afterwards the Rev. Dr Macdonald of Comrie): "the young gentleman who performed the same service under the eye of the late Dr John Stuart, and performed it to his entire satisfaction." The Society's Report for 1823 states that "the Committee met with unexpected difficulties respecting the mode in which the work should be carried on, unavoidably delaying its commencement. But the printing is now commenced, and is proceeding with all practicable speed under the care of Mr John Macdonald." Whatever may have been the difficulties encountered by the committee in regard to "the mode of carrying on the work," it is no secret that Mr Macdonald, with the sanction of the Committee, exercised a wise discretion in dealing with the strict injunctions of the Assembly. These were that he should produce an *exact reprint*, in quarto size, of the version of 1807. But on that version material changes were made—*e.g.*, Neh. v. 18; Obad. 18; Heb. xii. 1. That when such changes were made they were made but sparingly, and that they were all changes for the better, are facts which reflect much credit on the young scholar to whose watchful care, sound judgment, and perfect knowledge of pure idiomatic Gaelic, we owe that splendid work, the quarto Gaelic Bible of 1826. Though now out of print, it is still not exactly a rare book. Most of our readers must have access to it. There is, therefore, no call to describe it at any length. A marked feature of this edition is the use of special forms of the liquid l, n, r; the liquid l being crossed by a thin horizontal bar, and the n and r surmounted with a dot. On the direct authority of Dr Macdonald we are able to say that the expense to the Society of providing these three specially marked letters for the work amounted to not less than forty pounds sterling

The next notable Edition of the Gaelic Bible was that published by the Scottish Bible Society in 1860, under the care of Drs Clerk and Maclachlan. Of the hot dead-sea swell of incrimination and recrimination, surging for years in sulphurous waves about this edition in a joint-committee of the National and Free Churches, until at last the committee, simmering so long in its own fat, was happily stifled in the resulting fumes, we have only too vivid, and, truth to speak, too unpleasant a recollection. We touch it tenderly, but not "as if we loved it." Three thousand copies of it were printed, but except among the Highlanders of Canada and the outlying Hebrides, a copy of it is now but rarely met with. The great grammatical improvement which it professes to have introduced is the change of *do* into *de* in such sentences as this: "Smuainicheadh a leithid sin *de* dhuine so, mar a tha sinne ann an focal tre litrichibh," &c.—2 Cor. x. 11. It also makes much store of a distinction insisted upon between a nominative plural, written as "nithean," and the dative plural as "nithibh": *e.g.*—"Ni h-eadh ach anns na *nithibh* sin uile."—Rom. viii. 37, and "no nithean a tha lathair no nithean a tha ri teachd," 37. It also ventures upon some small attempts at emendation on

the sense, as set forth in former editions. Thus it reads "An toiseach chruthaich Dia" for "San toiseach chruthaich Dia."—Gen. i. 1; and "Agus cha robh *aon de* phreasaibh na macharach fathasd anns an talamh, agus cha d' fhas fathasd *aon de* lusaibh na machar"; for "Agus cha robh *uile* phreasan na macharach fathast anns an talamh, agus cha d' fhas fathast *uile* lusan na macharach."—Gen. ii. 5. The work abounds with typographical errors, of which the awkward misprint of "mor-fhear" for "mortair" in Job xxiv. 14, where the panel is raised to the bench and the judge swept summarily into the dock, is destined to give this edition a name among collectors not a whit less characteristic than the well-known name of the "Breeches Bible!" It is right to add that these misprints were carefully corrected in the Scottish Bible Society's Edition of 1868.

In an early paper of this series it was stated that the versions of 1860 and 1868 rest only on the authority of the editors. To this statement grave exception has been taken in certain quarters, and some readers of the *Celtic Magazine* have been at pains to bring under our notice the fact that the work bears prominently on its title-page the words "air an cur a mach le h-ughdarras ard-sheanaidh Eglais na h-Alba," *i.e.*, "issued with the authority of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland." We were all along quite aware that the book is so inscribed. Nay, the very anomalous fact that it is so inscribed was made the ground of grave complaint, and that publicly on the floor of the General Assembly, not less than nineteen years ago, by the late learned and amiable Dr Colin Smith of Inveraray. But none the less is the fact as we stated it. Neither from the Established Church nor from the Free Church has this version of the Gaelic Bible the least vestige of sanction.

To many readers it will be satisfactory to learn that the Scottish Bible Society has at present in the press a reprint of the 1826 Bible, in which it is proposed to change nothing but the exceedingly few misprints which escaped the careful eye of Dr Macdonald.

And now, in closing this series of papers, we must apologise to the reader for the great length to which they have extended. In treating the subject from month to month it has grown upon our hands far beyond the limits at first contemplated. In dealing with it we felt from the first that it was a ticklish subject to discuss in a periodical addressing itself to all classes of Highlanders. To the utmost of our ability we have studied, while dealing honestly with facts, to offend the sensibilities of no class of our countrymen. Our main object has been to strengthen the hands of the *Celtic Magazine*, and help in our humble way to make it even more worthy of public support. We hope that many able Highlanders all over the world who can wield a pen will follow our example. At home and in the colonies there are many cultured Highlanders, wielding in other pages the pen of a ready writer, who could do more for our own Magazine than hitherto they have done.

Ere saying adieu for the present, we would like to pay our debt of warm affection to one, a wise and loving friend, whose name occurs more than once in this paper. Dr John Macdonald of Comrie, last survivor of the noble band of learned and pious men who gave us our Gaelic Bible, now rests from his labours. Let the noble quarto of 1826 be his monument. It will outlive even the fair marble slab raised in his memory by

weeping friends and flock. Thus fitly sings, and sweetly, one who knew and loved him well: Mr Andrew Young, of Edinburgh, the author of the beautiful and well-known hymn, "There is a happy land":—

Weep, Comrie, weep, and shed the bitter tear,
  The gloom of sorrow hangs around thee now;
Thy faithful Pastor is no longer here,
  And sad, indeed, and desolate art thou.

Long in thy hallowed Fane has he proclaimed
  The holy truths, he ever loved to tell;
A Workman needing not to be ashamed
  Of the dear Master, whom he served so well.

A man of virtue, piety, and love—
  His daily converse was of sacred things:—
His lofty theme, the higher life above,
  And all the blessings that Salvation brings.

A faithful friend was he to all around,
  To rich and poor, to young and old—the same;—
In him the sorrowful a solace found,
  And words of wisdom to the crring came.

How oft was seen, upon that comely face,
  The smile of true benignity, that shed
On all his life, the dignity of grace,
  And hung, a halo, round his honoured head.

And for that land, where sorrow is unknown,
  How oft has he divine direction given;
And many ransomed, now around the throne,
  Were led, by him, to find a home in Heaven.

His noble work is done, and he has gone
  To join the sainted, on the sinless shore;
To wear a crown of glory—all his own,
  And live supremely blest, for evermore.

Ye rugged hills, ye ancient mountains high,
  Ye heath-clad guardians of old Comrie's plains,—
In moaning mood reverberate the sigh,
  And echo back Affection's mournful strains.

And thou, sweet stream, on whose pellucid breast—
  When Nature's beauty all around is spread—
The setting sunbeam ever loves to rest,
  Oh! gently murmur of the much-loved Dead.

Around the pillow where the good man sleeps,
  The purple heath will shed its sweetest bloom
And with the tears that fond Affection weeps
  Will mingle dew-drops, on his lowly tomb.

Oh! may the balm of heavenly comfort come
  To wounded hearts, with soothing, healing power,
And shed a radiance o'er that saddened home,
  Where now the clouds of sore bereavement lower.

Dear, loving Friend! we sadly sigh Farewell
  Our bitter loss is thy eternal gain;
But in our Father's house we hope to dwell,
  And meet with thee, in perfect bliss to reign.

EDINBURGH. DONALD MASSON.

JAMIE GOW, THE PIPER.

A Fairy Legend.

THERE lived at Niskisher in Harris, many years ago, a brave and fearless young man called Jamie Gow, a celebrated piper. Jamie's croft was a tolerably good one, but he was so much taken up with his drones and chanter that his croft was entirely neglected. The result was that it scarcely yielded anything but weeds. But Jamie did not want for all that, for there was no rustic ball, harvest-home, wedding or fair, from one end of the Island to the other, considered complete unless Jamie and his pipes were present. It was, in short, by these means that he earned his bread.

Jamie Gow's house was about five miles from Rodel, near which was a famous knoll, called Tom-na-Sithichean, or the Fairy Knoll. That thousands of fairies inhabited the "Tom" from time immemorial, was admitted on all hands to be a fact well known to the whole people of Harris, many of whom by all accounts listened for hours at a time to the sweet notes of song and the melodious music that proceeded from the knoll of an evening, and was wafted on the wings of the wind over hill and dale; but no one ever, till Jamie's time, could find the door or entrance to this fairy bower. It was said, however, that if a piper played a certain tune three times round the base of the knoll, going against the sun, he would discover the door; but this, for obvious reasons, no previous hero of the chanter ever attempted.

Sitting among a number of drouthy neighbours on a certain day, after a great gathering, at which there was plenty of that which generally makes one both jolly and brave, a hot debate arose upon the nature of the interior of Tom-na-Sithichean. Jamie Gow declared that he would, for a gallon of brandy, play round the knoll, walking against the course of the sun, and that if he should find the door he would enter in and play the fairies a tune better than anything they ever danced to. "Done, done," cried a score of voices, and the bargain was at once made fast and sure. It need scarcely be said that a Highlander who does not keep his word is not considered a man worthy of the race from which he sprang, and Jamie Gow was a real Highlander. He would keep his word cost what it might.

About noon on the following day, Jamie, after quaffing a coggieful or two of pure gin, to brace up his courage, proceeded to Tom-na-Sithichean. He was accompanied by scores of people, some of whom cheered him lustily for his great pluck, while not a few counselled him to desist, characterising his attempt as a most foolhardy one. But to these Jamie gave a deaf ear. On reaching the "Tom," he emptied two other coggies; took up his position at the south-west side of the knoll, and began to blow into his sheepskin. As soon as the first skirl of his pipes was heard, all the people who had accompanied him thither fled to the top of an adjoining hill, to watch the result. With a slow but steady step, Jamie commenced his march round the "Tom." Twice he completed his journey, without a mishap of any kind, and he had now almost finished the third and last one, when within two or three paces of the goal he was seen to

stand for a moment, and then disappeared. He saw an opening at his side which admitted him into a long dark passage, so rugged and uneven as to make it most inconvenient to a piper marching, and playing a particular tune, such as Jamie was then doing. The air too in this chamber was chilly and disagreeable; drops of water were continually trickling down its cold damp roof and sides. Along the gloomy passage, Jamie fearlessly pushed his way, and, strange to say, as he afterwards told, the farther he advanced the lighter grew his step, and the livelier his tune. But, by and bye, the long passage became gradually illumined with a faint light by which he was enabled to see that the roof and sides of the cavern was thickly covered with short and long sparry pendants, which shone white and radiant, like Parian marble. Forward he still marched, but at length he reached a door which opened of its own accord, and led to a chamber of indescribable splendour. The floor looked as if of solid silver, and the glittering walls as if of pure gold. The furniture seemed to be of the most costly kind. Around a rich table sat hundreds of lovely women and smiling gentlemen, all perfect in form, and clothed in spotless green, brilliant and rich beyond description. They were apparently after a sumptuous dinner, and were now quaffing the purple juice of the grape out of diamond-mounted cups of exquisite beauty.

At the sight of such splendour the piper, for a moment, stood amazed; the drones of his pipes fell down powerlessly on his arm, for, he stood with gaping mouth, looking at the gay company, and ceased to blow into the bag. Noticing this, one of the green gentlemen rose from his seat, and, smiling coyishly, handed him a cup of wine, a drink which Jamie too dearly loved to refuse. So, taking the proffered cup with thanks, he said, "I am a piper to my trade—I have travelled and played from one end of the Island to the other, but such a pretty place as this, and such lovely people, I never saw," and then quaffed off his cup at one draught.

The green attired gentleman now asked if he would favour them with the tune called "The Fairy Dance," at which they knew he excelled all other performers. Nothing pleased Jamie better than a little puffing; this, probably, the inhabitants of the "Tom" knew, and hence their praise of Jamie's skill—a praise which had the desired effect. No sooner was the question asked, than he cried out lustily, "And by my faith I will, and I will play it as true as any piper ever played a tune." In a moment a vast assemblage was on the floor, swinging from side to side in a long country dance. Nothing that Jamie ever saw before could half compare to the graceful manner in which both ladies and gentlemen performed their several evolutions, and footed the dance "on fantastic toe!" This encouraged him to blow with might and main, and stamp lustily with both his feet, as if he had been inspired with a similar feeling to the performers, who whirled and flew through the mazy reel, as if they could never tire.

Meantime, the people who accompanied Jamie to Tom-na-Sithichean surrounded the knoll in search of Jamie and the door, but failed to find either. They saw the spot where he had disappeared, and some of them asserted that they actually saw the door where he went in. They continued thus for days and weeks—looking alternately for the fairy door and Jamie, and listening in the hope of hearing the notes of his well-

known chanter, till their eyes grew dim, and their ears dull, without success.

Years passed away, but Jamie did not return. The news of his sudden and mysterious disappearance at the Tom had spread far and wide, and his probable fate formed the chief subject of conversation at "lyke-wakes" and similar gatherings for a long time after, throughout the whole Western Isles. But, though he was sadly missed at balls and weddings, and other social gatherings, no one missed or pined for poor Jamie like his widowed mother—the sole occupant of his house, and upon whom now devolved all the duties of the house and farm. There was another who missed him not a little too, *Mairi Nighean Uilleam* with whom he was to have been married a few weeks after his mad journey to Tom-na-Sithichean.

For several years Jamie Gow continued "The Fairy Dance," and the dancers seemed as fresh as when it began. At long last the piper, wearied almost out of breath, cried, "May God bless you, friends! my breath is almost gone." The great name produced a revolution; in a moment the lights were extinguished; the beautifully clad assemblage, and the gorgeous hall immediately disappeared, and Jamie found himself standing on the top of Tomnahurich at Inverness. Until he enquired at a little cottage in the vicinity, he was quite ignorant as to his whereabouts; but as soon as he found out where he was he directed his course to his native Harris. The manner in which he was transported, quite unknown to himself, from Rodel to Inverness, formed sufficient matter for his thoughts until he arrived at home—which took six weeks from Inverness to Niskisher.

Jamie was seven years with the fairies. When he reached his humble cottage at Niskisher, he found it quite deserted, for his mother had died in his absence, a year previously. No one in the place recognised him—he was so changed. His beard reached down to his girdle—his cheeks bulged out to a prodigious size by the continual blowing of his bagpipes, while his mouth was twice its original proportions. But "Mairi Nighean Uilleam" at once knew him by his voice, for there was no change in it. A few weeks afterwards Jamie and Mairi became man and wife, and it need hardly be said that from that day to this, Jamie never again visited Tom-na-Sithichean.

MAC IAIN.

DR SMITH'S GAELIC PROPHETS.—We are glad to learn that Dr Masson is likely soon to be able to go to press with this work, as he is getting up a goodly list of subscribers. Among recent names are—The Marquis of Bute; Lord Colin Campbell; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay; Mr Campbell of Inverawe; Mr D. Grant, Great St Helens, London; Mr John Mackay, Swansea; and other well-known patrons of matters Celtic. It would be well that intending subscribers should not delay sending in their names, and so enable the Editor to proceed with his laudable work at once.

"STEWART'S 'SKETCHES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.'

—o—

[The following letter appeared in the *Highlander* of 20th June, from one who has long ago secured for himself, by good deeds, the highest esteem of his countrymen—John Mackay, "Shrewsbury":]—

"SIR,—I noticed in *The Highlander*, a few weeks ago, that Mr Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, intended to bring out a reprint of General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlands and Highland Regiments. A most desirable and laudable idea, and one in which he should command the support of every true Highlander who sets a value upon the heroism of a past generation. Without any doubt, Stewart's Sketches is one of the best, if not the very best book, published upon the subject. It has formed the groundwork for all subsequent publications upon the Highlands, Highland Clans, and Highland Regiments, such as Brown's History of the Highlands and Fullarton's Highlands and Highland Clans and Regiments. It is largely quoted by English authors who write upon military events. It ought to be in the hands of every Highland lad; it should be on the bookshelf of every Highland home, next to the Bible. It is invaluable to every one who has a mind to know all about the heroic past of the Highlands and Highlanders—the most interesting race of people in Great Britain. The General, born amongst the hills of Perthshire, was reared amidst the people he loved so well, respected so much, before they became contaminated with Saxon ideas and manners, before chiefs divorced themselves from their retainers, before sheep became the golden image to be worshipped, before the lust for gold took the place of love for the people, and respect and affection for the gallant defenders of the country in danger; when willing hands and brave hearts, like himself, were pouring out, year after year, from every hill and vale to sustain the honour of the country, to preserve its freedom, to conquer or die for it in every battlefield from Fontenoy to Waterloo. This was the heroic era of the Highlands and Highlanders. Well did they deserve of their country and chiefs. Ill, very ill, were they requited. General Stewart sets all this forth in his sketches, in his own kindly language. Fortunate it was for the Highland regiments to find in their midst such a historian of their prowess and heroic conduct as the gallant General, whose pen was as ready to do them justice and to record their valour as his sword was keen to lead them into battle. Fortunate, too, it was for the Highlands and Highlanders to find such a matchless defender of their character as Sir Walter Scott. It was the incomparable heroism of the Highland soldier, and the majestic scenery of his country, that roused and awakened the genius of Scott. Sir Walter Scott and General Stewart have done to Highlanders the justice denied them by others. The magic wand of the one, and facile pen and intimate knowledge of the other, painted their character and heroism in letters of gold, ineffaceable, imperishable. 'Waverley,' 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'The Lord of the Isles,' are well known productions of Sir Walter Scott. Stewart's Sketches of the Highlands and Highland Regiments are worthy of ranking beside them: even more worthy of being read, for facts are stronger than fiction. Stewart's

Sketches ought to be found in every library, whether in the hall or in the cottage. Every Highland lad should have the book in his hands as soon as he is able to read. Every Highlander should now subscribe towards its reprint. All associations of Highlanders should encourage the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* by immediate subscription, to set about the work as speedily as possible. I subscribe for five copies of it.

"JOHN MACKAY.

"Rogart House, Walter's Road, Swansea, 14th June 1879."

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

(21) ANGUS, OR ENEAS, MACBEAN, YR. OF KINCHYLE, was married about 1718 to Isabella Mackenzie, eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie of Redcastle. Can any of your genealogical readers furnish me with the posterity of this couple? One daughter, Grizel, was married to Thomas Mackintosh, tacksman of Ruthven, in Stratherrick, and had issue—Donald, Margaret, and Janet, born respectively 1750, 1753, and 1756 (Regr., Dores). Donald, farmer at Balnaird, by his marriage with Katharine Mackintosh, had Alexander, John, and Isabella. The aforesaid Angus, or Eneas, was the son of William Macbean of Kinchyle, who, in 1718, gave sasine to Aneas and Isabella of his own right to Kinchyle. Was Gillion Macbean, who fell at Culloden, a son of Aneas and Isabella Macbean, and when did the family become divested of Kinchyle? FIT VIA VI.

(22) Of what family of Mackenzies was the Rev. John Mackenzie, minister of Killearnan, *circa* 1688? KILCOY.

(23) THE MACKINTOSHES OF KYLLACHY.—Can any of your readers give the descent of this family? A. D. C.

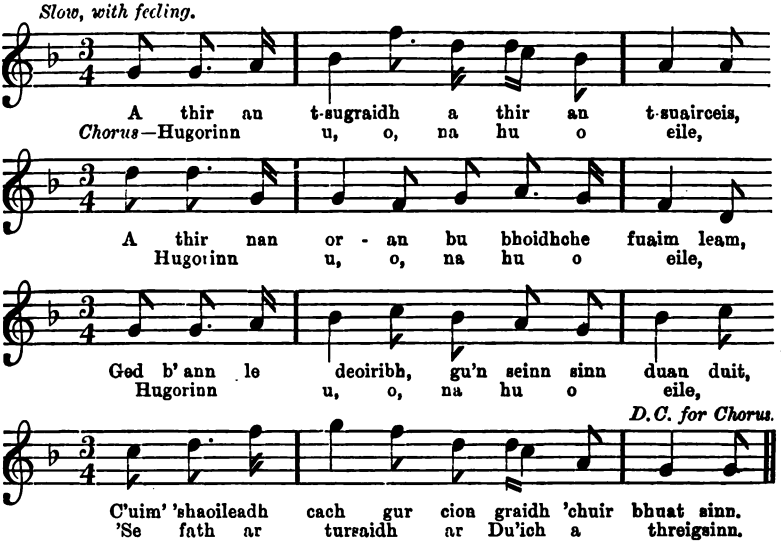
(24) MACDONALD OF ABERARDER.—In the January, 1878, number of the *Celtic Magazine*, p. 109, there occurs:—"Genealogies, songs," &c., "evoke tales and memories," &c., "of that fine race of Macdonalds of Brae Badenoch—the Gellovies, Tullich-Croms, and Aberarders"—and this leads me to suppose that some one of your contributors may be able to trace the ancestry of John Macdonald of Aberarder ("Black John") whose son, —— Macdonald of Moy, captain, —th Regiment, was father of Angus Macdonald of Tullich, captain, —th Regiment. Captain Macdonald, Killiechonan, and Captain Macdonald, Inverlair, were also descended from "Black John" of Aberarder. Any information about the family would oblige "CORRY ARDER."

[We regret being obliged to delay the publication of various answers to Queries—especially the valued notes by Lex. on the Rosses of Invercharron—until our next issue.]

THE HISTORY AND GENEALOGIES OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, which has been for some time passing through these pages is now, much improved and enlarged, in the hands of the binder, and will be ready for delivery to subscribers about the middle of this month (July). It forms a handsome volume of 468 pages, demy 8vo., printed on toned paper, Roxburgh binding, gilt top. In these circumstances, on the completion of the Genealogy of the Mackenzies of Gairloch, no further instalments will appear in the *Celtic Magazine*; but in our next volume, beginning with the November number, a "HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS," by the same author, will be commenced and continued throughout the year.

TUIREADH NAN EILTHIREACH.

Slow, with feeling.



KEY F.

r :r .,m | f :d',l :l,s .f | m : m .l :l .,r | r : d .r : m .,r | d :l,

D.C. for Chorus.

r :r .,m | f :s .f :m .r | f :s .s :l .,d' | r' : d'.l :l,s .m | r : r.‖

Cion graidh ! Ochòin nam b'e sud an fhirinn
Cha bhiodh ar gruaidhean 'dol bhuait cho fiorfhliuch,
Cha bhiodh ar n-osnaidhean 'brath ar mi-ghean,
'S cha b' uaigh gu leir leinn tir chein nan Inns'nach !

C' ait' 'eil na feidh ? chaidh gu leir cur as doibh,
Bochd ruadh no earb cha taobh learg no leachduinn
O'n thain' an t-ainmhidh do 'n ainm am *factor*,
Mheath 'h-uile ni ach e-fein 's am bragsaidh !

Nam biodh tu 'tighinn uair eile, 'Thearlaich,
'S na glinn 'san d' fhuair thu fir chruaidh gun aireamh,
Cha n-fhaiceadh tu ach na Dubh-Ghaill ghranda,
'S "a' bhrigis lachdunn" air son glas-mhais orr'.

Air son gach comhnaigh 'sam faighte 'n aoidheachd,
Tha 'n larach dhuaichnidh—O ! uaigh na feileachd !
Mar nead na smeoraich 'am bun na geige,
'An deigh do 'n fhoc'lan a fh-àl a reubadh !

A thir ar gaoil ! leis gach caochladh cruaidh ud,
'Nan deigh gu leir, tha na ceudan buaidh ort;
'S ged b' ann do dh-Eden a bhiodh ar gluasad,
Bhiodh tir ar graidh 'toirt nan deur bho 'r gruaidhean.

O beannachd mil' uair le tir nam fllidh—
Nan laoch gun fhaillinn--nan oigh a's gile—
Ar n oig'—ar n-abhaist—ar daimh—ar n-uile !
"Cha till, cha till, O, cha till sinn tuille" !

NOTE.—The above song is the composition of Evan MacColl, and is taken from his "Clarsach nam Beann." The words are effective and characteristic of the bard, whilst the air is well known to all lovers of Highland minstrelsy. W. M'K.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD AFTER CULLODEN.

CHARLES fled from the fatal field of Culloden along the great Caledonian Valley—the most direct route to the West Coast of Scotland; whence he hoped to make his escape to the Continent, and wait for better times. An aged female, who died within recent years in Stratherne, recollected the terrified appearance of Charles and his companions in flight, as like so many apparitions, they appeared on the plain on which, at the time, she gazed with the unsuspecting composure of childhood. The party made direct for the old house of Gortuleg. Here Simon, Lord Lovat, compromised so deeply in the plot to restore the Stewart dynasty, was waiting in the greatest anxiety for tidings of the action that was fought on that eventful day. The unexpected arrival of the Prince in the plight he was now in, threw the crafty old politician into paroxyms of rage and fear; and, on meeting Charles, he exclaimed in agony of mind, "Cut off my head, your Royal Highness, cut off my head!"—truly anticipating the fate that awaited him so soon thereafter on Tower Hill. Charles, notwithstanding his own predicament, was self-possessed, behaved with dignity, and used all his pleasant arts to calm down the affrighted old man, assuring him that the reverse was temporary, and that he would soon return to Scotland with a force that would carry him in triumph to the British throne. Whether Simon believed this or not, he became more composed for the nonce, kissed the Prince in parting, and showered good wishes upon him, destined, alas! never to be realised.

Charles and his companions continued their course westwards, and arrived at Invergarry Castle early on the morning of the 17th April—the day after the battle. Here they found scant accommodation, and had to lie down in their clothes on the bare floor, on which they slept soundly, without feeding or bedding, till it was far on in the day. This was the first tasting Charles had of those almost unparalleled hardships of the next five months; which he survived almost by miracle. Whoever reads the story of his escapes will not wonder, though the belief, never to be realised, remained on his mind, that Providence reserved him for playing an important part in the future of his life. On awaking from their slumbers, tormented with the cravings of hunger, there was not a morsel of food to be found. But fortunately one of the party spied a net in the Garry, drew it to land, and found in it a beautiful salmon. This

was a most acceptable circumstance. A fire was kindled upon the cold hearth, and with the help of a broken iron pot they managed to cook the fish, and dine thereupon without either salt or bread. From Invergarry they continued their weary journey westwards to the coast of Arisaig. Here Charles expected a vessel to take him to France. But he was disappointed; and to be at as great a distance as possible from his eager pursuers, on the 24th he embarked in a boat for the Long Island—the concatination of islands consisting of Barra, the two Uists, Benbecula, and other smaller islands of this western archipelago. After two months of incredible hardships, Charles left the Long Island, and on the 29th of June, in company with Flora Macdonald, landed on the coast of Waternish, in the Island of Skye. He was dressed in a coarse printed gown, a light coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun camblet with a hood. A native of Skye—the father of the late Donald Macdonald, pipemaker, Edinburgh—then a boy, told Mr Robert Chambers that he distinctly remembered the landing of Charles and his companion, Flora. He was herding cattle at the time; and on observing him, the better dressed lady, Flora, enquired for a well which she said was near hand. The herd-boy led them to it. The taller of the two ladies, Charles, put her hand, he said, into her pocket, produced a leathern drinking cup, and having satisfied her thirst, gave the boy a silver coin—the first, he said, he ever possessed; and which, he added, "I did not think the less of, that it was given by my dear Prince;" an instance of the enthusiasm for Charles that remained in the hearts of these true men to their latest breath. This man survived till the year 1827, and died at the great age of 107. Charles wandered in Skye till the 5th of July, and then sailed for the mainland, and landed in the neighbourhood of Lochnevis. Here he was closely pursued; and he shifted from place to place till the 30th of July. At this juncture he was in greatest danger; and was nearer capture than he was at any other period of his wanderings. So hemmed in was he and his companions, and so near were his pursuers, that they could be seen in the light of their watchfires. He and his guides escaped on all fours, along the course of a ravine on a dark night. Macdonald of Glenalladale, who was one of his guides, made the experiment alone to begin with; and having succeeded unperceived, returned to his friends, whom he led along the same rugged path, and so they escaped their watchful pursuers once more. But dangers were accumulating on all sides; and Glenalladale was utterly at a loss what to do, or whither to go; when, fortunately, he met a Glengarry man who recognised him—a fugitive from the persecutions of Cumberland and his bands. To this man he unbosomed himself—told him of his extremities and those of young Clanranald, his companion, as he called Charles—and was informed to his great relief, of the Glenmoriston men; "who," the Glengarry man said, "he was sure would befriend him and young Clanranald." After the battle of Culloden about seventy Glenmoriston men were induced by fair promises, to go to Inverness and deliver up their arms, in the belief that they would, on these conditions, receive a Government "protection," and be permitted to return peaceably to their own homes. Several of them had taken no part in the rebellion. These complied in order to escape the indiscriminate persecution waged even against such as were only sus-

pected of complicity in the late "Rising." No distinction, however, was made. They were all deprived of their arms, imprisoned, and soon after shipped for the British plantations, whence, with two exceptions, none of them returned. Several, however, who suspected the good faith of Government, escaped the trap into which their less fortunate companions had fallen; and these banded themselves together in self-defence, and for self-preservation by arms, in case this should be necessary. Accordingly they took an oath "never to yield, and to fight to the death for each other, and never give up their arms." They were, Patrick Grant—Patric dubh Chrascie; John Macdonell, Alexander Macdonell, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers; and Gregor Macgregor. Subsequently, Hugh Macmillan joined the party, and took the same oath. They were not robbers as they have been represented by certain of the historians of the Rebellion; simply so many crofters and small farmers who were driven by the necessities of those times to take measures for self-preservation. To them Glenalladale introduced Charles as young Clanranald. But those of them who "had been out," recognised him at once; his wretched habiliments notwithstanding, and welcomed him with the most profound demonstrations of loyalty. At Charles' special desire they took the following oath, which shows how apprehensive of danger he was at this crisis of his history. The oath was, "That all the curses in the Scriptures should come upon them and their children should they not prove faithful to him in the greatest dangers, or should they discover him to man, woman, or child, till they were assured he was beyond reach of his enemies." So well did these humble but faithful men keep their word, that after parting with Charles, they did not speak even to each other of his having been with them, till a whole year after he had landed on the shores of France.

At this period of his wanderings the Prince and his attendants had their headquarters in the wilds of Coiregho, in the mountainous range that separates Glenmoriston from Kintail. Far back in this unin habited region there is a cave, large and spacious, with a fountain of pure water gushing out at its furthest extremity. It was anciently known as "Uaimh Ruairidh," Rory's cave, a celebrated hunter in his day, and who lived in this cave. But ever since it afforded shelter to Prince Charles, it has retained the name of "Uaimh Phrionns'," the Prince's Cave. Unto this place of nature's own construction, his new friends brought his Royal Highness, and after a fast of forty-eight hours, entertained him at a feast of mutton, butter, cheese, and whisky. The day following one of them shot a large deer, and others brought a live ox, which they had taken from a party of soldiers, who were carrying provisions to the garrison of Fort-Augustus. With no bread, and little salt, Charles, as he said, "feasted like a Prince on beef and venison." On the 2d of August, three days after his arrival at Coiregho, they removed from this cave to one equally romantic in another secluded wild, called "An Coire Sgreamhach." This cave is a double one. It has a rocky recess like a closet, opening from the side of it. In this rocky chamber they make a bed for their Royal guest; turf covered with heather, brush upwards. Charles said he slept on this bed more luxuriantly than ever he did on bed of down. In this primitive dwelling he remained four days. Having ascertained from his watchful attendants that a detachment of militia was

within four miles of him, he considered it prudent to remove to a greater distance; and on the evening of the 6th, he and his men set out for the north; travelled all night, and at dawn of the 7th, arrived at Strathglass. Here they met two of their number sent to watch the movements of the militia, and who brought the welcome tidings that no danger was to be apprehended; and that apparently there was not even a suspicion that the object of their search was in that neighbourhood. Reassured, the party halted, repaired a neighbouring hut, made a bed for the weary Prince on which he slept soundly, the men watching him by turns. On the morrow Charles despatched two of them to Poolewe, to ascertain if a French vessel had touched there—the whole party meantime moving slowly in the same direction by the most unfrequented routes. On the 10th, at noon, they arrived at Glencannich; where they remained for the rest of the day in a wood; and at night retired to a neighbouring hamlet. Early on the morning of the 11th they resumed their journey, ascended the hill of Beinn-a-chaorainn, whence other two of them were despatched in quest of provisions. Here they passed two days, anxiously waiting the arrival of the messengers sent to Poolewe; and whom, by-and-bye, they joyfully espied approaching them. The information they brought was that a French vessel had touched there; and after having landed two men, who had gone to Lochiel's country in quest of his Royal Highness, weighed anchor and sailed away. This information at once determined Charles to retrace his steps, and on the night of the 12th they began their journey southwards, and on the morning of the 14th arrived at Fasnacoill. Here they tarried till the 17th, to ascertain the state of the country, and whether the search for the Prince had in any measure abated. At Fasnacoill they were supplied with provisions by a man of the name of Chisholm, "who was out." Charles expressed a wish to see this man. Chisholm recognised him at once; and in honour of the interview, produced a bottle of wine, which, he said, "a priest had given him." Patrick Grant placed the bottle in the Prince's own hands, adding "I do not remember that your Royal Highness has drunk my health since you came among our hands," ("'On thainig sibh am measg 'ar lamhan.") The Prince then put the bottle to his mouth and drank health to Patrick and all his friends. Chisholm took the same oath as the Glenmoriston men. Meantime their scouts arrived with the welcome intelligence that the party of soldiers, whose proximity to the Coiregho cave had alarmed them, had retired to Fort-Augustus. There was therefore a prospect of his being able in safety to cross the great Caledonian Valley, and join Lochiel, with whom he expected to find the despatches supposed to have been conveyed by the men who landed at Poolewe. Accordingly they departed from Fasnacoill on the morning of the 17th, by unfrequented routes, and arrived at the Braes of Glenmoriston on the afternoon of the same day. The day following the 18th, two of them were sent to Lochaber to arrange a meeting between the Prince and Cameron of Clunes. Another of the men was appointed to watch the movements of the Fort-Augustus garrison—a detachment of which had been sent to Glengarry. On the 19th he returned with the intelligence that they had retired, and that the route to Lochiel's country was open and safe. Accordingly the whole party—now ten in number—started for the south, and under cover

of a dense fog, crossed the valley of Glenmoriston and the minor valley of Glenluinne, and arrived in the evening in the Braes of Glengarry. The Garry was in full flood from bank to bank, in consequence of recent heavy rainfalls. Nevertheless, these hardy and resolute men ventured into the stream, breast high, keeping firm hold of their charge, who now and again lost his footing, and but for their skilful management and personal prowess, would have been carried down the stream. In this uncomfortable plight they ascended the hill on the opposite side, where they remained all night in concealment, and in their saturated raiment under torrents of rain. On the 20th they cautiously advanced six miles; and about ten at night came to the appointed place of rendezvous—a hill above Achnasaul, where they hoped to meet the men despatched to Lochiel's country. Here the party passed the most uncomfortable day they had since they took charge of the Prince. They had no shelter; the rain fell in torrents, and their clothes were never dry since they crossed the Garry. Besides, their distress was aggravated by anxiety for the men who, according to appointment, should have met them on arrival at the place of rendezvous. Their suspense was at length relieved by the arrival of their messengers, who reported that Clunes could not meet them that day as the Prince had expected, but would do so on the morning of the following day in a wood about two miles distant. Patrick Grant and Alexander Macdonell were sent to reconnoitre this wood; and finding it free of danger a pioneer party went towards the place appointed by Clunes. They had just one peck of meal for all of them, and not an idea how to replenish their empty commissariat. But their good luck did not even now fail them. Patrick Grant, who was the leading spirit and a good marksman, shot a fat hart, and by the time the Prince arrived, there was awaiting him one of the best meals he had since he joined the party.

Charles now found it necessary to place himself under the care of other friends. Therefore, with many expressions of gratitude for their faithfulness and loyal service, he parted with his Glenmoriston men, all except Patrick Grant, whom he retained till his purse was replenished, to enable him to show his sense of their services, by a substantial token of his gratitude. Accordingly he gave twenty-four guineas to Grant—a large sum in those days—to be distributed equally among his faithful friends.

These Glenmoriston men saved Charles from inevitable capture. At the time he incidentally fell in with them, his case was all but a desperate one. He had traversed those regions of the west of Scotland that offered any prospect of safety from his pursuers, but was tracked and badgered out of every one of them. And at the time Glenalladale introduced him to these men, hardly a ray of hope for him seemed to remain. To their fidelity, fortitude, and skill, together with their own attitude of necessary defence, Charles owed his safety. Subsequently, in company with the fugitive chiefs, Lochiel and Cluny, he passed most of his remaining time in Scotland, in the rocky recess of Benalda, called "the Cage:" after which, along with all his unfortunate officers whom he could collect, he embarked for France a disappointed man, almost at the very place at which, a little more than a year previously, he landed with such high hopes of possessing the throne of his ancestors. Nor were these hopes so

desperate or groundless as they have been represented. The Court of St Germains was well informed of the state of feeling, both in England and Scotland; and it was owing to two men, more than to all others, Sir Robert Walpole, King George's minister; and President Forbes of Culloden, that the enterprise, humanly speaking, did not succeed. Both in England and in Scotland, at the period of Charles' landing, high hopes were held out to him; and but for the exertions of President Forbes, there is but little doubt the rising in Scotland would have been a formidable one. This again would have reacted upon the state of feeling in his favour in England. His advance south after the victory of Prestonpans, was in response to the desire of his partisans there; and but for the influence of Walpole, and his own small Highland following, there is every reason to believe that his chances were far from being chimerical. But the powerful influence of Forbes in Scotland; of Walpole in England; and the wretched tergiversation of the French Court, who played him off for its own purposes, sealed the fate of Charles. It was a crisis —a turning point in the history of our country; and it was fortunate for us that we had not another Stuart regency inflicted upon us. No doubt they were the legitimate sovereigns by descent. But they were faithless, ungrateful, and tyrannical, and we are far better off under the sceptre that is now swayed over us.

The writer's father was acquainted with some of the older survivors of the party who sheltered Prince Charles, and heard them often reciting anecdotes of his stay with them.

When he joined them his dress was wretched in the extreme. An old yellow wig and bonnet, and soiled cravat. His vest, which was of tartan, was threadbare; and his toes protruded through a pair of very ordinary Highland brogues. His shirt was of the colour of saffron; and as he slept in his clothes he suffered the usual annoying consequences. But he bore it all with the greatest patience. Morning and evening he retired for devotional exercises. Charles, who insisted upon knowing everything his men said, discovered they were addicted to swearing. This he strictly forbade. Some of them smoked, one of them snuffed, and a third chewed tobacco. The supplies of the smoker having failed, Charles suggested that he who chewed should share his chews with the smoker. During the absence of his men, he superintended all the departments of their simple cookery, and taught them many useful lessons in the culinary art. These little traits of Charles' character greatly endeared him to his followers. But with all their affection for him these men were most resolute and determined in opposing him, when they considered it necessary for his safety. When Charles, as they thought, resolved prematurely to leave their retreat, and insisted on being obeyed, they told him plainly, that such were their convictions of danger, that they would sooner bind him than carry out his wishes. He had, of course, to acquiesce, remarking, that he had the most absolute Privy Councillors a Prince ever had. Notwithstanding, Charles appreciated the services of his Glenmoriston friends, and assured them when once settled in St James's, he would not forget their services. One of them remarked that his ancestor, Charles II., made similar promises, as a priest told him, and forgot them. Charles assured them on the word of a *Prince* he would act very differently.

The future of Charles Edward, on whom such devoted loyalty was lavished, is melancholy. The habit of intemperance which, in course of his wanderings, he had formed, he seems never to have got the better of. The French Court, which had used him ungratefully, abandoned him when it suited them, and forcibly banished him from Paris. His English and Scotch friends found it absolutely necessary for personal safety to abandon all correspondance with him; as, against all their remonstrances, his domestic establishment consisted of persons who were notoriously unfaithful to his cause. Charles died at Rome within the memory of some who have recently passed away, and in the year 1788, at the age of sixty-eight. His remains were interred in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, of which his brother, Cardinal York, was bishop. They were afterwards removed to St Peters; when a monument, by Canovo, was reared to his memory, it is said, by the munificence of George IV. He left no legitimate issue, and his widow, who afterwards married the poet Alfien, died in 1824.

KENMORE. ALLAN SINCLAIR.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND GLENCOE.

A GOOD story is told of the Marquis of Lorne and two Glengarry Highlanders who called on him recently. Ever since the massacre at Glencoe, in which the Campbells did the bloody work of the Crown, the clan Campbell have been in bad odour with the clan Macdonald and other sects; indeed, it is a proverb that the Macdonalds and Campbells, "canna eat oot o' the same kail-pot." The Glengarry men, Macdonalds to the back-bone, were in Ottawa on business, and after much debate resolved to pay their respects to the Marquis of Lorne as the Governor-General, not as the son of the Cailean Mor. On their way to the Hall they talked the matter over again, and one of them suggested that perhaps the Marquis, being a Campbell, would refuse to receive a Macdonald, in which case their position would be humiliating. At the gate they met the Marquis with Major de Winton, and taking them for servants the Highlandman asked if the Marquis would care to meet "twa Macdonalds" to call on the Marquis. His Excellency replied that the Marquis bore no malice to the Macdonalds and that Sir John Macdonald being his first Minister it was clear the Macdonalds had forgiven the Campbells. "Forgiven the Campbells!" cried one of the visitors, "forgotten Glencoe! Sir John is paid for that, mon; he has eight thoosan' dollars a-year for it; but the diel take me 'gin we forgie or forget!" and with this the choleric Gaels turned their faces toward Ottawa. The Marquis, however, disclosed himself, and after a hearty hand-shaking, the feud was temporarily healed. The visitors were turned over to the Argyleshire piper, who is a prominent member of the household, and by him treated so handsomely that on their departure they frankly acquitted the Marquis of all responsibility for the massacre.—*American Scotsman.*

THE CLANDONALD OF KEPPOCH.

By Donald C. Macpherson.

Chief—Mac-Mhic-Raonaill.
Seat—Keppoch, Braelochaber.

I. The founder of the family of Keppoch—Clanndonaill a' Bhràighe, was Alastair Carrach, third son of John, 1st Lord of the Isles, by his second wife, the Lady Margaret, daughter of Robert, High Steward of Scotland, who, in the year 1370, ascended the throne by the title of Robert II. On the 5th of September 1394, Thomas Dunbar, Earl of Murray, and Alexander de Insulis, Dominus de Lochaber, bind themselves to support each other. In 1398, he seizes the Church lands of Kinmylies, and takes upon himself the partition of them. In the complaint which William, Bishop of Moray, lodged against him, he is styled "Magnificus vir et potens, Alexander de Insulis, Dominus de Louchabre." In 1402, he robbed the Canonry of Elgin and burned the town, for which he afterwards made amends. In 1431, he was forfeited for joining Donald Balloch. That he was well-known in Lochaber seems clear from the author of the "Comhachag"—

"Chunnaic mi Alastair Carrach,
An duin' a b' allail a bha 'n Albainn;
'S minig a bha mi ga 'éisdeachd
'S e aig reiteach nan tom-sealga."

"Alexander Carrach, the fyfte house of Clan Donald—neirest this descendit frae the house of Clan-Donald is Alexander Carrach, that is, Shawit Alexander sua that be the countrie's custome, because Highlandmen callit the fairest haired, and sua furthe, for this Alexander was the fairest hared man as they say of aney that ever was; and this said Alexander was brother to this Donald of the Isles foresaid, and to John Moir, fra quhome James Kyntyre descendit, and brother of the father syde to Raynald of quhome came the Clan Ranald.

"And this Carrach hes maney come of him, and good succession in Lochaber called ClanRonald McDonald Glasse vic Alexander, quilk bruikes a pairt of Lochaber sinsyne."

Alastair Carrach was succeeded by his son—

II. Aonghus na Feairte. This chief is styled "Angus de Insulis," in a charter of confirmation granted to "Alano Donaldi capitanei de Clan-Cameron et heredibus inter ipsum Alanum et Mariotam Angusii de Insulis." The author of the "Comhachag" says that Angus was not inferior to Alastair his father, that his seat was at Ferset, and that he had a mill erected on an adjoining stream—Allt-Laire—as if to indicate that he had turned his attention to improvements—

"Chunnaic mi Aonghus na 'dheaghaidh,
'S cha b'e sin roghainn 'bu tàire;
'S ann 's an Fheairt a bha 'thuinidh,
'S rinn e muilionn air Allt-Làire."

He had two sons and a daughter—

1. *Donald*, who succeeded him.

2. *Alexander*, father of Donall Glas, V.

3. *Mariot*, married to Allan MacDhonaill Duibh, who figured at Inverlochy, 1431. Their son, Ewen Mac Ailein Mhic Dhonaill Duibh, was captain of ClanChameron, in 1495.

III. Donall mac Aonghais was one of the chiefs who made their submission to James IV. at Castle Mingary, Ardnamurchan, on the 18th of May 1495. In 1496 or 1497, he was killed in a battle about the head of Glenurchy. The Maclarens of Balquhidder had made a foray into Braelochaber: but the Braerians turning out in force to revenge the injury, they—the Maclarens—sent to their kinsman and ally, Dugald Stewart, first of Appin, to come to their assistance, which he hastened to do. The two chiefs, Donald and Dugald Stewart, fell by each other's swords. Donald was succeeded by his son—

IV. Iain Alainn. This chief was deposed by the Clan. Donall Ruadh Beag Mac-Gille-Mhanntaich, a Braerian, frequented the hills of Badenoch, and in various ways annoyed the Catanaich. Mackintosh, as Steward of Lochaber, ordered Iain Alainn to deliver him up, which he did. The Catanaich, accordingly, had Donall Ruadh Beag hanged from a tree near Clach-na-dìolta, Torgulben, a townland at the end of Loch Laggan, in the march between Lochaber and Badenoch.

A difficulty now arose as to a successor. Donall Glas Mac Alastair Mhic Aonghuis, the deposed chief's cousin-german, was the heir-male presumptive, and was supported in his claim by Sliochd Alastair Charraich. But the kinsmen of Donall Ruadh Beag—a numerous tribe who claimed their descent from Donnail who occupied Ferset before Alastair Carrach, and whose descendants, Clann-Mhic-Gille-Mhanntaich, are still in the Braes, sent to Uist for Goiridh, a descendant of Godfrey, 1st Lord of Uist, second son of Iain nan Eilein, by his first wife, Amie Nic Ruairidh. Donald Glas however was chosen. Goiridh settled at Tir-na-dris. His descendants, not yet extinct, are called "Sliochd Ghoiridh." Iain Alainn, the deposed chief, removed to "An Urchair," an out-of-the-way place, which his descendants, "Sliochd Dhonaill," so called from Donall his father, continued to occupy till the end of last century, when they settled in various parts of the Braes. Of this tribe, styled also "Sliochd a' bhràthar 'bu shine," was the celebrated Iain Lom, whose father was Donull Mac Iain Mhic Dhonaill Mhic Iain Alainn.

V. Donall Glas was well advanced in years before he succeeded. He married a daughter of Lochiel, and resided at Coille-Diamhainn, on Torran-nan-Ceap, within a mile of the present Keppoch House. He was succeeded by his son—

VI. Raonull Mor, who married a daughter of Mackintosh. Miss Mackintosh brought with her one of her kin. He was the progenitor of Tòisich a' Bhraighe, who are of the family of Kyllachie. Of this chief the author of the "Comhachag" says—

"Raonall Mac Dhonaill Ghlais,
Fear a fhuair foghlum gu deas;
Deagh Mhac-Dhonaill a' chuil chais,
Cha bheo fear a dh'eirich leis."

Raonull Mor had—

1. *Alastair Bhoth-Fhloinn.*

2. *Raonull.*

3. *Iain Dubh* (Gille-gun-iarraidh), progenitor of Tigh-Bhoth-Fhionntain.

For assisting Iain Muideartach in 1544, at Blar-Léine, and for supporting the Earl of Lennox, he was, with Lochiel, beheaded at Elgin in the year 1547. It was about this time "Slol Dùghaill" settled in the Braes of Lochaber.

VII. ALASTAIR BHOTH-FHLOINN died without issue. It is doubtful whether he survived his father. In 1552, Alexander McRanald of Capoch witnesses an agreement between Huntly and Donald McSoirley of Glennevis; but the presumption is that this Alexander was Alastair nan cleas, his nephew. Tradition says, that while hunting in the woods of Lag-Leamhan, Achadh-a'-mhadaidh, he was accidentally wounded between the toes by an arrow; that the wound festered; and that he was sent to a medical man at Kingussie, where he was poisoned. This would be before his father's death, as he was unable to lead the Braerians against the Camerons at the feud of Boloyne. His father was confined to bed at the time, and Iain Dubh had to take his place. This is partly borne out by the author of the "Comhachag," with whom he seems to have been a great favourite.—

"'An Cinn-a'-ghiùbhsaich na 'laidhe,
Tha nàmhaid na greighe deirge;
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a' bhradain,
Bu mhath e 'n sabaid na feirge."

The following stanzas, from an old song, commemorate the feud of Boloyne:—

"Hó o hó, na hà o hé,
An d'fhidir, an d'fhairich, ro 'n cuala sibh;
Ho o ho, na ha o he,
Mu'n luid nach toir cuideachda gluasad air?

"Bha gnothach beag eile mu dheighinn Bholoinne,
'S gu'n innis mi soilleir 's an uair so e:
Bha creach Mhic-an-Tòisich aig muinntir Shrath-Lòchaidh,
'S na gaisgich Clanndonaill thug bhuapa i.

"'S math is aithne dhomh 'n t-aite, 's na choinnich na h-àrmainn,
Fir ùra a' Bhraghad 's an uair sin iad;
Bha iubhair Loch-Treig aig na fiùrain nach geilleadh,
'S bu shunntach na'n deigh fir Ghlinn-Ruaidh leatha.

"Tha comhdach air fhathast, far am beil iad na'n laidhe,
Gu'n d'fhuirich Clach-Ailein gun ghluasad as;
Gu'n robh iad na'n sleibhtrich aig ianlaith an t-sléibhe,
'S na chaidh dhachaidh le sgéul diubh bu shuarach e.

"Ceann-feadhna air maithibh, Iain Mor Shliochd-an-tighe,
'S ioma ceann bharr na h-amhaich a dh'fhuadaich e;

Ma's fhior mo luchd-sgeoil-sa, chuir e thairis air Lòchaidh,
Am beagan 'bha beo dhiubh, 's an ruaig orra!"

VIII. RAONALL, second son of Raonall Mac Dhonaill Ghlais, married a daughter of Duncan Stewart, who would have been 4th of Appin, but by a stroke of "Tuagh bhèarnach Mhic-Artair," a Braerian, he predeceased his father. This chief built a house on "Tom-mor," near the site of the present Keppoch House. In 1564, Rannald McRannald McConilglas assisted Glenurchy against the Clangregor, when that chief invaded Rannoch. In the same year, an the 26th November, in the Records of the Privy Council we find, "Obligation by Rannald McRannald McConillglasche of Keppach to hold good rule, etc. Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, cautioner." In 1569, in the same records, we find—"I, Lachlane McYntosche of Dunnauchtane, be the tennour heirof bindis and obleisses me and my airis, that I sall mak securitie to Rannald McRannald of Keppach of sic landis and rowmes as he has of me." This was done before the Regent at Inverness. On the 12th of June 1572, at the Isle of Moy, Ronaldus filius Ronaldi Makdonald Glaish a Gargochia gives his bond of service to Mackintosh. Among the witnesses to this document is Niall Mac Dhonaill Mhic Neill, Ranald's Gille. In 1577-8, he is one of the chiefs charged to defend Donald MacAngus of Glengarry against Argyle. This chief repaired Tigh-nan-fleadh in the Eidirloch at the north end of Loch-Tréig—a tigh-chrann or "crannog" which has escaped the notice of our antiquaries. He was thus contemporary with the author of the "Comhachag." Along with Miss Stewart came the first of the Dubhshuilich, murdered by Turner, p. 143, into Duileach, a sept of the Stewarts, so named from their dark, heavy eyebrows. They were ever after the "Fir-bhrataich," as were the Campbells the Leine-chrios. Their descendants are still in Lochaber. Ronald had—

1. *Alastair-nan-cleas.*
2. *Raonall Innse.*

IX. ALASTAIR-NAN-CLEAS is said to have studied abroad, where he acquired a knowledge of the "Black Art"—hence his name. In the public records he is best known as "Alexander McRanald off Garawgache," from the name of a place—a' Gharbh-dhabhach—on the confines of Glennevis. He married a daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly, by whom he had—

1. *Raonall Og.*
2. *Donall Glas.*
3. *Alastair Buidhe.*
4. *Donull Gorm Ionar-Ruaidh,* of whom "Tigh Mhurlagain."
5. *Donald* of Insh?
6. A daughter, married to Robertson of Struan.
7. A daughter, married to John Stewart, 1st of Ardsheal.

In 1588, on the 25th of February, Alexander Makranald a Garrochia gives his bond of service to Mackintosh. In 1591, instigated by Huntly he made a foray into Strathspey, seized the Castle of Inverness, which he was obliged to evacuate in a short time. On hearing of the approach of Mackintosh, he and his followers made for "Canonach" (Chanonrie of Fortrose) in two open boats. Ranald of Insh was taken and sent to the

Castle of Inverness, but managed his escape. Dughall na Sgàirde was immediately hanged from one of the oars, and on the following day Goiridh Dubh and his son were hanged; Mackintosh entered Lochaber and carried off the creach of the Braes. In 1593, with Lochiel, Alexander backs an assurance given by Huntly to Kilravock. In the same year Raonull Innse at the affair of "Petty," deserts William Mackintosh. Alexander was at the battle of Allt-Chuailleachain, 1594. In 1595 he gave his bond of service to Argyle, delivering one of his sons as a hostage. Three years after he assists the Dunbars. He is mentioned in the act ordaining a levy of Highlanders to assist the Queen of England in her wars in Ireland, 1602. In the same year his name occurs in the Act of Privy Council anent Wapponshawings in the Highlands. With Allan Cameron of Lochiel he assisted Argyle in supressing an insurrection of the Clangregor. At Tirndris, ten miles east of Fort-William, may be seen below the coach road to Kingussie, a small enclosure planted with a tuft of Scotch firs. It is called Cladh Chlanna-Ghriogair. Several of that brave clan took refuge at a place hard by, called Eas Chlanna-Ghriogair. They were taken, probably about this time (1610), and despatched by a party of the Braerians. The following verse records the sad occurrence :—

"Nach cuala sibh mar thachair e,
Do Ghriogair Odhar, ard;
Gu'n d' rug Mac-a'-Ghlasraich air
Aig bial na glaic ud thall;
Bha fear de Chlanna-Chamrain ann,
'S a dhealg na 'bhroit gu teann;
'S fear mor de'n chinneadh dhroch-bheairteach,
'S b'e 'm brosgal dha dol ann."

In 1615 he, with Raonall Og his son, and the eldest son of Mac-Mhic-Ailein, assisted Sir James Macdonald in his escape from Edinburgh Castle, accompaning him through the Isles into Ireland. When Sir James went to Spain, Alastair-nan-cleas and his son returned to Lochaber. In 1616, commission was given to Lord Gordon for the seizure of McRanald and his son. MacVuirich gives this chief's pedigree as follows: —"Aaois antighearna 1616 an treas la do samhradh . . . . Alas duir Mac Raghnaill Mhic Raghnaill Mhic Dhonaill Ghlais Mhic Aonghuis Mhic Alasduir Charraich Mhic Eoin Mhic Aonghuis Oig, *i.e.*, tighearna Lochabar." In 1617-18, Alexander and his son, Donald [Ronald], made their escape to Spain. In 1620, Alexander is recalled from Spain, and receives a pension of 200 merks sterling.

Raonall Innse was cruelly murdered by his nephew, Raonull Og, at Glac-an-Domhnaich, Achaderry. When taken, he was accompanied by Iain Odhar, a hero of the Campbell tribe, who refused to interfere. He was of the Glenurchy family, and though a tenant under Keppoch, he paid his yearly *Calp* to Glenurchy. With him ceased this custom among the Campbells of the Braes.

"Rug iad ort aig ceann Loch-earba,
B'e Iain Odhar do thargaid,
'S bu mhath na'm biodh e dearbhte."

X. Raonull Og, am fear 's an deach an daol-chridhe, married an Irish lady, "a' Bhaintighearna Bheag," who brought with her a Tochar of Irishmen, to whom the townland of Ionar-Odhair was allotted. Here their descendants continued to reside, as a colony, till the end of last century, when they emigrated to America. Of this Tochar are the Boyles and the Burkes, still in the Braes. Na Bùrcaich have now changed their name into Macdonald. The Baintighearna Bheag somehow mysteriously disappeared; but she is still seen, by favourites, of a winter evening in the woods of Coille-Diamhain. Raonull Og having been almost always an outlaw may be said not to have succeeded his father at all. He hid himself for a long time in Uamha-an-Aghastair, in the hills of Lochtreig; but managed to escape to Spain :—

"Bha mi la air lorg taghain,
'S thug i mi gu crò;
Aite nach bu mhiste leam—
Cidsin Raonnill òig.
Bha tuagh, 'us tal, 'us tora ann,
'Us coire 'bhruicheadh feoil;
'S gu'n robh de bhoicinn ghobhar ann
Na dh'fhoghnadh dhomh ri m' bheo."

The manner and place of his death are uncertain. He was succeeded by his son—

XI. Aonghus Odhar. In 1639 the Campbells laid waste the Braes of Lochaber; to revenge the injury some 120 of the Braerians made a foray into the lands of the Campbells. On their way homewards this Chief fell in a skirmish with the Campbells at Stronchlachain, in the year 1640. Iain Lom (Turner, p. 98) laments the loss of this chief. Angus composed a number of songs, one of which may be seen in Leabhar Raonaill Duibh, 1776, p. 266. He left a young family, but his son, Angus Og, did not succeed him. He was the progenitor of Achnancoichean, and died at an advanced age. His grand-daughter, Ni Mhic Aonghuis Oig, was the authoress of "An ulaidh phriseil 'bha bhuainne" (Turner p. 128).

Aonghus Odhar was succeeded by his uncle—

XII. Alastair Buidhe, in the absence of Donall Glas, his elder brother, who is properly XII. Donall Glas married a daughter of Forrester of Kilbagie, Clackmannan, by whom he had—

1. *Alastair.*
2. *Raonall.*
3. A daughter, died unmarried. She composed "Cumha Ni Mhic Raonaill."

Donald Glas figured at Inverlochy, for which he was forfeited. To return to Alastair Buidhe; in 1647 a letter of Lawburrows is issued against him by Chisholm of Comar. In 1650, as Tutor of Keppoch, he is ordered to command those bearing his name, or who are his friends. He married, first, a daughter of Angus Mór of Bohuntin, and when not acting Tutor of Keppoch, he resided first at Glac-a'-bhriogais; secondly at Tom-an-tighe-mhoir, Bohuntin. By his first wife, who was drowned on Bun-Ruaidh, he had—

1. *Ailein Dearg.*

2. *Gilleasba-na-Ceapaich.*

By his second wife he had no issue. He was succeeded by his nephew—

XIII. ALASTAIR MAC DHONAILL GHLAIS, who, with his brother Raonall, was murdered at Keppoch. See Iain Lom's "Murt na Ceapaich." This Alastair was succeeded by his uncle—

XIV. ALASTAIR BUIDHE, of whom, supra. XII. Alastair Buidhe, who was dead before 1665, was succeeded, though only for a few months, by his son—

XV. AILEIN DEARG, murdered at Tulloch before 1666. He left no issue, and was succeeded by his brother—

XVI. GILLEASBA NA CEAPAICH, who married a daughter of Letterfinlay, by whom he had—

1. *Colla na Ceapaich.*
2. *Raonall Mor Thir-na-dris.*
3. *Mor.*
4. *Seonaid.*
5. *Catriona*, grandmother of Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie.
6. *Sile na Ceapaich*, the poetess, who married the Laird of Beldorney, Banffshire.

Gilleasba was educated at Forres. He had the reputation of being a shrewd man. In 1667 some of the Braerians made a foray into Glenesk, but seemingly without his permission. In September 1675 he joined Glengarry and Lochiel when they went to Mull to assist the Macleans against Argyll. The following verses, composed by (?) "the witch-wife who had promised the McLains that, so long as she lived, the Earl of Argyll should not enter Mull," refers to that occasion—

"Hi haori ri iù,
Hiri am boho hug éile,
Chall oho hi iù.

"Chunnacas long seach an caolas,
Hi haori iu,
Hiri am boho hug éile,
Chall oho hi iù.

"Ceart aogasg Mhic-Cailein,
Chall oho hi iu.

"Ach gu'n till an Righ mór e,
Hi haori ri iu,
Hiri am boho hug eile,
Chall oho hi iu.

"Ma tha Dubhart air 'aire,
Chall oho hi iu.

"Guidhim tonn thair a tobhta,
Hi haori ri iu,
Hiri am boho hug eile,
Chall oho hi iu.

"Dh'fhiach an tog i dheth 'marachd,
Chall oho hi iù."

He was one of the chiefs who had to present themselves at Inverlochy in November 1678. In 1679, in conjunction with Argyll, he calls for Calder. He composed many songs, a few of which are still extant. He died in the year 1682, and was succeeded by his son—

XVII. Colla na Ceapaich. He was only eighteen years of age when, at his father's death, he was taken home from St Andrew's University. In 1685-6 he joined the Duke of Gordon, the Marquis of Athole, and Lord Strathnaver, when they invaded Argyll. He fought Mulroy in 1688; took the Castle of Ruthven, besieged the Castle of Inverness, and plundered the town, for which he was ordered to restore 4000 merks to the burgh; was at Killiecrankie; and again at Sheriffmuir, where he routed the English cavalry. He was living in 1723. He married Barbara, daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, by whom he had—

1. *Alastair*, who succeeded him.
2. *Donall.*
3. *Mairghread.*

XVIII. Alastair studied at the University of Glasgow. He is entered thus: Alexander M'Donald filius natu maximus Domini de Keapach, 1713. He and his brother Donald fell at Culloden. He married a daughter of Robert Stewart of Appin, "Nic Iain Stiubhart," by his second wife, a daughter of Robert Campbell of Lochnell. Besides a Gille-gun-iarraidh, Aonghus Bàn, he had by Miss Stewart—

1. *Raonull Og.*
2. *Alastair*, "Am Màidseir Mór,"

He had several daughters, of whom

1. Married John Macdonald of Killichonate.
2. Married Alexander Macdonald of Tullochchrom.
3. Married Alexander's son.
4. *Clementina*, married Macnab of Innish-Eobhainn.
5. *Barbara*, who married, on the 28th December 1757, Patrick Macdonald, minister of Kilmore, who edited a collection of Highland vocal airs collected by his brother, Joseph Macdonald, 1781. "She was a Roman Catholic, and attended neither public nor family worship with the family." She died in 1804.

XIX. Raonull Og was with his brother, Alastair, through the American War. He was dead before 1798, and is buried on the top of Tom-Aingeal, in Cille-Chaorraill. He married Miss Cargill of Jamaica, by whom he had several children, of whom—

1. *Alastair*, died in the army without issue.
2. *Richard*, died without issue.

XX. Alastair am Maidseir Mor, married a daughter of Donald Macdonell, who was executed in 1746, at Carlisle. He emigrated to America, where his descendants are still flourishing.

A PHILOLOGICAL RAMBLE THROUGH A HIGHLAND GLEN.

In these days of rapid travelling, when a trip to what our forefathers called "foreign parts," is reckoned but the work of a busy man's brief holiday, travellers' tales are plentiful enough; but I am inclined to think that, from the facilities afforded by the railway for speedy transit, the narratives of the travels of modern tourists lack much of the minute and careful record of observation that was wont to characterise the journals of "the old school" of pedestrian sight-seekers. From the force of circumstances, therefore, the idea conveyed to the mind of the modern traveller of the country through which he passes must be indistinct, hazy, vague. A general impression of the outlines of the country, relieved, it may be, by, here and there, a more clearly defined memory of some striking feature in the landscape, is all that he can retain, and therefore (unless indeed he draw on his imagination) all that he can set down in writing for the instruction of his readers. That such a method of gathering information is utterly unsatisfactory to one who really wishes to *know* a country will be readily admitted, for we are all aware that, behind the first and general impression conveyed to the mind, there ever lies the most valuable and, as a rule, the most interesting matter to be gathered from the close discriminating study of details. I have frequently been amused by the hastily gathered and rashly printed impressions of travellers of the kind in question. As a rule their confidence is only equalled by their ignorance. Cursory observation, I may add, is only valuable where close and careful scrutiny is impossible. In countries that are unexplored, like the interior of Africa for example, the former method (the cursory and desultory) is of great value, but only because, as yet, the latter way is not practicable. By and bye the results of the explorations of a Livingstone and a Stanley will cease to be of value except from a historical and antiquarian point of view, not so much because of the changes that will take place in the condition of the country, as because of the necessarily superficial views of the portions traversed that those travellers are restricted to giving. Of course in these cases the fault lies with the obstacles presented to the explorers by their position as the pioneers of civilization, and not, as in the case of ordinary travellers through well-known countries, from the great facility of rapid progress. The result is the same, however, in both cases—another example of the adage that "extremes meet."

Not the least useful, though certainly not the most honoured, traveller is he who carefully notes every fact in connection with his journey, even those that might seem trivial and valueless to the ordinary wayfarer. By such men have been gathered the treasures of folk-lore (the value of which is only beginning to be understood), and the tales and legends which, while they may be regarded as in themselves somewhat puerile, and only worth treasuring for the sake of the amusement they afford, are yet of great value in throwing light on the turn of mind, the modes of life, and even the religious beliefs of the people among whom they were originated—or if not originated—at least retained.

I am convinced that there is much work of this kind for minds of the type that I have indicated yet remaining to be done in our own country, and that invaluable treasures of much and abiding interest are daily slipping away from our grasp, purely from lack of what I call the *observative* faculty in the inhabitants of our glens. In some cases, I am aware, good work has been done in the direction of rescuing from oblivion such precious waifs, notably by Mr Campbell of Islay, but much remains yet undone that might easily be done if men could be found ready and willing to do it. I myself have listened to tales of adventure and of foray by a Highland cottage fireside that would have furnished material for several Waverleys, and of ghost, witch, and fairy legends, enough to fill a large volume, and quite as wonderful as those of the famous "Thousand-and-One Nights."

My purpose in this paper is as much to call attention to this field for gleaners as to offer a very small contribution of the results of a hurried glance over one part of it. I do not pretend to do more than point out what might be done in this direction. Unfortunately, I have little opportunity to follow up my inclination to make further researches in what is a very instructive and at the same time pleasing study.

Shakspere asks "What is in a name?" asserting, implicitly at least, that there is nothing in it. Most of us will differ with him there. In the names of places, I submit, there is a great deal. Who of us but will own that in many instances we find the clearest and best defined of the existent traces of history in the nomenclature of localities. The most permanent traces of the Roman occupation of England are found not in the camps that are scattered at intervals over the country, nor in the crumbling remains of the walls of Antonine and Hadrian, but in such names as Chester, Rochester, Lancaster, &c. These names are historical fossils that have long survived the glory of the age of which they are the deposit. Here and there over England ineradicable marks of its frequent invasions are to be discovered. "The Den," at Tynemouth, in South Devon, recalls the first inroad of the Norse Vikings on England's shore, and the Danelagh, the name that designated the only part of it in which they obtained anything like a permanent footing, is not yet forgotten. We might multiply examples, but enough has been said to prove, if proof were necessary, that "there is history in a name."

In the following attempt to trace the meaning of the names of the small and comparatively insignificant localities of a Highland glen, nothing of general interest is to be expected. My remarks are, of necessity, only the "breaking of the ground," in an untried and not historically-interesting sphere. Yet, as the accidental discovery of a few grains of gold-dust has sometimes led the way to the disclosure and opening up of a rich mine, I am not without the hope that others may be induced to dig where there is more promise of something to repay labour.

The glen which is the scene of my ramble is not without natural attractions (as what Highland glen is?), but these are apart from my present purpose, and I pass them over. I begin at the head of it, that is to say, at the head of the inhabited part of it, for there is a long stretch of it away in the direction of Ben Muic Dhui, to which I care not to carry my readers meantime. I begin at

INNIS-RUAIRADH.—The root of the name is obvious—"Rory's Isle," or more correctly (in this instance) "Rory's pasture or grazing-place." I gather, with some considerable difficulty, from "the oldest inhabitant," whose memory is a perfect treasure-house of legends of the past, that this name was given to the splendid "haugh" that stretches for two or three miles along the side of the river, from the fact that it was the favourite resting-place of the droves of a certain "Ruairidh," a cattle dealer (and possibly also cattle-stealer) of the Rob Roy type, who did a large business in kyloes with the Lowlands, and periodically took this route from the hills to the markets of the south. On one unlucky occasion he was slain on this haugh. Tradition does not say whether his death resulted from treachery or occurred in open battle. He has, however, a *monumentum aere perennius* in Inchrory. Many a far better man has a less lasting memorial; for those were "rieving" days, days of "rugging and riving," and I confess to entertaining a shrewd suspicion that Wordsworth's "simple plan" formed "Ruairidh's" moral code. He fell, I am afraid, in repelling the attack of some of the former owners of his "bestial" bent on its recovery. Be that as it may, he is not forgotten nor likely soon to be.

On this same haugh of Rory's I found a memento much more interesting, if (possibly) less authentic. What think you? The grave of Fingal's wife! A mound bearing that designation is actually pointed out, and easily distinguishable among the long grass of *Bog-luachrach.** The legend tells that in the futile attempt to take the Linn of Aven "in her stride," she slipt, fell in, was drowned, and carried by the flooded stream to the place where her grave now is. From the incident the river, formerly known as "Uisge-geal," took its present name "Ath-Fhinn," or "Fingal's Ford." If the mound be really the grave of Fingal's spouse, we shall have no difficulty in believing that "there were giantesses (and, *a fortiori*, giants) in those days," judging alike from the feat she attempted and the length of her resting-place. I shall not soon forget the look of horror with which I was regarded by the old man who pointed out the spot, when I proposed to seek for some practical verification of the legend by digging in the mound. His expression of face said as plainly as possible, "sacrilege!" and I am not to this day quite sure that he did not regard the departed spouse of Ossian's hero as an ancient and eminent saint. A more pronounced contrast to Edie Ochiltree and a more devoted admirer of *sacrosancta antiquitas* could not be conceived than was my worthy guide. We next come upon

DALEISTIE, as it is now spelt. Originally it was "Daleisdeachd," or the haugh of audience, or possibly "Dal-eisdibh." The legend connected with it is curious. It is said to have been once on a time the abode of a *sagart*, who, in default of a place of worship capable of housing his congregation, or because (which is as likely) he was a missionary sent to evangelize the dwellers in the remote glen, was compelled to address those who came to hear him in the open air—to hold "a conventicle" in short. Whether his hearers were Pagans, and therefore took dire offence at his doctrines, or lax-living Christians who relished not the stricter rule of

* Reedy or rushy marsh.

life enjoined by their teacher, is left to conjecture. This much only can be ascertained, that they burnt him, securing him, in the absence of the orthodox stake, to a large boulder, which still stands at the lower end of the haugh (or did so until recently), and is known by the name *Clach-an-t-shagairt.* Whether the fire was slow, or the executioners got sickened of their task, it appears that only the lower half of his body was consumed, and the rest of it was conveyed for Christian interment to the burial ground attached to the chapel of Kirkmichael, twelve miles down the glen. There a stone cut into the rude effigy of the upper half of a man is still pointed out as indicating the place of his interment. My cicerone (the same old man, and a sound Protestant) held firmly by the opinion that this priest was an emissary from the monastery of Glenlivat, who had come over with the design of perverting the dwellers in Glenavon from the Reformed faith. For various reasons I could not accept this theory, but did not venture to express my divergence of opinion for fear of causing my friend to become sulky (as he was apt to do), and, as an inevitable consequence, silent.

There are various localities occuring on the one side or the other of the Avon as we descend that have some degree of interest attaching to their nomenclature, but for the present I pass them over and reach

DELAVORAR—Dal-a-Mhorar (? *mor-fhear*) "The lord's haugh," takes its name from having been, it is said, on two occasions the temporary camping ground of the noted Marquis of Montrose during his campaigns on behalf of the unfortunate Stuarts. I have been unable (from want of means of reliable reference) to fix the exact dates on which he rested on this fine haugh. It is said that within a few years the pile of cinders left from his armourer's furnace was to be seen near the farm-house that stands at the upper end of the haugh, but this I am disposed to doubt, or at least to take *cum grano salis.* However little one may be inclined to sympathise with the political views of Montrose or to approve of his beheaviour as a citizen, it is impossible to withhold from him the merit of being alike a dashing soldier and a most skilful general. But the fates were against him.

I might enter into descriptions of many more localities, whose situation or associations have given them their names, but I am reluctant to trespass on the patience of the reader. There is the burn of Fergie which most fitly derives its name from *fearg* (anger) as it is the most tumultuous and brawling stream that I know. There is also *Alt-fhridh-mhath* or *Alt-righ-mhath,* the root of which is doubtful, though I incline to the former spelling from the productiveness of the long valley through which it runs. But I fancy I have done enough in the way of "breaking ground." It may be that in a future paper I shall take up the other places whose names have a philological interest in this remote Highland glen. It seems to me to be a cause of great regret that fugitive legends of every sort that are floating in the memories of many of the inhabitants of our glens, and which, though having for the nonce "a local habitation and a name," are not being gathered up by those who have the opportunity of doing so, and therefore inevitably melt "into the infinite azure of the past," are not in some permanent way preserved for the perusal and instruction of coming generations. The grand old motto of "Highlanders

shoulder to shoulder!" might surely be most serviceably brought to bear in such a cause, and the result be a volume of universal interest—such as was Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, and for a similar reason. Might not the members of the *Comunn Gaidhealach* contribute, each his quota, for the formation of a volume of this kind. If they did I would venture to predict for such a book (with a competent and discriminating editor) an immediate preciousness (pecuniarily) and a future pricelessness.

A. MACGREGOR ROSE.

THE HIGHLAND SPORTSMAN'S SONG—1879.

Give us of Sport and what reck we
If valiant men decay,
The land is ours and we are free
To lord it as we may.
We want no happy homesteads here,
We want no cultured fields,
'Tis ours alone to track the deer,
And feel the joy it yields.
Away with the men from every glen,
The game we must pursue,
No sentiment can sway us when
We pay for what we do.

Tho' 'neath the heather-blooming soil,
There may be mines of wealth;
The land, unmarked with human toil,
We keep for sport and health.
If smoky fumes, or furnace glare,
Or Titan hammer-din,
Impermeate the Highland air,
'Twould be! 'twould be a sin—
Away with the men from every glen, &c.

Where Science sets its golden foot,
There Labor reigns secure,
And we must bear its smut and soot,
Yea, keep the toiling poor.
We want nè grimy Labor's sons,
In glens or valleys here;
They're ours! and while we love our guns,
We'll keep them but for deer.
Away with the men from every glen, &c.

We heed no tales of clansmen brave,
Or of the times gone by,
The Highland race we cannot save
If they are doomed to die.
Then why should we inducements give
For men to flourish here?
'Tis only for ourselves we live!
So let them disappear.
Away with the men from every glen, &c.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

THE History of the Family of Gairloch, and an article on "The Early Possessors and Writs of Culloden," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., have been unavoidably left over.

Correspondence.

—o—

THE SCOTTISH BIBLE SOCIETY'S 8vo. EDITION OF THE GAELIC SCRIPTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Edinburgh, 8th July 1879.

DEAR SIR,—I observe in a paper in your last issue by my neighbour, the Rev. Dr Masson, some reference to the 8vo. edition of the Gaelic Bible, published in 1860 by the National Bible Society, and edited by Dr Clerk, of Kilmallie and myself. The statements in that reference should have been made with more regard to accuracy. I am not going to say a word about Dr Masson's criticisms of the Gaelic nor of his Miltonic account of the Gaelic Scriptures' Committee, of which he was a member, and must have contributed to the sulphur and the fat. But there are statements made by him which cannot be allowed to pass as true.

He says "three thousand copies of it were printed, but except among the Highlanders of Canada and the out-lying Hebrides, a copy of it is now rarely met with." He says further, "It is right to add that these misprints were carefully corrected in the Scottish Bible Society's edition of 1868."

Now, Sir, I have made enquiry at the office of the National Bible Society, and find that the first 1860 edition is long out of print, but that altogether 14,000 copies of it have been printed, and that there is an edition of 3000 just gone to press now.

With regard to the second statement I never heard of an edition by the Scottish Bible Society in 1868, but I know that Dr Clerk and I corrected the misprints in the 1860 edition, and that the edition of 1868 appeared with these corrections, of which very few were required.

Dr Masson further says that "it will be satisfactory to learn that the Scottish Bible Society has at press a reprint of the 1826 Bible, in which it is proposed to change nothing but the exceedingly few misprints which escaped the careful eye of Dr Macdonald."

I can learn nothing of any such edition, but I know of an edition by the National Bible Society with *references* for the first time in Gaelic, on which Dr Clerk and I, aided by an excellent Gaelic scholar, have been engaged for two years, and which we expect soon to be out. It looks as if Dr Masson had mistaken the one Society for the other. If so, this part of his paper is a tissue of blunders. I have a very strong repugnance to controversy about Gaelic, having found it very unprofitable, but I feel it necessary to make some reference to these statements of fact.—Yours faithfully,

THOS. MACLAUCHLAN.

—o—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Dr Masson, in his last article on the Gaelic Scriptures, has fallen into a mistake in regard to "the Scottish Bible Society's edition of 1868," in which he thinks the misprints of the edition of 1860 were "carefully

corrected." What the Society did in 1868 was to issue, not a new edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, but a new impression of the stereotyped edition of 1860, with the date of 1868 on the title-page. The offensive edition of 1860 is, therefore, still in circulation, and the misstatement to which Dr Masson has referred as to its having been "authorised by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland," is still imprinted on its title-page.

Previous to 1868 I furnished my friend, Dr Clerk, with a list of typographical errors, including that in Job 24, 14, which I had detected in the edition of 1860. When the impression of 1868 appeared I discovered that there had been attempts, by making alterations in the plates, to correct some of those errors. Some of the attempts succeeded, but some of them are failures, and, in some instances, the alterations are worse than the previous errors. As examples, I may refer to John xix., 29, where the attempt to correct a typographical error in the edition of 1860 has produced two errors in the impression of 1868, and to Jeremiah xxv., 1, where, in the impression of 1868, a large blank space, completely destroying the sense, is the result of an attempt to correct an error in the edition of 1860. I have also noted, in the impression of 1868, errors which did not exist in the first impression, but which must have been introduced by subsequent alterations in the plates. The last impression, therefore, of the edition of 1860 can hardly be regarded as an improvement upon the first impression, by which were introduced into the Gaelic Scriptures innumerable errors and anomalies which are not to be found in any previous edition.

It is very much to be regretted that, notwithstanding representations made to the Directors of the Society and their Secretary, the Rev. Dr Goold, by competent parties, such as the late Drs Mackintosh Mackay, of Harris; Smith, of Inveraray; and Macdonald, of Comrie, they not only have persisted in circulating the edition of 1860 with its errors, but are, at the present time, preparing for publication an edition of the Gaelic Scriptures with references, which is being revised by Drs Maclauchlan and Clerk after the fashion of their revision of 1860. This new move on the part of the Directors of the Society will necessitate, for the sake of our Highland people, and in the interest of sound Gaelic scholarship, the reviving of a controversy which, until a few weeks ago, I had hoped had been for ever dead and buried. Whatever excuse there might have been for the blunder of 1860, there can be no excuse for a repetition of it in 1879.

I purpose, as soon as possible, to republish, for circulation in the Highlands, a lengthened criticism of the edition of 1860, which appeared in 1870 in the columns of an Edinburgh newspaper, with Dr Clerk's replies, that our Highland countrymen may have an opportunity of judging as to the value of the alterations which he and Dr Maclauchlan have introduced, as improvements, into the Gaelic Scriptures. Meanwhile you may be able to find space for the following statements, which are the result of a careful and minute examination of the edition of 1860, including the impression of 1868:—

1. That edition contains numerous errors and anomalies which do not occur in any previous edition of the Gaelic Scriptures. At the request

of the Society, I submitted lists of those errors and anomalies to Dr Mackintosh Mackay, who, as is well known, was the most eminent Gaelic scholar of his time, and his report to the Society fully corroborated all my statements as to the extremely inaccurate character of the edition of 1860. Several of the errors seriously affect the meaning and structure of the places in which they occur. My list of anomalous spelling, by no means an exhaustive one, contains about 500 different words. Many of these anomalies occur in previous editions, but many of them are found only in the edition of 1860.

2. Many typographical errors, some of them destroying the meaning, are to be found in the edition of 1860, which are not to be found in any previous edition.

3. Typographical errors in the 4to. edition of 1826 are reproduced in the edition of 1860 without being corrected.

4. Typographical and other errors in the 4to. edition of 1826, which were corrected in subsequent reprints, remain uncorrected in the edition of 1860.

5. In innumerable instances a part of a syllable, in forms, which must invariably be read like monosyllabic words, are found at the end of a line, whilst the remaining part of the syllable is found at the beginning of the next line. The difficulty which this division of monosyllables creates in reading Gaelic must be sufficiently obvious.

6. Numerous colloquial and corrupt forms of expression, some of them of a most offensive character, were, for the first time, introduced by rule into the edition of 1860.

7. Most, if not all, of the orthographical changes introduced, as improvements, into the edition of 1860, are the result of entirely erroneous ideas of Gaelic and its stricture. The following are examples :—

(1) The preposition *an* (in), the modern form of the old Gaelic preposition *in*, cognate with Lat. *in* and Eng. *in*, is written with an apostrophe before it, to represent it as a contracted form. One of the editors regarded it as a contracted preposition, "ann an" being the full form, whilst the other regarded it as the article with the preposition *ann* before it! The ancient form *in*, of this preposition shews that both views are erroneous.

(2) I find *gu-n* for *gu'n* in the impression of 1868 (1 Peter ii. 21) to indicate that, as held by the editors in the joint committees of the Established and Free Churches on the Gaelic Scriptures, the *n* is merely a euphonic letter, and that therefore it is not essential to the construction. The eclipse by *bh* of the initial radical letter of the verb in "gu bheil," an expression founded upon as supporting the view of the editors, proves conclusively that the *n* of *gu'n*, in Old Gaelic *con*, represents the relative, preceded by the prep. *gu*, in Old Gaelic *co*.

(3) The editors have uniformly substituted *cha-n* for *cha'n*, to indicate that they regard the *n* as merely euphonic. "Cha'n 'eil" is sufficient to prove that their view is erroneous. The Scottish *cha'n* like the Irish *nocha*, is from the Old Gaelic "ni con," *n* representing the relative, as in *gu'n*.

(4) *Ata*, in old Gaelic *atà* and *attá*, a compound of *ta* (is), is common in spoken Gaelic, in such phrases as "Ata sin fìor," "Ata mi ag ràdh

riut." It is frequently used in all the editions of the Gaelic Scriptures issued previous to that of 1860, the editors of which regarded *a* before *ta* as redundant. They, therefore, as a rule, deleted it, and thus an interesting and expressive verbal form which still exists in the spoken language has been removed from the Scriptures, and the weakened form *tha* has been generally substituted in its stead.

In their eagerness to remove every trace of *ata* from the Scriptures, the editors have sometimes deleted the relative *a* (cf. John iii. 4) mistakit for the *a* of *ata*, which, in some previous editions, had been erroneously separated from *ta*.

(5) In the edition of 1860 *bhitheas* has been substituted, as a general rule, for *bhios* (will be), the editors being of opinion that *bios*, the modern form of the ancient future relative *bias*, is a contraction of *bhitheas!*

(6) In spoken as well as in written Gaelic, the nominative plural frequently ends with a vowel, as *nithe*, *briathra*, *beotha*. In the edition of 1860, *n*, which does not essentially belong to this case, is added to the vowel termination, not *causa euphoniæ*, as in the edition of 1826, but as a general rule. Thus, the regular nominative plural is banished from written Gaelic, while it is still in use in spoken Gaelic.

(7) By an abundant use of apostrophes to mark inflections that often have no existence, the editors of the edition of 1860 have converted indeclinable into declinable words. For example, the noun *tighearna* (lord), in old Gaelic *tigerne*, is made *tighearn* in the nominative, and *tighearna* or *tighearn'* in the genitive. I have reason to believe that one of the editors has become sensible of the difficulty of changing the structure of Gaelic, and that he is resolved, for the future, to let indeclinable words remain indeclinable!

(8) Examples have already been give of the use of apostrophes in this edition to mark elisions where there are no elisions. I shall now add another of frequent occurrence, although erroneous. The infinitive in Gaelic is a substantive, and is subject to the same rules of construction as any other substantive. It governs the noun following in the genitive, and is itself governed in the dative or the accusative according as the governing word takes the dative or the accusative after it. For example, the infinitive *bith*, (being) in old Gaelic *buith*, but now erroneously written *bhi*, is preceded and governed by prepositions, as "a bhi," or "do bhi" (to be), "gu bhi" (to being, with being), "o bhi" (from being), "le bhi" (by being), "gŭn bhi" (without being) "air bhi" (on being). Overlooking this simple rule of Gaelic construction, the editors of the edition of 1860 imagined that this infinitive must always be preceded by the preposition *a* or *do*, either expressed or represented by an apostrophe. They, therefore, frequently wrote "gu 'bhi" for "gu bhi," "o 'bhi" for "o bhi," "le 'bhi" for "le bhi," "gun 'bhi" for "gun bhi," and "air 'bhi" for "air bhi," to indicate that they regarded "gu do bhi," "o do bhi," "le do bhi," "gun do bhi," and "air do bhi," as the full forms of these expressions!

(9) The pronoun *do* (thy) is written *t'*, in both ancient and modern Gaelic, before nouns beginning with a vowel, as "t'òglach" (thy servant), "t'ùrnuigh" (thy prayer). In the edition of 1860 *d'* has been substituted for *t'*, contrary to the invariable pronunciation, and in disregard of

the important fact noticed by Dr Stokes (cf. Ir. Gl., p. 80) that *t* must have been the original letter, as shown by Sansk. *tava*, Lat. *tuus*, and Eng. *thy*.

(10) Dr Masson has happily remarked that the change of the prep. *do* into *de* in such sentences as "Smuainicheadh a leithid sin de dhuine so," &c., is "the great grammatical improvement" which the edition of 1860 professes to have introduced into the Gaelic Scriptures! It must be borne in mind that *d*, before or after a small vowel, has invariably its soft sound, and that, therefore, *de* in the above sentence must be pronounced very nearly like *je* in *jelly*, and exactly like Gaelic *deth* (of him, of it). But the editors have not been satisfied with the introduction of *de* into such sentences as the above, in which its use is contrary to modern Gaelic pronounciation. They have also introduced it into places in which it completely destroys the sense, as shown by the following examples:—"Duine de Bhetlehem Iudah" (Ruth i. 1); "Agus anns an treas bliadhna de Hoseah mac Elah rìgh Israeil" (2 Kings xviii. 1); "Bithibh bàigheil riu air ar son-ne, a chionn nach do ghléidh sinn de gach fear a bhean anns a' chogadh" (Judges xxi. 22).

I do not object to the use of *de* in such sentences as "aon de 'n t-sluagh" (one of the people, *i.e.*, one from among the people), "ghèarr e geug de 'n chraoibh" (he cut a branch off the tree); but nothing can be more contrary to Gaelic idiom than the general use of this preposition in the edition of 1860.

(11) The tenacity with which old idioms retain their place in a language is shown by the prevailing use in spoken Gaelic of the phrases, "Tha fhios agam," "Tha fhios agad," &c., where *fios* is aspirated because it is preceded by the possessive pronoun understood. "Tha fhios agam" thus means, literally, "I have its knowledge," or "I have the knowledge of it." "Tha fhios agam gu bheil an là fuar" (I have the knowledge of it that the day is cold). The attempts of former editors of the Gaelic Scriptures to banish this idiom from written Gaelic have been fully endorsed by the editors of the edition of 1860.

(12) But the editors' efforts in the direction of improving the Gaelic language have not been restricted to the discarding of living idioms. They do not hesitate, when they deem it expedient or desirable, to create new ones. One example will suffice here. Puzzled, apparently, as to the construction of such phrases as, "Co fhad as sin" (Psalm ciii. 12); "Am fad is beò e" (Rom. vii. 1, 2); "Am feadh is beò a fear" (Rom. vii. 3); "Air chor as nach ban-adhaltranach i" (Rom vii. 3); they considered that the introduction of the conjunction *agus* (and), or, at least, of a part of *agus*, might help to clear up the difficulty. Accordingly, in the edition of 1860, "am fad is beò e" and "am feadh is beò a fear" (Rom. vii. 2, 3) have been altered, but not improved, into "am fad 's is beò e," and "am feadh 's is beò a fear," the parallel construction, "air chor as nach ban-adhaltranach i," in the same place, having been left as in former editions. In all these places, the construction is plain; but the orthography, in all the editions, is irregular. The phrases should be written, "Co fhad a's sin"; "am fad a's beò e"; "am feadh a's beò a fear"; "air chor a's nach ban-adhaltranach i."

To the above examples others of a similar nature might be added, but those given are sufficient to shew the kind of improvements on Gaelic

orthography, for which we are indebted to the editors of the 1860 edition of the Gaelic Scriptures.

I may be permitted to add here that for both of the gentlemen, whose editorial work I have criticised so freely, I entertain, on personal grounds, very great respect, and that I regret that it is necessary, in the interest of the Gaelic Scriptures, which Highlanders so highly prize, to make the above remarks.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

BRODICK, 16th July 1879.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWERS.

ROSSES OF INVERCHARRON.

I AM unable to give at present authentic information regarding the Rosses of Invercharron previous to 1600 or so, but observing some inaccuracies in "J. D. M'K.'s" note thereanent, I deem it right to supplement it at once.

The first of the family was William Ross, second son of Sir David of Balnagowan, Knight,[1] who (Sir David) died in May 1527.[2] He was sometimes called William of Ardgay.[1] His direct succession is *non est.* But between 1600 and 1797 there were eight generations and nine Lairds of Invercharron,[2] the last being William, who was son of David, who was son of William, who was son of William, who was immediate younger brother of Walter, who were both sons of Walter who was son of William, who was son of Alexander (Sas. Invss. Retours Deeds). Alexander of Invercharron died in September 1619.[3] Alexander was survived by his spouse, Isabella Ross, who, on 26th February 1632, is mentioned as wife to a "discrete young man," Alexander Ross Thomassoun, in Tuttumtarwigh.[4] The facts of her discreet "young" husband in 1632 and of Walter, Alexander's grandson, being married ante 1625 suggest she may have been a second wife. His younger sons were Donald[4] Alexander, in 1629 "in Balnagowan," and in 1641 "now in Drumgillie," whose wife was Agnes Macculloch,[5] George lived 1638 (Retours), Houcheon lived 1603 and 8,[6] John lived 1603,[7] Thomas lived 1607-1649.[8] Sir Robert Gordon mentions two sons, Nicholas and David, who went "to the wars" with Sir Donald Mackay about 1626 (and possibly as he is neither prais-

1. Tables said to be in possession of Balnagowan.
2. Kal Ferne.
3. Kal Ferne.
4. Sas. Invss., 30th July 1637.
5. Sas. Invss., vol. 4, 167, 20th Oct. 1641, and 11th Aug. 1652.
6. Sec. Sig., vol. 76, 253 and 77-221.
7. Sec. Sig., vol. 76, 73 243.
8. Sas. Invss., 21st May 1607, and 16th May 1649.

ing his ancestors nor dispraising their enemies, he may be credited), David being appointed, in 1631, Adam Gordon's Lieutenant in Sweeden. In 1595 remission of slaughter is granted to Nicholas Ross of Culnahal and Walter Ross of Cutumcarrach (Tutumtarwigh?), brothers of William Ross of Invercharron, for being art and part in the murder of Captain James Ross,[9] it not appearing whether they were brothers of William, son of Alexander of Invercharron, who is frequently during his father's lifetime designated "of" Invercharron, or of a previous owner. William "appeareant" of Invercharron, has himself, in 1605, a remission for being art and part in the murder, in June 1593, of two savages called Gillichrist Makeondachie and Alr, his son,[10] and in 1606 the King grants him escheit of the guids of Jon Ross in Mulderg.[11] William died 13th October 1622, and was buried at Kincardine on the 15th[12]—the good monks calling him "ane honorabil man." His younger sons were Hugh and Alexander.[13] Previous to 1625 Walter, William's son[15] and successor, also Alexander's grandson, had married Isobella (or Elizabeth) Monro,[16] who, by 25th Febauary 1614, had been relict of James Innes of Calrossie.[17] Some printed authorities call her Christian, daughter of Andrew son of George Monro of Milntoun. Her name, however, is not in the pedigree in possession of Milntoun's representative. Of Walter's family, Janet, on 7th October 1639, is about to marry Thomas Ross of Priesthill;[18] by 15th April 1641 she is his wife,[19] and by 12th August 1664 she is relict of Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell.[20] A Christian Ross, who was spouse of Hugh Macleod, 1st of Cambuscurrie *is said* to have been another daughter. Walter and spouse continue to appear in record until 1652, and on 5th July said year, his son, William Ross of Gruinyeard, "consents" to a legal instrument granted by his father.[21] William's spouse was Jonet Innes.[22] As will be seen from Cont. Mat. below, William succeeded his father.

On 30th December 1661 William of Invercharron grants a charter of Invercharron to his eldest son and apparent heir, Walter, and to Walter's spouse, Margaret Gray, relict of George Murray of Pulrossie[23] (daughter of Alexander Gray of Creich, by Isobel Bane, daughter to Alexander of Logie.) Walter dies without issue, as is shown by his brother William's contract of marriage of 9th June 1677, with Christian Ross, daughter of Malcolm, 1st of Kindeis (previously called "portioner of Midganie" and owner "of Knockan," younger son of David Ross, 2d of Pitcalnie), by which he binds himself to be served, retoured, and infeft to the late Walter of Invercharron, his grandfather, William of Invercharron, his father, and Walter of Invercharron, his brother. William had a brother Hugh,[24] designed "of Glastullich," which he held on charter of apprysing —"of Braelangwell" on contract of wadset—and "Tutor of Invercharron," who married Helen Dunbar, daughter of David of Dunphail,[24A] relict

9. Sec. Sig., 74 373.
10. Sec. Sig., 74 373.
11. Sec. Sig., 45-43.
12. Kal. Ferne.
13. Sas. Invss., 31st May 1621.
15. Sas. Invss., 9th January 1620.
16. Sas. Invss., 9th June 1625.
17. Summons.
18. Sas. Invss., 15th October 1639.
19. Sas. Invss., 22d April 1641.
20. Sas. Invss., 14th September 1664.
21. Sas. Invss., 4th August 1652.
22. Sas. Invss., 11th August 1652.
23. Sas. Invss., 30th April 1683.
24. Sas. Invss., 26th August 1687.
24A. Sas. Invss., 7th September 1678.

of, as second husband, Hugh Macculloch of Glastullich,[25] eldest son, of the second marriage, of Andrew Macculloch, 1st of Glastullich. A sister, Janet, married George Baillie of Dunain, and another, Isobella, married, in 1660, Andrew Ross, then appearant of, afterwards 5th of Shandwick. William died between 18th August 1687 and 15th August 1691. His relict married John Ross of Gruinyeard (probably a wadsetter).[26] His daughter, Katharine, married John Macculloch, a Bailie of Tayne, son of Angus of Bellacuith, and heir of his father, Sir Hugh of Piltoun.

William, this William's son, has a charter of Easter and Wester Gruinyeards from Sir David Ross of Balnagowan, the superior in 1708, as heir to his uncle Walter, being elder son of William, brother-german, next by birth to Walter,[27] those portions of the estate having apparently been in non-entry since Walter's death; and presently William grants an infeftment in implement of his marriage contract, dated 22d August 1707, to his spouse, Helen Ross, daughter to his uncle and Tutor, Hugh of Braelangwell.[28] They had a daughter, Janet, married, in 1745, Angus Sutherland, residing in Gruinyeard, after tacksman of Kincardine; a son, George; two younger children,[29] and their eldest son, David, who, on 2d October 1736, is granted a disposition from the superior, the Earl of Cromarty, of the lands of Invercharron, as eldest son and heir of deceased William, his father.[30] David of Invercharron married Isobella, only daughter of Hugh Ross, 8th of Auchnacloich (and Tollie), by Janet, sister of Sir William Gordon of Invergordon, by whom he had David, who died at Ballimore, America, in 179—; Margaret Janet married John Monro, ship-carpenter in London; Hannah and Hughina, and William, his heir. He died in 1758,[31] his relict re-marrying with Robert Monro in Invercharron.

On 12th March 1861 Lieut. William Ross of Invercharron gives power to Roderick Macculloch, one of his curators, to "make up his titles to David of Invercharron, his father, and William of Invercharron, his grandfather, as by his military employment he must be abroad" (Deed), and on 12th August 1763 he is granted precept from chancery for sasine in Invercharron, which now holds of the Crown in place of the Earl of Cromarty, by reason of his forfeiture, and which had been granted by the said Earl to David his father. On 2d October 1736[32] he married Anne Ross, daughter of the 2d, and sister of the last David Ross of Innerchasley (uncertain whether by first wife, Elspet Sutherland, or by second, Anne Ross) and by post-nuptial contract of 1762, he fixes the succession, failing the heirs of his body, on David Ross, his only brother-german.[33] His children were David, Captain 71st Foot; Helen married David MaCaw, Accountant of Excise in Edinburgh, and Elizabeth, his second daughter; all alive in 1797. A son, Charles, died ante (Deed). The estate was sold between 1790 and 1800, William Robertson of Kindeis purchasing Easter and Wester Gruinyeards; Major-General Charles Ross, Invercharron, with its pendicle of Rhianstron and fishing of Polmorill. Glencalvie, the other portion of the estate, went to some one else.

25. Sas. Invss., 22d December 1691.
26. Deed.
27. Sas. Invss., August 7, 1708.
28. Sas. Invss., 9th August 1708.
29. Deed.
30. Sas. Invss., 29th November 1736.
31. Retours 1763.
32. Retours, 2d November 1763.
33. Retours, 2d November 1763.

I have not counted Captain David a laird, although his father denuded himself of the lands in the boy's favour in 1769. During these two centuries several owned the estate on apprysing—viz. :—Andrew Ross, Provost of Tayne; the Balnagowans; Hugh Macleod of Cambuscurrie; Mr William Ross of Shandwick, &c.

In reference to J. D. M'K.'s Note I may remark it is scarcely probable that the daughter of the Davochmaluag, who died in 1534, was spouse of William Ross who died in 1622, and he gives no authority for the statement. His assertion, giving as reference Sas. 1708, f. 476, vol. 14 (which ought to be vol. 6 of the 4th series), is clearly founded on a misreading, William in one part of the instrument being called heir "of his uncle," *patrui* not *patris*, and in another "son of William brother-german next by birth to Walter." I have not noticed Isobel Monro mentioned, as he says, as daughter of Andrew Monro, and should be grateful for a more direct reference.

LEX.

MACKENZIES OF APPLECROSS.

In reply to query 18, by J. Maclagan, the following from a footnote (p. 440) of "The History of the Mackenzies," just published, will be a sufficient answer:—"This John (V. of Applecross), the last of this (the original) family, deprived his brother, Kenneth, of the property, and past it in favour of Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield, his sister's son. In order to set aside the legal succession, and in order to prevent his brother, Kenneth, from marrying, he allowed him only £80 yearly for his subsistence during his lifetime, which small allowance made it inadequate for him to rear and support a family, so that, in all probability, this has been the cause of making the family extinct. After this Kenneth the succession should have reverted back to Roderick Mackenzie, a descendant of Roderick, second son of John, II. of Applecross, who went to Nova Scotia in 1802, or, failing the family of this Rory, next to his brother's family, Malcolm, who died a few years ago in Kishorn, and, failing heirs of that family, to the other descendants of John of Applecross, viz.:—Kenneth of Auldinie, and John, killed at Sheriffmuir in 1715. *MS. written in* 1828."

A. M.

CHISHOLMS OF TEAWIG.

In the *Celtic Magazine* of April last, "C.D.A." wants "information respecting the Origin and Pedigree of the Family of Chisholm of Teawig, parish of Kilmorack, Inverness-shire." Two of the best *Seanachis* in the parish of Kilmorack (Christopher Macdonell, Struy, and John Mackenzie, Croicheil) say that the Chisholms of Teawig came originally from Sutherland. They cannot, however, give the pedigree of the Teawig family, nor can they state for a certainty who the present head of the family is. I may here say that I know very respectable descendants of the family alluded to. Were it not that it might be considered a liberty, I would append a list of their names and addresses. So far as I am aware there

is not a man in the parish of Kilmorack who can claim descent—in the male line—from them. There is a lineal descendant (if the genealogists are correct) of the Teawig Chisholms—a Stipendiary Magistrate in the prosperous Colony of Queensland. There is also one of the same stock in business in Greenock; another in Glasgow, and several families in Nova Scotia; one in Fort-Augustus, and one holding a very respectable position in the Isle of Skye. "C.D.A." says that the Rev. Thos. Chisholm and the Rev. David Chisholm, ministers of Kilmorack, were of this family. The Rev. Donald Chisholm, minister of Boleskine, who died a few years ago, was also of the Teawigs. Some members of the family were considered very good soldiers, some good farmers, and others were superior engineers. One Donald Ruadh Chisholm from Teawig had three sons by his wife, respectively named, Hugh, Donald, and William. Hugh remained in the Aird as engineer and millwright for the famous Lord Lovat of 1745. Donald went in a similar capacity to Clanranald, and lived and died in Arisaig. William went to The Chisholm, also as engineer and millwright, and lived and died in Strathglass. An old man who recollected some of the sayings and doings of the eventful 1745, told me that William herein alluded to, was at the head of the Strathglass men, building the old wooden bridge that spanned the river Cannich, with its heavy, heavy, ten couples of the best imaginable native red pine, when they observed a stalwart Highlander fast coming towards them. He enquired rather unceremoniously for The Chisholm. In his own tone of speech, he was asked to explain himself. Instantly complying with this piece of rough and ready etiquette, the stranger—who was a trustworthy man from the West Coast—handed a sealed letter to The Chisholm, announcing the arrival of Prince Charlie in Moidart! Just imagine, if you can, the excitement that news caused in the Jacobite district of Strathglass! But to return to the wooden bridge built at Invercannich in July 1745. Suffice it to say that it stood until the present stone bridge was built, within a gunshot of it in 1817. Thus, for the space of seventy-two years, it stood firm and strong against all floods and storms, and would probably stand for another seventy-two years, if it were required to do so—showing the skill of the builder. It was this William Chisholm and his brother, Hugh, who were the contractors employed by Captain John Forbes for the wood and carpenter work of the present Beaufort Castle, when the Lovat Estates were in the hands of the Crown. Such are a few of the reminiscences of the Teawig Chisholms.

COLIN CHISHOLM.

NAMUR COTTAGE, INVERNESS.

CORRECTION.—My last paper on "Our Gaelic Bible" was hurriedly written, and very hastily corrected. Please note the following corrections as material to the argument:—(1) at the foot of page 352 for 37 read 38; (2) at line 12, page 353, for 1868 read 1863; and (3) observe that the special forms of the letters l, n, r, are used only when these letters are *aspirated.*

DONALD MASSON.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE SOCIAL ECONOMY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE most successful Annual Assembly of this Society which, in many respects, was ever held, came off on the Thursday evening of the last Sheep and Wool Fair. The attendance was the largest we have yet seen at any of the Society's meetings, and the arrangements made by the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, were simply perfect. The singing, music, and dancing were quite equal to, if not in some respects superior, and the speaking was of a higher order, and more practical in its nature than on any previous occasion. The Chief, Lachlan Macdonald, Esq. of Skeabost, dealt with the vexed question of the "Highland Crofter," and the Rev. Alexander Macgregor delivered one of his neat Gaelic speeches, principally dealing with the military spirit displayed by the Highlanders of the past, and especially those of the Isle of Skye, who sent such a large number of distinguished officers and men to the British army in the beginning of the present century.

But the speech of the evening was that of Professor Blackie. It is far too important for mere cursory perusal in the columns of an ordinary newspaper, and we have much pleasure in placing it *in extenso* before the reader, at the same time giving it a more permanent place of record than it could otherwise have.

The Professor proceeded to say he seldom felt more embarrassed in his life, and seldom more pleased, because nothing pleased him more than when he was in the midst of people who were pouring out their souls—gushing out their natural feelings as the waters flow from the breasts of Ben-Nevis. He expressed in sweeping terms the deepest contempt for two classes of Highlanders—those who fawned on the Saxon, who professed they were born to be the humble servants of the Saxon, and who tried to take as much money out of him as possible; and those snobs and sneaks—(laughter)—those fellows who were ashamed of being what God Almighty made them, namely, Highlanders. (Applause.) Highlanders, he said, were the noblest of men—the men who fought the battles of their country in every quarter of the globe, and the men who were ever foremost in promoting the best interests of Great Britain. (Applause.) "I can only say," he continued, "that I am heartily ashamed of those who are ashamed of being Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. (Applause.) I know of no creatures more contemptible, and God grant that I shall be kept a hundred miles away from all such. (Laughter and applause.) I didn't mean to say this, but I have said it; and now I shall say that it gives me the greatest delight and pleasure to be amongst people who respect themselves, and by their self-respect pass a vote of thanks to God Almighty for having made them as they are, Hielanders." (Laughter and applause.) He next denounced those who depreciated Highland music. "Nothing stirs my indignation so much as the ignorance, the pedantry, and the intellectual pride of professors, schoolmasters, and inspectors sometimes—no, not Jolly, however. (Laughter.) No, no, Jolly is a very good fellow—a capital fellow. (Loud laughter and applause.) But I say those pro-

fessors, schoolmasters, inspectors—some inspectors, I mean—(laughter)—school boards, Red Tape managers up in London—and the further away the worse—(laughter)—these fellows imagine and tell you that there is nothing in music and song." He likened the Gaelic songs to the psalms of David. "But for all that some Hielan' ministers will tell you that you have nothing to do but to listen to their stupid sermons. (Laughter.) But I tell them here that when they try to put down or discourage the cultivation of these fine old Gaelic songs, they stamp out all that is best and noblest in the soul of the Scottish Highlander." (Loud applause.) His real speech, he said, he had written for his friend Mr Murdoch, and he would only indicate the heads of it. He agreed with Murdoch in many things, but protested against some of his ideas, especially the idea that a glass of water was better that a glass of wine. (Laughter.) "I can't understand that. (Renewed laughter.) He must have borrowed that idea from the ministers who speak against the Gaelic songs and against a glass of wine because, very often, they have no wine—(laughter)—but David said that a glass of wine maketh glad the heart of man; and so long as he said that, I'll enjoy a glass of wine in spite of Murdoch or any one." The Professor continued—There was a noteable debate Upstairs last week on agricultural distress. That is a theme which touches the Highlands as much as the Lowlands; we have had agricultural distress to complain of long before John Bull began to dream of it, and something more than distress—

PRODUCTION AND PRODUCERS.

A few remarks on this subject, not especially touched upon Upstairs, may not seem out of season at the present moment. Since the commencement of the present century, and somewhat earlier, Great Britain and Ireland have suffered largely from the taint of a false principle of social science, borrowed from the enconomists, which, though veiled for a season by a growth of monstrous prosperity in certain limbs of the body politic, is now beginning to reveal its essential hollowness, and to inspire the most sanguine with no very cheerful forebodings as to the future, both of our industrial activity and our agrarian culture. This false principle is that the wealth of a country consists in money, not in men; in the quantity or quality of merely material products, without regard to the quantity or the quality of the producers. As opposed to the old feudal principle by which society was held together for many centuries, it is sometimes called the commercial principle, and is generally represented by the fashionable philosophy of the hour as an immense advance on that which preceded it. But this is very far from being the case. The feudal burdens and the feudal privileges that in France caused the great revolution of 1789, the starting point of our modern social movements, represented not the feudal system in its natural vigour and healthy action, but in a state of corruption and decadence; besides that, in the Highlands at least, it was not the feudal system which was supplanted by the commercial system, but the old system of clanship which had its root, not in military conquest, but in family kinship. Now, what does this commercial system mean as an acting power in the great machine of society? I am afraid we must distinctly say that if left to its own action, and unseasoned

by higher influences, it means mere selfishness. It means money; it deals with purely material considerations, not only divorced from, but not seldom altogether opposed to what is moral; it means buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest; it means taking every possible advantage of a weak and ignorant neighbour for your own gain; it means not merely spoiling the Egyptians—which was a very legitimate thing in the circumstances—but it means spoiling the whole world without regard to the happiness, comfort, or well-being of your fellow-creatures, provided you enrich yourself. If you think this strong language, remember what I have just said, that the pure commercial spirit, especially in a country like Great Britain, composed of a remarkable variety and contrariety of social elements, is counteracted by a number of kindly influences which temper its virus considerably, and shorten its range; but fundamentally the proposition stands true—there is nothing generous, chivalrous, or noble in trade; the striking of a bargain and the making of a profit is, or must be, a selfish business; and if the whole world were constituted up to the highest power on the commercial principle, society would be divided into two great classes, one striving to overreach the other and the other class too clever and too strong to be overreached; generally, however, as the world is constituted, men whose rule of life is the trade principle, find a party on whose weakness and whose ignorance they can act in building up a gigantic fortune for themselves at the expense of their poorer neighbours. For such a state of society, when the whole world is viewed as a bazaar and the people of the world a congregation of shopkeepers, there can be no room for any kindly considerations of human kindness as a cement of society. The only bond of society in a bazaar is cash payment. But the actual world is not a bazaar, neither are all men always shopkeepers, and eager in every transaction of the twenty-four hours for a pecuniary profit; the world, in truth, were not worth living in if it were so. Society in the proper sense of the word would not be possible; a virtual war would take its place, of every man against every man to cheapen his neighbour's value and to raise his own. It is plain therefore that the commercial system as a binding principle of human association is a mistake; it is a principle in its nature essentially anti-social; for the only natural bond of society is mutual dependence, mutual esteem, and mutual love. Of this true, natural, and healthy bond between the different classes of society, there was a great deal in the so-called feudal system of the clans; in the modern commercial system, borrowed from trade, there is none of it; and we see the consequences. Since the commercial inspiration became dominant in the Highlands, money has increased, but men have decreased. Money, which in its legitimate sphere is a grand engine of social progress, and ought always to mean, when applied to any given country, an acceleration of useful exchanges among the people of the country, has in the Highlands of Scotland asserted its presence by causing the people altogether to disappear, among whom exchanges were to be accelerated. How should this have taken place? Simply because certain great landed proprietors, taught by their own natural unselfishness, and the doctrines of a certain school of economists, usurping the throne of social science, after losing the authority, and the social status, which previous to the brilliant blunder of the

Forty-five, they had enjoyed, began to make money their chief god, and, descending from the moral platform of protectors of the people, to the material level of traffickers in land, to look upon the swift increase of rents as the only test of social well-being; and with this view whenever the existence of the people or the soil tended to retard the return of large immediate pecuniary profit into their pockets, they did not hesitate to sacrifice the people, and to respect their pockets. Of course, I am not bringing any charge here against whole classes of men, nor do I by any means intend to say that the landlords of Great Britain generally are the wicked class of society, as John Stuart Mill said they were the stupid class. I am merely stating the strong features of the case that you may see how the commercial principle, according to undeniable statistical evidence, did act when it became securely enthroned in the breast of certain of our landed proprietors in the Highlands; though at the same time I am not so ignorant of the social history of this country, as to imagine that the pure selfishness of the commercial spirit could have achieved the destruction and degradation of our Highland peasantry, which we now have to lament on so portentous a scale, had it not been assisted by other influences all converging in a series of rash unreasonable plunges to the same disastrous result. But favoured by these desocialising influences and unhappy circumstances, a certain number, I fear a majority of our landed proprietors, did what they did, and contributed more or less to the agrarian ruin of the people whom it was their duty to protect. And now let us see a little more in detail what forms this unsocial work of rural depopulation in the special circumstances of the Scottish Highlands naturally assumed. The first shape that the commercial inspiration took was in a demand for

LARGE FARMS

of every kind, but especially sheep farms. What is the advantage of large farms? They enable the proprietor to fish his rent at one cast from the pocket of one big tenant, rather than from the pockets of ten small tenants; with this convenience the laird is naturally very much pleased, and his factor more so; one big farm house also, with steadings, costs less than ten little ones; and further, when you have got rid of the poorer class of the peasantry by shovelling them into the nearest burgh, driving them into the Glasgow factories, or shipping them across the seas, you will have no poor-rates to pay and no poachers to fear. It may be also, in certain cases, that you increase the productiveness of your land by diminishing the number of the producers. But this is by no means either a clear or a general case; and any person who doubts the superior productiveness of small farms in many cases has only to divest himself of the shallow cant of a certain class of easy factors and ignorant lairds, and cast a glance into the agricultural statistics of Belgium, France, Tuscany, Denmark, Germany, and other continental countries. Besides, even supposing the laird and the big farmer could divide a few hundreds more between them, when the big farmer got possession of the whole district, dispossessing all the original tenants, the State wants men, and Society wants men, and the country demands its fair share of population as well as the town; and granting for the moment that so much greater production in the shape of money is the supreme good, it is not the quantity of

money in the pockets of the few, but the money well distributed and fairly circulating through the pockets of the many, in which the real well-being of a district consists. If in one district, with a rental say of £10,000, we were to find a population of two hundred families, small proprietors or small tenants, all resident on the spot, applying themselves assiduously with their own hand to the cultivation of the soil, forming a pleasant society among themselves, and spending their money mostly in the district, or not very far from it; and if in another district of the same rental we found one wealthy laird with only half-a-dozen big farmers, does any person imagine that the latter represents a more natural or a more desirable condition of agrarian life than the other? In all likelihood the proprietor with such surplusage of cash will begin to think himself too mighty to live quietly with quiet people in the country; he must go to London and spend his money in idle luxury, slippery dissipation, and perilous gambling there; or he may go to Florence and buy pictures; or to Rome and traffic in antiquities; or to Frankfort and swallow sovereigns for a brag in the shape of large draughts of Johannis Berger—all ways of spending money, for which British society is little or nothing the better, and the district of which God made the spender the natural head and protector, certainly a great deal the worse. And in case you should be inclined to think that my advocacy of small farms is the talk of an unpractical sentimentalist, I refer you to the solid and sensible remarks of the Earl of Airlie on the same theme, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. So much for the lamentable results of the commercial spirit which, substituting the love of money for the love of men as the alone bond of connection between the different classes of society, has culminated in that antagonism of tendencies and hostility of interests which are so frequently seen in the Highlands between the lord of the land and the cultivator of the soil. Another inadequate principle adopted by the proprietor from our *doctrinaire* economists is the

DIVISION OF LABOUR:

a principle well-known to Plato and Aristotle, and which, within certain limits, is essential to all progress of human beings in the utilities and the elegancies of life, but which, when allowed full swing according to the favourite fashion of our economical materialists, makes us pay too dearly for the multiplication of dead products by the deterioration and degradation of the living producer. To create and perpetuate a race of men who can do nothing but make pin heads, is no doubt a very excellent arrangement for the pin heads, but a very bad arrangement for the heads of the men who make them. Apply this to the Highlands and see how it works. The old Highlander was a man who could put his hand to anything, had always a shift for every difficulty, and has proved himself the foremost man in any colony; but the existence of such a shifty fellow being contrary to the universal application of the doctrine to which modern society owes the infinite multiplication of pin heads, dolls' eyes, brass buttons, and other glorious triumphs of modern art, we must improve society in the Highlands by his extermination, or certainly by his expatriation; for, according to the great principle of the division of labour scientifically applied to the Highlands, that part of the world once so absurdly populous

and so clumsily various, should contain only three classes of men—Lowland shepherds to attend to Lowland sheep, English lords and millionaires to run after Highland deer for two months in the autumn, and Highland gamekeepers to look after the deer when the south-country Nimrods are not there. No person, of course, will imagine that in these remarks I wish to run-a-muck against such a native and characteristically Highland sport as

STALKING THE DEER.

It is in the school of deer-stalking that our best military men and great geographical explorers have been bred. It is only when deer-stalking is conducted on commercial principles that it interferes with the proper cherishing of population in the country, and is to be looked upon with suspicion by the wise statesman and the patriotic citizen. Certain extensive districts of the Highlands are the natural habitation of the deer, and no man objects to finding them there or shooting them there. But when extensive tracts of country are enclosed and fenced round, and sent into the market as deer forests, the State has certainly a right to enquire whether this is done in such a way as not to interfere with the well-being of the human population who have for centuries inhabited happy dwellings, along the green fringes and sheltered nooks which belong to these wild districts. Now, the fact I am afraid is, that under the action of commercial principles the human kind are sometimes sacrificed to the brute kind, and a whole district, once dotted with a happy population, systematically cleared of men, that it may be plentifully stocked with deer. For it is impossible not to see that the professed deer-stalker is the natural enemy of the human population on his borders; and, if he has paid down some £2000 or £3000 a year for the monopoly of shooting stags within a certain range, he will think himself fairly entitled, on the mercantile principle to demand from the proprietor, that as many of the poor tenantry as hang inconveniently on the skirts of his hunting ground shall be ejected therefrom as soon as possible, and no new leases granted; while, if he is the proprietor himself, he will gradually thin out the native crofters (whom a patriotic statesman like Baron Stein would rather have elevated into peasant proprietors), and plant a few big farmers at a sufficient distance from the feeding ground of his antlered favourites. This is the fashion in which a materialistic economy, division of labour, and aristocratic selfishness may combine to empty a country of its just population, carrying out logically in practice the anti-social principles of Macculloch and other doctors of that soulless science which measures the progress of society by the mass of its material products rather than by the quantity and quality of its human producers.

PRACTICAL REMEDIES.

Let us now enquire what hope there may be of recovery from these errors, and what legislative measures in these reforming days may help us to restore the social equilibrium of our agrarian classes which has been so one-sidedly deranged. First of all the spokesmen of public opinion in the press and the pulpit, and every man of any social influence in his place should set themselves to preach on the housetops an altogether different gospel from that which the economists have made fashionable—the very

old gospel that the love of money is the root of all evil, and that nothing but evil can possibly spring to a society whose grossly material prosperity grows luxuriantly, it may be, for a season out of such a root of bitterness. Something may be done in this way, especially with a class of people in whom the selfishness of the mere merchant may be considerately tempered by the generosity of aristocratic traditions. But the mere preaching of this gospel, even though all the pulpits should ring with it, will, I am afraid with the great body of those to whom it is addressed, have little effect; for the moral atmosphere of this country has been so corrupted by mercantile maxims that it is difficult to move one man out of twenty to do the smallest thing for the benefit of his fellow-creatures unless you can prove to him that it will "pay." More hopeful it may be to attempt interesting the manufacturing population of the towns in the welfare of their rural neighbours; showing them how the home trade, when wisely cultivated, acts with a more steady and reliable force on home manufactures than the foreign trade, and that a depopulated country and an impoverished peasantry are the worst possible neighbours that an energetic urban population can possess. An occasional sermon on this text, with a few practical illustrations from European experience in various countries, where our monstrous system of land monopoly does not prevail, might no doubt be useful. As for the evil done to the agricultural population by free-trade, there seems no doubt that the danger from this quarter, not inconsiderable now, is likely to become greater. But however wise it may be in France and Germany and other countries to protect their native manufactures against the overwhelming activity of British traders who, for their own aggrandisement, would gladly see the whole countries of the world remaining for ever on the low platform which belongs to the producers of all raw material; nevertheless, it is in vain to expect that statesmen in this country will ever revert to the policy of protection, when that policy means the raising the price of food to the seething mass of people in our large towns, whom our feverish manufacturing activity keeps constantly in an unhealthy oscillation betwixt the two extremes of plethora and want. What, then, is to be done? Plainly we must buckle ourselves—submitting with a wise grace to a permanent lowering of rents through the whole country—to the readjustment of our land laws which, by universal admission, are in some respects the worst possible, and directly calculated to keep up rather than to break down the unnatural antagonism of interests between the lords of the land and the occupiers of the soil, to which our present abnormal agrarian condition is mainly attributable. Our land laws, as a matter of history, were made by the aristocracy, and interpreted by the lawyers for the aggrandisement mainly of the aristocracy, and not for the preservation of the people. This was natural, and we may say necessary; for it is one of the most trite maxims of political science, that any class of persons, entrusted for long periods of time with unlimited and irresponsible power are sure to abuse it. Hence the gradual diminution of small proprietors, the absolute non-existence in Great Britain of one of the best classes in all communities, the peasant proprietors, and the maintenance of law of heritable succession, and certain forms of heritable conveyance, which practically tend to lock up the land in the hands of a few, and to remove it in a great measure out of the vital cir-

culation of the community, and thus we are found at the present moment standing pretty nearly in the same position that Rome stood when Pliny wrote the famous sentence—*Latifundia perdidere Italiam ;* "Our big estates have ruined Italy." Of course no man will suppose that I wish to philippize against all large estates in every case as an absolute evil. Here and there, as a variety, especially when the proprietor is a public spirited man, as happens not seldom in this country, they may do good; but in the main they are not to be commended, as tending neither to the greatest utilisation of the soil nor to the greatest prosperity of the people. Every resident proprietor is a centre of provincial culture, and a nucleus of local society ; and in an extensive district it is plainly better to have twenty such centres than to have only one. We must, therefore, look upon the accumulation of large estates in the hands of a few as an exceptional phenomenon, which a wise Legislature will think it a plain duty to counteract rather than to encourage ; and this can easily be done when the duty is once clearly acknowledged, by modifying the law of succession, by rendering illegal all testamentary dispositions of land under whatever guise to persons yet living, by declaring war, root and branch, against the entail system, by removing without mercy the artificial hindrances which our system of conveyancing lays on the transfer of landed property, by adjusting our laws of land tenure, so as to make them always lean with a kindly partiality to the weaker rather than to the stronger party in the contract, by setting a strict limit to the sporting propensities of idle gentlemanship in every case when it tends to encroach on the industrial use of the soil, by imposing a swinging tax on all absentee proprietors, as persons who, while they drain the country of its money, make no social return to the district from which they derive their social importance, and finally, if it should be necessary, by establishing a national fund for assisting small tenants and crofters in favourable situations to buy up their tenant right and constitute themselves into peasant proprietors with absolute ownership. This last proposal will, of course, be laughed at by a large class of persons in this country, who think everything unreasonable and impossible that is contrary to their own traditions, prejudices, and consuetudes; but men who have little foresight and no thinking are precisely those who, when the hour and the need comes, are found plunging wholesale into the most violent changes. I said that the reversal of our hereditary land policy in this country implied in such changes would be as easy in practice as it is obvious in theory, if only there were an insight and a will; but as matters stand, I much fear the insight is confined to a few, and the will to oppose all social moves in this direction is for the present at least much stronger than the will to make them. Nevertheless, in the natural course of things, if Britain is not to be ruined, these changes must come; and it were the wisdom of our aristocracy, than whom as a whole a more respectable body does not exist in Europe, to take the lead in a series of well calculated reforms tending to give more independence and manhood to the cultivators of the soil, rather than by opposing them to fan the flame of a great agrarian revolution which may break out volcanically and overwhelm them perhaps at no distant date.

MARY MACKELLAR AT SEA.

—o—

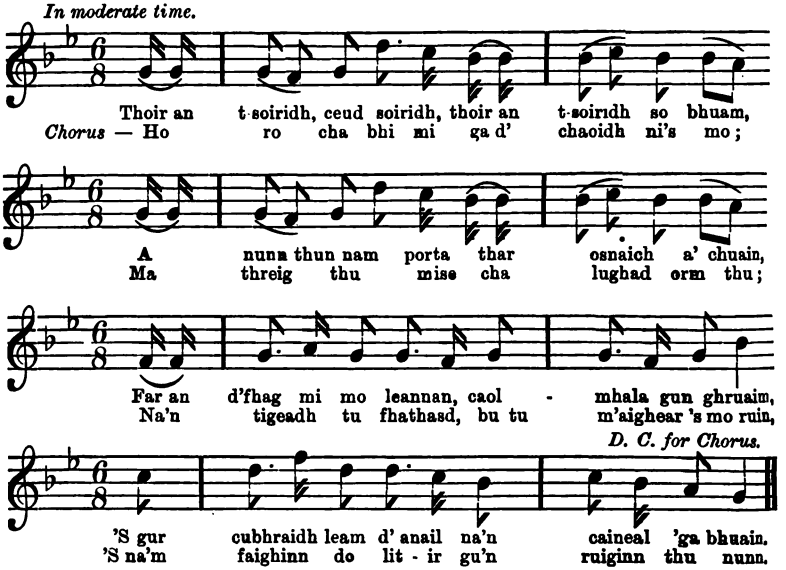
t day at sea, after a while ashore, is seldom a comfortable one. There is a feel-
ant of accommodation—of going to rough it—a smell of bilge water—the look of
.t the hands of the cook, and divers other matters that jar disagreeably on a de-
rganisation. However, after a day or two one who has been at all accustomed
things falls naturally into the old groove, and the small troubles disappear
especially if the weather is anything good. Leaving harbour in a drizzling rain,
atmosphere, and the consequent growling of seamen, is one of the most miserable
naginable ; whilst going off on a dry day, with a breeze of fair wind, gives a most
al sensation. How grand it is to get right away out of sight of land with a five-
eze ! The helm managed by a steady hand, the sails full, the salt water gur-
le green, in through the lee scuppers, and the sailors all full of bueyant life and

sea seems to me to impart its own moods to those who sail upon it, and above all
get that restlessness that in all its moods belongs to the great and mighty deep.
riously the sailor's eye is ever turned to the constantly changing face of the hea-
tching every sign. And always, when in the cabin, scanning the face of the
er in case it may have a sudden warning to give. Even in a calm this unrest
or then the sailors go whistling about for wind with that low broken whistle
shepherd uses in calling his dog ; and it is a common habit among sailors to
nife in the mast towards the "airt" from which they wish the wind to come.
at sea is not really pleasant. Sometimes the undulating motion of the sea con-
hen there is not a breath of wind, and then it is most disagreeable. But even
e ship lies gently on the bosom of a glassy sea it is not pleasant. The quiet is
ent from that of a mountain glen—for the sea has not the voices that make the
glad. The continued flapping and rustling of the sails too becomes disagreeably
ous, and there is also the feeling that no progress is being made towards the
or goal. But then how delightful it is when the calm is over—when a gentle
prings up at night, filling the sails. Again the ship feels her helm and keeps her
The star light dances on the waves, and the moon makes a path of gold from
's side to where the sea seems to kiss the gates of heaven. The rippling sound
essel's prow, like a low crowing song of gladness, may well be likened to a lul-
d the lights and shadows blend so wonderfully all around. How difficult on
ight to tear one's self away from the influences of such magic beauty to go to
There is something so lofty and great in such surroundings. Away from the
unts of men. Alone with God. I have often sat up on such a night and watched
ng of morning from the first streak of dawn until, amidst roseate and gold—
ver, and grey—the sun arose, large and red, from the bosom of the deep ; then,
stily climbed the heavens, he became quickly smaller, and lost the red hue—be-
nce more the glory and blessing of our half of the world.
strangely one gets to know all the sounds of the sea, and the ear ever strains
the meaning of its voices. A dull thud upon the ship's bows, a "whish" from
of a wave, as it sends its spray into the sailor's face, would even in my bed at
t make me listen for the moaning, and sobbing, and upheaving that told of ap-
g "heavy weather." Boisterous weather continuing is much more dishearten-
a gale of wind. In a right storm there is a visible foe to combat, and the bat-
dignity and manliness—a sense of victory and independence. As the ship goes
o the trough of the sea, and rises again upon the billow, proudly, like a sea-bird,
off the foam, every breast expands, and the man at the wheel, steering her dry-
lmost over the crest of the wave, feels like a conqueror. And it is very won-
e sense of security that exists in a severe gale among the crew of a staunch,
lt vessel, with a captain in whom they have confidence, and a ship made snug
er battle bravely, without let or hindrance.—*Aberdeen Weekly Free Press.*

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, in the form of a handsome
f 463 pages, printed in clear bold type (old style), on thick toned paper, Rox-
nding, gilt top, is now ready. A very limited number of unsubscribed copies
In addition to the general history of the Clan, full notices and complete genea-
the following families are given in the order in which they branched off from
n stem of Kintail and Seaforth :—Allangrange, Dundonnell, Hilton, Glack,
Fairloch, Belmaduthy, Pitlundie, Culbo, Flowerburn, Letterewe, Portmore,
rald, Lochend, Davochmaluag, Achilty, Ardross, Fairburn, Kilchrist, Suddie,
ghfield, Redcastle, Kincraig, Cromarty, Ardloch, Scatwell, Ballone, Kilcoy,
raser, Glenbervie, Applecross, Coul, Torridon, Delvine, and Gruinard.

HORO CHA BHI MI GA D' CHAOIDH NI'S MO.

In moderate time.



Key B Flat.

: l_1 . l_1	l_1 : s_1 : l_1	m : -. r : d . d	d : r : d	d : t_1
: t_1	t_1 : l_1 : l_1 . l_1	l_1 : -. s_1 : m_1	r_1 :-. m_1 : s_1	s_1 : —
: s_1 . s_1	l_1 : t_1 : l_1	l_1 : -. s_1 : l_1	l_1 :-. s_1 : l_1	d : —
: r	m :-. s : m	m : -. r : d	r :-. d : t_1	l_1 : —

D. C. for Chorus.

'S 'n uair rainig mi 'n cladach bha m'aigne fo phramh
A' cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gradh,
'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Di' mairt,
Gu'n deach' mi 'n tigh-osda a dh-ol a deoch-slaint'.

'S e so an treas turas dhomh fhein a bhi falbh,
A dh-ionnsaidh na luinge, le sgiobair gun chearb,
Le comhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm ;
'S na'm biodh agam botal gu'n cosdainn sud oirbh !

Ged theid mi 'n bhal-dannsaidh, cha bhi sannt agam dha,
Cha 'n fhaic mi te ann a ni samhladh do m' ghradh ;
'N uair dhireas mi 'n gleann, bidh mi sealltainn an aird,
Ri duthaich nan beann, 's a bheil m' annsachd a' tamh.

Mar dhealbha na peucaig, tha'n te tha mi sealg,
'S 'n uair chi mi an te sin tha m' eibhneas air falbh ;
Mar ròs air a' mheangan, tha 'n ainnir 'n a dealbh
'S ged sgaineadh mo chridhe, cha'n innis mi h-ainm.

NOTE.—The above song was sung at the last annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness by Mr Donald Graham, Oban, the well-known Gaelic vocalist. Neither the air nor the words appear to be generally known in the North, but in the South-West Highlands both are deservedly very popular. W. M'K.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XLVII. SEPTEMBER, 1879. VOL. IV.

MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

No. 1.—THE CALEDONIAN CANAL—1872.

WHAT a monument of honest work, what a picture still of massive strength, is General Wade's fine old bridge which spans the Tay at Aberfeldy. For more than a century and a half it has withstood the fury of many an angry spate in the swollen, raging river; as with ordinary care from the road trustees it is safe to do for a century to come. Standing the other morning on the steep pinnacled ridge of this historic landmark, one of many planted between the grave of the system of clanship and the cradle of modern reform, I fell into a reverie of the past. As in a dream the features of the surrounding landscape were changed and wholly transformed. The thin curling locks of snow-white mist wreathing the brow of Drummond hill, the dark firs clothing the grey rock of Dull, in sharp contrast with the masses of virgin green and white around the manse below, the bosky ridge sheltering from the north the kirk of Weem, and embowering the hoary turrets of Castle Menzies—these had all either passed entirely away or become strangely mingled and distorted into the frowning background of a wild scene of rapine and woe, or rather of a confused procession of such scenes: lawless, warring clans; wild, unkempt cattle revers; blackened rafters; foul, insanitary hamlets, famished and smallpox stricken; shaggy little horses, curiously yoked to wooden-axled cartlets of wicker-work, called lobans; anxious, red-eyed women, with hungry, half-naked children wallowing around, making a faint, sore-hearted effort to be jolly, as songless they milked the lean-ribbed cows, already bled for food. These and a hundred more dissolving views of human woe and wrong, and wild revenge, and stark starvation, chased each other in my day-dream through a frowning landscape of barren, eyried crags, boiling cataracts, yawning, unbridged torrents, and scanty patches of miserable attempts at agriculture.

But anon the scene was changed. And straightway there came a sober procession of fattened beeves, well-laden coup-carts wending their way to the busy mill, decent companies of cleanly, comfortable men and women, clothed and in their right mind, walking together in peace to the house of God, and bright companies of healthy, well-clad children, with many a romp and much horse-play, scampering away to school. And far as this fair procession stretched along massive bridges and solid well-bot-

tomed roads, methought I saw the spectre of the old schoolmaster, who in 1702 was stoned out of their bounds by the wild Highlanders of Abertarff, standing on a rocky promontory, and murmuring complacently to the passers by: "If you saw this road before that it was made, you would lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

Not all unlike this, perhaps, may be the reverie of some silent traveller, lonely amid the brilliant crowds thronging the magnificent floating palaces of Mr Macbrayne on the Caledonian Canal, as daily more than fulfilling the wild prophecy of the Wizard of Brahan they scale the steps of Neptune's Staircase at Banavie, and sail through the grand scenery of the Great Glen of Scotland from the Atlantic to the German Ocean. To the thousands of thoughtful passengers by these luxurious floating hostelries, not less than to the ordinary readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, some notes of "this road" too "before that it was made" may at this time be not unseasonable.

Whether the honour of being the General Wade of the Caledonian Canal belongs to James Watt, whose survey in 1773 at the instance of the Government first showed the practicability of the work, or to Telford, who actually commenced in 1803 the grand enterprise which was completed in 1823, I shall not here attempt to decide. Let both be held in everlasting remembrance by the Highlander, and if they have lineal descendants, let Mr Macbrayne send forthwith to the head of each house, a perennial free season-ticket for the "royal route."

What I at present purpose is to present the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* with a brief resumé of two papers, published in the first volume of the Transactions of the Highland Society, to which more perhaps than to any other advocacy we owe the Caledonian Canal. The first of these papers is in the form of a "Letter from a Freeholder of Inverness-shire to Lord Adam Gordon," dated 15th March 1792. The second is entitled "On the Practicability and Advantages of opening a Navigation between the Murray Frith at Inverness and Loch Eil at Fort-William, by the Rev. James Headrick," the editor and general literary factotum, or wet nurse, of the infant Highland Society.

The author of the former paper thus opens his case: "The North Highlands of Scotland have for several years past been considered as an object of importance to Government; and have since that period proved an useful nursery of his Majesty's army." He then points, as "the first step towards the civilization" of the Highlands, to the recent formation of roads at the expense of the Government, which "had in some degree opened an easy intercourse between the inhabitants thereof and those of the south, and removed the prejudices which formerly narrowed their minds, and fascinated them to clannish predilections and subordination."

But with all its ultimate benefits to the Highlands, this improvement threatened at first to prove disastrous to the Highlander. It brought into the country from the south men who saw at a glance, and soon proved to their own great profit, that it was well fitted for sheep farming. To the old Highlander who fought the battles of the Stuarts the poor sheep was an object of the utmost contempt. The only industry worthy of men of his descent and spirit was cattle rearing, and even to this was much to be preferred the gentlemanly industry of "lifting" cattle already reared to

his hand by some rival sept or clan, or by the lowland carls of Moray, Buchan, or Strathmore. The Highlanders "had such an inherent prejudice against sheep that the few kept by them were left solely to the charge of the women, and in every matrimonial bargain they were allotted as an appendix to the widow's division of the effects." (Highland Society Transactions, vol. i. p. 346.) But the southern invaders everywhere introduced their frugal, prolific flocks, paying the landed proprietors much larger rents than the native cattle rearers could pay, till, by general confession, it was discovered that "sheep can be reared with less expense, are much more productive, and more capable of enduring the severity of the climate, than black cattle." To most of the native farmers, however, this discovery came too late, for, ousted from their ancestral farms, they had already in large numbers emigrated to North Carolina and other American settlements.

Another unavoidable consequence of opening up the country is thus set forth by the Freeholder of Inverness-shire:—"The natives now feel wants and inconveniences which formerly gave them no uneasiness, and it has in some measure diminished their local attachments; and if some mode is not adopted for enabling them to procure more readily in their own country the necessaries and conveniences of life, the natives are left in a more deplorable situation than before the commencement of the improvements. For though the produce of their own country supplied their wants when these were few and simple, and when their great leaders placed a higher value on a number of dependants than on the extent of a rent-roll, yet now that their great men have relinquished those ideas, and find it their interest to enlarge farms and to let the same under a sheep stock, it is obvious that if something is not done for their relief the small tenants will be under the necessity of abandoning their native country. In vain will any restrictions which may be imposed, either by the legislative body or private societies, remedy the growing evil of emigration. Mankind cannot, with any degree of justice, be compelled to reside in a country where their wants cannot be supplied, merely because it has been inhabited by their ancestors." (Ibid., p. 345.)

"Besides," adds this writer, the opening up of the country "has taught the lowest rank their own importance, and on that account led them to raise their wages to such a degree that few could employ them in Highland counties for the cultivation of the soil, and though it will be to no purpose to attempt to bring the natives back to their former system, yet it would be political wisdom to take advantage of this change of manners and allure the small tenantry, by a sense of their own interests, to remain at home and not to emigrate to foreign countries." This desired end could, he thought, be effected by supplying them easily with the means of a more improved husbandry, and by establishing manufactories in the Highlands; and as the opening of a navigable canal through the great glen "must promote these particulars," he advocated it as an object highly worthy of the attention of landholders, and even of the Government, as it must necessarily increase the rentals of the one and the revenue of the other, while retaining to the nation a number of useful hands who otherwise must emigrate. (Ibid., p. 347.) The practicability of the undertaking had already been decided by persons of great experience in

such matters, and was indeed self-evident, for the levels were favourable, and of the fifty-nine miles to which the canal would extend, three-fourths were already formed by navigable lakes. The expense would be "but a mite to the Government of this country in the present flourishing state of its revenue," and "money laid out within the nation in its own internal improvement must necessarily revert to itself." The benefits of the Canal were obvious. It would save the large number of vessels and seamen that were annually lost in sailing round the Pentland Firth and the Northern Coast of Scotland, and "great commercial advantage must result from it in the event of a war with any of our northern neighbours." As to the beneficial effects of the Canal on husbandry, there were "thousands of acres contiguous to it at present waste, that would yield rich returns if employed in husbandry, provided the means of improvement could be procured at a moderate expense." Again, "there is hardly any wood in the inland parts of the district, and the little that grows on the banks of the lakes is generally cut down before it comes to maturity." The landowners had no encouragement to plant, "though the capacity of the soil to raise timber of any magnitude is obvious from the large trunks of firs and oaks found in the mosses," because, having only land carriage to market, they could be undersold by imported wood from Riga. If a canal were opened, the proprietors would have a powerful inducement to plant, and, in the meantime, the natives would be supplied at a moderate expense from abroad. Moreover, "it must have been noticed by every traveller that the covering of the houses in this district is mean and despicable, and occupies a great part of the labour of the inhabitants to keep the same in repair," but the canal, by bringing slates from the west and lime from the south would, in a short time, enable the tenants to have commodious and permanent habitations. Coals could also be imported to supply the place of the "exhausted mosses," "the vast quantities of shells on the western shores" would be invaluable as manure, in course of time lime quarries would be worked both for use in the district and for exportation, useful manufactories would spring up along the canal, and proper implements of husbandry, now impossible to be got or kept in repair for want of artificers, would then be available. "The introduction of sheep-grazings, though at first it threatened to depopulate the country, has brought along with it this beneficial change in the sentiments of the natives, that it has reconciled them to labour, which they formerly reckoned unworthy of men of their descent and spirit: and the late instance wherein Mr Dale of Glasgow displayed great benevolence and humanity, demonstrates that the Highlanders when properly directed can be usefully employed in any branch of manufacture." If they could have such employment among their relations at home they would doubtless prefer it to "wandering abroad in search of new settlements." "The vast multitude of sheep" might thus become a blessing to the Highlander, by furnishing wool for countless busy factories, and "great quantities of flax could be raised in parts contiguous to the canal." The necessaries of life would also be procured at a cheap rate by opening a free access to "the fish of the western coast, and to the victual on the eastern coast of Scotland." "I must be permitted further to observe," continues this writer, "that, as the Author of Nature has made nothing in vain, it is probable many of

the hills contiguous to the proposed canal may contain hidden treasures that, if discovered, would prove a new source of national wealth; and from the state of the loch and river of Ness never being liable to freeze, it seems to indicate *that they flow on minerals of a mild temperature.*" This last statement almost matches the wonderful testimony of Mr Headrick, the author of the second paper, in regard to the vast accumulations of shell-marl which could be utilized by means of the canal. "The animals which produce this substance are very prolific; and many species of them seem not to live longer than one season. I have opened many bivalves of this class of animals in autumn, and often found *five or six young shell-fishes, perfectly formed, included within their parent.* When winter approaches, these animals retire to the deepest part of the pool, out of the reach of frost. When the warm season returns, the young animals continue to grow till they force open the shell of their mother. It would therefore seem that these animals perish in the act of producing their young!" p. 380.

The Freeholder of Inverness-shire thus sums up the argument of his Letter to Lord Adam Gordon: the opening of the canal would promote agriculture and manufactures, considerably advance the rents of the landholders, increase the revenue of the State, and be "a total check to the progress of emigration."

Turn we now to the Essay on the same subject by Mr Headrick. This gentleman, it may be well to observe in the outset, is nothing if not practical and rigidly scientific. He is especially scientific on the subject of *limestone*, which occupies seven pages of his Essay, including two pages of a tabular analysis of various specimens of limestone taken from the lands of "Sir James Grant of Urquhart, Captain Fraser of Fyars, and Mr Macdonnel of Glengarry." It is carefully stated that these analyses were made according to "an easy plan of analysing calcareous substances" which Mr Headrick himself had discovered, and which was given to the world in his *Essay on Manures*, published by the Board of Agriculture. He is also profoundly technical on "the salt called Sulphate of Iron, vulgarly *Copperas*," and recommends the erection of works for the manufacture of this substance at Drumnadrochit, where is "a vast store of excellent materials" for such a work.

On the subject of Iron ores, some of his observations will bear quotation, and the proprietors of the lands indicated might find their interest in verifying his references. "Very pure and rich ironstone appears among the rocks behind Polmaily. What I saw is very porous and cellular, hence has not much specific gravity. This ironstone has been wrought to a considerable extent at some remote period, though I could not find that the people have preserved any knowledge of the fact, even in tradition. The adjoining moors are full of the refuse of old iron furnaces. These exhibit a specimen of the first and rudest attempts to convert ironstone into its metallic form. The smelting of iron is so far from being an obvious process, and is attended with so much difficulty, that wherever it is practised we are always led to infer a very advanced state of the arts. Gold, silver, copper, lead, and other metals, were discovered and applied to use long before iron was known. But a warlike race, like the ancient Highlanders, as soon as they acquired any knowledge of this art,

would practise it in the way their circumstances admitted, for the construction of their military weapons, while other arts were either unknown or in a state of infancy. For the first use men make of iron, the most valuable of all the metals, and the greatest gift of a beneficent providence, is to destroy each other." A careful examination of this ancient Gartsherrie of our Highland forefathers led Mr Headrick to the following conclusions as to the processes they followed. "The furnaces seem to have been composed of a pipe of wrought clay, with perhaps a building of loose stones on the outside. They were always on high and exposed situations, that the heat might be increased by a strong current of air blowing into the apertures at the bottom of the furnace. Charcoal of wood was used for fuel. Previous roasting of the stone does not seem to have been necessary, as what they used contains little or no sulphur. The fuel and the stone, in small particles, being placed in the pipe in alternate layers until the whole was filled, fire was applied below. What melted and dropped to the bottom being occasionally taken out and hammered, was soon formed into malleable iron or steel. But in this way they seem only to have extracted, as it were, the cream from their stone; for they have left vast quantities of refuse which, with more efficient means of working, would yield a large proportion of excellent iron." He also found "striking symptoms of iron west of the ancient Castle of Urquhart," at Foyers, and in various parts of the Foyers ridge of hills. At Abertarff, he found "a vein of very rich ironstone, which discovers no sensible proportion of sulphur in its composition. Mr Raspe pronounced this place destined to become a second Birmingham."

On the subject of the *Fisheries* Mr Headrick is careful to say that, having no practical knowledge of that important branch of trade, he offers only such information as he has been able to "collect from intelligent professional men." He has, however, not a little to say on this subject which, apart from its bearing on the proposed canal, is still, written as it was almost a century ago, of considerable interest. "Might not herrings and all the most delicious fishes which these seas produce be conveyed to market in a fresh state packed in ice or snow? At the base of Mamsoul, a high mountain in the western parts of Inverness-shire, there is a lake that is generally covered with ice, and seldom thaws during the lifetime of the oldest man. This lake is very near the great fishery, and it would be easy to make a road to it, so that it might be got to preserve herrings and other fishes at all seasons of the year." "One acre of sea, if properly cultivated and improved, is worth many thousands of the contiguous land; but happily the land affords the means of sending the products of the sea to very distant markets in their freshest and most delicious state." "A few swift-sailing vessels, like the Berwick smacks, would be sufficient to convey the fresh herrings to London, Dublin, and all the great towns of Britain and Ireland." Let the reader remember that it was not till 1807, several years after Mr Headrick wrote his essay, that Fulton constructed his first serviceable steamboat, and that to the essayist a Berwick smack was the perfection of swift-sailing vessels. Had he then the second-sight? and, while labouring unconsciously to realize the dream of the old Seer of Brahan by sailing a ship through the Great Glen of Scotland, was he himself, with the supposed gift of old Coinneach Odhar, see-

ing afar off the triumphs of steam and the refrigerator in carrying to our markets the choicest products of the American stock farms?

The student of Highland history, who would watch narrowly the movements of that sharp social transition by which our people passed at once from the tutelage and dependence of clanship to the fullest enjoyment of personal liberty, but with personal liberty to the necessity of managing their own affairs and providing for their personal and family wants, should carefully study these two papers which I have thus creamed for the general reader. He will find in them much curious information as to the social and physical state of the Great Glen of Albyn, through which it was proposed to carry the canal. But he will find also not a little that is fitted to throw light on the general state of the Highlands towards the close of the last century.

He will find, for instance, that early Highland Emigration was not at all the thing of cruel compulsion which it is usually supposed to be. On the contrary, he will see that the early emigrations of the Highlander were deeply regretted, as a "harrying of the land," and were indeed strenuously opposed, by the class which at a later period became undoubtedly the urgent and interested promoters of expatriation. For the early emigrants were men of position and substance: gentlemen farmers, tacksmen and middlemen, each the natural protector, as he was also the legal sponsor, and in most cases the near kinsman, of hundreds of sub-tenants. With these teeming thousands of helpless dependent sub-tenants, who were thus left behind, the alien sheep-farmer had nothing in common. Bereaved of their natural protectors, unaccustomed to think and act for themselves, unused to toil, destitute alike of capital and experience, they were left in the position of squatters or crofters, forced against his will and their own to deal directly with the great landlord—a condition which was no less unwelcome to them than to him, as it was a most irksome burden and a loss of rent which, in the altered spirit of the times, he too often grudged and resented. Need we wonder that, as a class, they soon felt the pressure of the inevitable, and that ere long multitudes of them were driven by compulsion into an exile which their old protectors had already, for their own supposed advantage, chosen freely for themselves. The wheels of rapid, inexorable transition were everywhere crushing heavily through old Highland customs and institutions. What could the poor anachronous sub-tenants do? The traditional three courses were open to them. With steady eye and agile spring they might leap into the galloping car and advance with the times; they might get out of the way and let the inevitable take its headlong course; or, they might lie or stand or brawl on the track, and be crushed to powder. Not a few, to the credit of their agility, vaulted into the car, and to their infinitely greater credit, helped to guide its progress to some benevolent, patriotic purpose; many, stupid, helpless, or defiant, stood their ground and went down beneath the wheels of the Jaggernaut; and many more, with the wail of Maccrimmon's Lament, went down to the white ship in the offing, and their descendants are to-day the playmates and the body-guard of a young Hercules among the nations. Without doubt this last emigration was compulsory; but whether compelled by famine or by the factor 't were idle now very closely to inquire.

As to the Canal itself, the event showed that in every way the calculations of its promoters were tremendously at fault. Instead of the mere "mite" of the Freeholder of Inverness-shire, the expense of opening the Canal almost touched a million sterling.

But for two elements of success, which seem to have never once entered the heads of its promoters, this great National Undertaking must, in all probability, have by this time shared the fate of the first Suez Canal. These two elements are steam navigation and the development of the tourist traffic. Through the narrow funnel of the Great Glen, where, however the wind blows on the mountains, you can never have but either a wind dead ahead, or one full astern, it is evident that a sailing vessel could never make her way with any approach to regularity. This was from the first urged as a fatal objection to the canal, and experience shows that it was well founded. And as to the wondrous tourist traffic, born of the inspiration of Sir Walter Scott, and so right royally ministered to by Burns, and Hutcheson, and now by Macbrayne, the promoters of the Canal do not appear to have even once dreamt of it.

Mr Headrick was a man of broad and varied culture. He had considerable literary aptitude, dabbled largely in science, knew something of the soul of poetry, and must have more than once gone carefully over every step of that paradise of tourists, the Great Glen of Albyn; and yet, for anything that concerns the thousand inspiring lights and shades, and the multitudinous, ever-varying, ever-opening aspects of this divine unfolding of glorious scenery,—towering peak and lowly lovely dell, rushing cataract, calm mirror-like bosom of the crag-girt lake, sweet wimpling fountain, hill and dale and wooded gorge,—he might just as well have all the time been pottering among the slag heaps of the Black Country, or plying his level and cross-stick among the canals and dykes of Dutchland.

Finis coronat opus. The Caledonian Canal is made. Ask no questions how or why. Whether it came of Bœotian blunder, or pragmatic politico-economical heresy, or of the wicked self-seeking "commercial spirit," hated with lusty Johnsonian hatred by our own revered and well-beloved Blackie,—however it came, the thing is there; and big though it be, to a thousand tuneful souls it is a joy for ever. Where is the poet, English, American, German, who has not sung its praise? Where the gentle quiet heart, which having been permitted at last to pass through the Great Glen of Albyn, has not sat down in secret to sing, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace?"

Long be it so! And increasingly evermore may the happy and prosperous descendants in America and far Australia of the old Highland fathers, to alleviate whose hardships the Caledonian Canal was projected, come here from afar, and from its now classic banks, drink this spiritual refreshment and eat this spiritual manna, the failure of which in the material form of daily bread sent forth the pilgrim fathers of Strathnaver and Breadalbane, and Skye and Kintail, and lonely Uist, to seek new homes for the Gael in a land which they knew not.

DONALD MASSON.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

By the Editor.

[Continued.]

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THE MACKENZIES OF GAIRLOCH.

VI. Kenneth Mackenzie, a strong loyalist during the wars of Montrose and the Covenanters. He was fined by the Committee of Estates for his adherence to the King, under the Act of 3d February 1646, entitled "Commission for the moneys of Excise and Processe against delinquents." The penalty was a forced loan of 500 merks, for which the receipt, dated 15th March 1647, signed by Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, and Sir William Cochrane, two of the Commissioners named in the Act, and by two or three others, is still extant. Seaforth was, at the time, one of the Committee of Estates, where probably his influence was exercised in favour of leniency to the Baron of Gairloch: especially as he was himself privately imbued with strong predelictions in favour of the Royalists. Kenneth commanded a body of Highlanders at Balvenny under Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, and his own brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntly; but when the Royalist army was surprised and disarmed, he happened to be on a visit to Castle Grant and managed to escape.

In 1640 he completed the acquisition of Logie Wester, commenced by his predecessor, but not without having had recourse to the money market. He granted a bond for 1000 merks, dated 20th of October 1644, to Hector Mackenzie, *alias* MacIan MacAlastair Mhic Alastair, indweller in Eadill-fuill. On the 14th of January 1649, at Kirkton, he granted to the same person a bond for 500 merks; but at this date Hector was described as "indweller in Androry," and, again, another dated at Stankhouse of Gairloch (Tigh Dige), 24th of November 1662; but the lender is on this occasion described as living in Diobaig. For the two first of these sums Murdo Mackenzie of Sand, his brother-german, was collateral security.

In 1657 Kenneth was collateral security to a bond granted by his brother, Murdoch Mackenzie of Sand, to Colin Mackenzie, I. of Sanachan, brother-german to John Mackenzie, II. of Applecross, for 2000 merks, borrowed on the 20th March of that year; the one-half of which was to be paid by the delivery at the feast of Beltane, 1658, of 50 cows in milk by calves of that year, and the other half, with legal interest, at Whitsunday 1659. Colin Mackenzie, I. of Sanachan, married Murdoch's daughter, and the contract of marriage is dated the same day as the bond, and subscribed at Dingwall by the same witnesses.

From a discharge by Kenneth Mackenzie of Assynt, dated 17th November 1648, Kenneth of Gairloch appears to have been cautioner for George, Earl of Seaforth, in a bond granted by him for a loan of 5000 merks.

In 1658, by letters of Tutorie Dative from Oliver Cromwell, he was appointed Tutor to Hector Mackenzie, lawful son of Alexander Mackenzie lawful son of Duncan Mackenzie of Sand, Gairloch. There is nothing

further to show what became of the pupil, but it is highly probable that on the death of Alexander, son of Duncan of Sand, the farm was given by Kenneth to his brother, Murdoch, and that the 2000 merks, borrowed from Colin Mackenzie of Sanachan, who married Murdoch's only daughter, Margaret, may have been borrowed for the purpose of stocking the farm. The dates of the marriage, of the bond, and of the Tutorie Dative, so near each other, strongly support this view.

Kenneth of Gairloch married, first, Katharine, daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, without issue. The contract of marriage is dated 5th September 1635, the marriage portion being "6000 merks and her endowment 1000 libs. Scots yearly." In 1640 he married, secondly, Ann, daughter of Sir John Grant of Grant, by Ann Ogilvy, daughter of the Earl of Findlater. There is a charter by Kenneth in her favour of the lands of Logie Wester, the miln and pertinents thereof, with the grazings of Tolly, in implement of the marriage contract, dated 4th of December 1640, with a sasine of the same date, and another charter of the lands and manor-place of Kinkell and Ardnagrask, dated the 15th August 1655, with sasine thereon, dated 5th September following. By her he had—

1. *Alexander*, his heir.
2. *Hector* of Bishop-Kinkell, who married Mackenzie of Fairburn's widow, and with her obtained the lands of Bishop-Kinkell.
3. *John*, who died unmarried.
4. *Mary*, who married Alexander Mackenzie, younger of Kilcoy.
5. *Barbara*, married, first, Fraser of Kinneries, and secondly, Alexander Mackenzie, I. of Ardloch, by both of whom she had issue.
6. *Lilias*, married Alexander Mackenzie, I. of Ballone, by whom she had an only daughter, Margaret, who married, first, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, with issue, and secondly, George Mackenzie, II. of Gruinard.

He married, thirdly, Janet, daughter of John Cuthbert of Castlehill; marriage contract dated 17th December 1658; the marriage portion being 3000 merks, and her endowment 5 chalders victual yearly, with issue.

7. *Charles*, I. of Letterewe, who, by his father's marriage contract, got Logie Wester, purchased by Kenneth in 1640. In 1696 it was exchanged by Charles, with his eldest half-brother, Alexander, VII. of Gairloch, for Letterewe. Charles married Ann, daughter of John Mackenzie, II. of Applecross, with issue.
8. *Kenneth*, died unmarried.
9. *Colin*, I. of Mountgerald.
10. *Isabella*, married Roderick Mackenzie, brother of John Mackenzie, II. of Applecross, and
11. *Annabella*, married George Mackenzie, a younger brother of Davochmaluag.

According to the retour of service of his successor, Kenneth died in 1669, was buried in Beauly, and succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. Alexander Mackenzie, who, by a charter of resignation, got Logie Wester included in the barony of Gairloch. It had, however, been settled on his step-mother, Janet Cuthbert, in life-rent, and after her on her eldest son, Charles, to whom, after her death, Alexander formally disponed it. They afterwards entered into an excambion by which

Alexander re-acquired Logie Wester in exchange for Letterewe, which became the patrimony of the successors of Charles.

In 1671 Alexander acquired Mellan Charles, and the second half of the water of Ewe.*

A tradition is current in the family that when Alexander sought the hand of his future lady, Barbara, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, and sister german to the first Earl of Cromarty, and to Isobel, Countess of Seaforth, he endeavoured to make himself appear much wealthier than he really was, by returning a higher rental than he actually received, at the time of making up the Scots valued rent in 1670, in which year he married. This tradition is corroborated by a comparison of the valuation of the shire of Inverness for 1644, published by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A.S., in "Antiquarian Notes," and the rental of 1670, on which the ecclesiastical assessments are still based. In the former year the rental of the Parish of Gairloch was £3134 13s 4d, of which £1081 6s 8d was from the lands of the Barony, equal to 34½ per cent.; while in the latter year the valued rental of the parish is put down at £3400, of which £1549 is from the Barony lands, or 45½ per cent. It is impossible that such a rise in the rental could have taken place in the short space of twenty-six years; and the presumption is in favour of the truthfulness of the tradition which holds that the rental was over-valued for the special purpose of making the Baron of Gairloch appear more important in the eyes of his future relatives-in-law than he really was. In 1681 he had his rights and titles ratified by an Act of Parliament, printed at length in the Folio edition.

He married, first, Barbara Mackenzie of Tarbat, with issue—

1. *Kenneth*, his heir.

2. *Isobel*, who married John Macdonald of Balcony, brother to Sir Donald Macdonald.

He married, secondly, Janet, daughter of William Mackenzie, I. of Belmaduthy, on which occasion Davochcairn and Ardnagrask were settled upon her in life-rent, and on her eldest son at her death, as appears from a precept of Clare Constat, by Colin Mackenzie of Davochpollo, in favour of William, his eldest surviving son. By her he had—

3. *Alexander*, who died unmarried.

4. *William*, who got the lands of Davochcairn, and married, in 1712, Jean, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, V. of Redcastle, with issue, one

* Regarding this place there is the following reference in the records of the Presbytery of Dingwall, under date, 6th of August 1678:—"That day Mr Roderick Mackenzie, minister at Gerloch by his letter to the Presbytery declared that he had summonded by his officer to this Presbytery, Hector McKenzie in Mellan in the Parish of Gerloch, as also John, Murdoch, and Duncan McKenzie, sons to the said Hector, as also, Kenneth McKenzie his grandson, for sacrificing a bull in ane heathenish manner in the Island of St Ruffus, commonly called 'Ellen Meury, in Lochew,' for the recovering of the health of Curstane McKenzie, spouse to the said Hector McKenzie, who was formerly sick and valetudinarie; who being all cited, an not compearing, are to be all summonded again pro 2d." The case was called against them again on the third of the following September, but they never appeared, and the matter was allowed to drop. The island of St Ruffus is evidently Isle Maree, Lochmaree, being then designated Lochewe, as Kenlochewe and Letterewe unmistakeably testify. The name Loch Maree must, however, have also been known then, for in a charter under the Great Seal to John Mackenzie of Gairloch and his son Alexander, dated 26th of August 1619, it is called "Loch Marey."

son, Alexander, of the Stamp Office, London; and several daughters. Alexander has a *Clare Constat* as only son in 1732. He died in 1772, leaving a son, Alexander Kenneth, who emigrated to New South Wales, where many of his descendants now reside; the representative of the family, in 1878, being Alexander Kenneth Mackenzie, Boonara, Bondi, Sydney.

5. *John*, who purchased the lands of Lochend (now Inverewe), with issue—Alexander Mackenzie, afterwards of Lochend; and George, an officer in Colonel Murray Keith's Highland Regiment; also two daughters, Lilias, who married William Mackenzie, IV. of Gruinard, and Christy, married to William Maciver, Turnaig, both with issue.

6. *Ann*, who married Kenneth Mackenzie, II. of Torridon, with issue. She married, secondly, Kenneth Mackenzie, a solicitor in London.

He died in December 1694, at 42 years of age; for in his general retour of sasine, 25th February 1673, he is said to be then of lawful age. He was buried in Gairloch, and succeeded by his only son by the first marriage.

VIII. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, by Queen Anne, on the 2d of February 1703. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards represented his native county in the Scottish Parliament. He strongly opposed the Union, considering it, if it should take place, "the funeral of his country." After the succession of Queen Anne he received from her, in December 1702, a gift of the taxed ward feu-duties, non-entry and marriage dues, and other casualties, payable from the date of his father's death, which, up to 1702, appear not to have been paid. Early in the same year he seems to have been taken seriously unwell, whereupon he executed a holograph testament at Stankhouse, dated 23d May 1702, witnessed by his uncle, Colin Mackenzie of Findon, and by his brother-in-law, Simon Mackenzie of Allangrange. He appoints as trustees his "dear friends" John, Master of Tarbat, Kenneth Mackenzie of Cromarty, Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell, Hector Mackenzie, and Colin Mackenzie, his uncles, and George Mackenzie of Allangrange. He appointed Colin Mackenzie, then of Findon, and afterwards of Davochpollo and Mountgerald, as his Tutor and factor at a salary of 200 merks Scots. In the following May, having apparently to some extent recovered his health, he appeared in his place in Parliament. By September following he returned to Stankhouse, where he executed two bonds of provision, one for his second son George, and the other for his younger daughters.

He married, in 1696, Margaret, youngest daughter, and, as is commonly said, co-heiress of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, but the Barony of Findon went wholly to Lilias the eldest daughter, who married Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, 1st Baronet and IV. of Scatwell; another of the daughters married Simon Mackenzie of Allangrange. There was a fourth unmarried at the date of Margaret's contract of marriage; and the four took a fourth part each of Sir Roderick's moveables and of certain lands not included in the Barony. At the date of his marriage Kenneth had not made up titles; but by his marriage contract he is taken bound to do so as soon as he can; his retour of service was taken out the following year.

By his marriage he had—

1. *Alexander*, his heir.
2. *George*, who became a merchant in Glasgow.
3. *Barbara*, married, in 1729, George Beattie, a merchant in Montrose.
4. *Margaret*, who died in 1704.
5. *Anne*, who married, in 1728, Murdo Mackenzie, yr. of Achilty.
6. *Katharine*, who died young.

Sir Kenneth also had a natural daughter, *Margaret*, who married, in 1723, Donald Macdonald, younger of Cuidreach. Sir Kenneth's widow, about a year after his decease, married Bayne of Tulloch. Notwithstanding the money Sir Kenneth received with her, he died deeply involved in debt, and left his children without proper provision. George and Barbara were at first maintained by their mother, and afterwards by Colin of Findon, who married their grandmother, relict of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, while Alexander and Anne were in a worse plight.

He died in December 1703, only 32 years of age; was buried in Gairloch, and succeeded by his eldest son,

IX. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the second Baronet, a child only three and a-half years of age. His prospects were by no means enviable; he and his sister Anne for a time, having had, for actual want of means, to be "settled in tenants' houses." The rental of Gairloch and Glasletter at his father's death amounted only to 5954 merks, and his other estates in the low country were settled on Sir Kenneth's widow for life; while he was left with debts amounting to 66,674 merks, or eleven years' rental of the whole estates. During Sir Alexander's minority, the large sum of 51,200 merks had been paid off, in addition to 27,635 in name of interest on the original debt; and thus very little was left for the young Baronet's education. In 1708 he, his brother, and sisters were taken to the factor's house—Colin Mackenzie of Findon—where they remained for four years, and received the rudiments of their education from a young man, Simon Urquhart. In 1712 they all went to school at Chanonry, under Urquhart's charge, where Sir Alexander remained for six years, after which, being then 18 years of age, he went to Edinburgh to complete his education. He afterwards made a tour of travel, and returning home in 1730 married his cousin, Janet of Scatwell, on which occasion a fine Gaelic poem was composed in her praise by John Mackay, the famous blind piper and poet of Gairloch, whose daughter became the mother of William Ross, a bard even more celebrated than the blind piper himself. If we believe the bard the lady possessed all the virtues of mind and body; but in spite of all these advantages the marriage did not continue a happy one; for, in 1758, they separated on the grounds of incompatibility of temper; after which she lived alone at Kinkell.

When, in 1721, Sir Alexander came of age, he was compelled to procure means to pay the provision payable to his brother George and to his sisters, amounting altogether to 16,000 merks, while about the same amount of his late father's debts was still unpaid. In 1729 he purchased Cruive House and the Ferry of Skuddale. In 1735 he bought Bishop-Kinkell; in 1742 Logie Riach; and, in 1743, Kenlochewe, which latter was considered of equal value with Glasletter in Kintail, which was sold

about the same time. He also, about 1730, redeemed Davochairn and Ardnagrask from the widow of his uncle William; and Davochpollo from the widow, and son, James, of his grand-uncle, Colin of Mountgerald. In 1752 he executed an entail of all his estates; but leaving debts at his death, amounting to £2679 13s 10d more than what his personal estate could meet, Davochcairn, Davochpollo, and Ardnagrask, had eventually to be sold to pay his liabilities.*

In 1738 he pulled down the old family residence of Stankhouse, or "Tigh Dige," at Gairloch, which stood in a low marshy, damp situation, surrounded by a moat, from which it derived its name, and built the present house on an elevated plateau, surrounded by magnificent woods and towering hills, with a southern front elevation—altogether one of the most beautiful and best sheltered situations in the Highlands; and he very appropriately called it Flowerdale. He vastly improved his property, and was in all respects a careful and good man of business. He kept out of the Forty-Five. John Mackenzie of Meddat applied to him for aid in favour of Lord Macleod, son of the Earl of Cromarty, who took so prominent a part in the Rising, and was afterwards in tightened circumstances; but Sir Alexander replied, in a letter dated "Gerloch, 17th May 1749," as follows:—

Sir,—I am favoured with your letter, and am extreamly sory Lord Cromartie's circumstances should obliege him to sollicit the aide of small gentlemen. I much raither he hade dyed sword in hand even where he was ingag'd then be necessitate to act such a pairt. I have the honour to be nearly related to him, and to have been his companion, but will not supply him at this time, for which I beleive I can give you the best reason in the world, and the only one possible for me to give, and that is that I cannot.†

The reason stated may possibly be the correct one; but it is more likely that Sir Alexander had no sympathy whatever with the cause which brought his kinsman into such a pitiable position, and would not, on that account, lend him any assistance.

Several of his leases, preserved in the Gairloch charter chest, contain some very curious clauses, some of which would make those who advocate going back to the "good old days" draw their breath; but notwithstanding conditions which would now be called tyrannical and cruel the Laird and his tenants understood each other, and got on remarkably well. The tenants were bound to sell to him all their marketable cattle "at reasonable rates," and to deliver to him at current prices all the cod and

*The state of religion seems to have been for a long time, and up to Alexander's time, in a very unsatisfactory state in the Presbytery of Gairloch, now that of Lochcarron. "In March 1725, we find the Presbytery of Gairloch obliged to hold a meeting at Kilmorack, as the Presbytery, to use the language of the record, had no access to meet in their own bounds, since they had been rabbled at Lochalsh on the 16th September 1724, that being the day appointed for a parochial visitation there. From a petition which Mr Sage, the first Presbyterian minister of Lochcarron, settled there in 1726, presents to the Presbytery, in 1731, praying for an act of transportability—we see that he considered his life in danger—that only one family attended regularly on his ministry; and that he dispaired of being of any service in the place." The same writer informs us that not further back than the middle of the eighteenth century the inhabitants of Lochcarron in this Presbytery "were involved in the most dissolute barbarism. The records of Presbytery, which commence in 1724, are stained with an amount of black and bloody crimes, exhibiting a picture of wildness, ferocity, and gross indulgence consistent only with a state of savagism."—*New Statistical Account of Lochcarron.*

† Fraser's Earls of Cromartie, vol. ii., p. 230.

ing caught by them; and, in some cases, were bound to keep one or more boats, with a sufficient number of men as sub-tenants, for the prosecution of the cod and ling fishings. He kept his own curer, cured the fish, and sold it at 12s 6d per cwt. delivered in June at Gairloch, with credit until the following Martinmas, to Mr Dunbar, merchant, with whom he made a contract binding himself, for several years, to deliver, at the price named, all the cod caught in Gairloch.*

Sir Alexander married, in 1730, Janet, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, second Baronet and V. of Scatwell, with issue—

1. *Alexander*, his heir,
2. *Kenneth*, who died in infancy.
3. *Roderick*, a captain in the army, killed at Quebec before he attained his majority.
4. *William*, a writer, died unmarried.
5. *James*, died in infancy.
6. *Kenneth* of Millbank, factor and tutor to Sir Hector, the fourth Baronet, during the last few years of his minority. He married Anne, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Tolly, with issue—(1) Alexander, County Clerk of Ross-shire, perhaps the most popular, and, at the same time, the most reckless member of the Clan that ever existed. His father left him £20,000, and, for years, he had about £1000 per annum as factor for Lovat and Tulloch; but he spent it all and a good deal besides, and died in poverty in 1861. He married, and had issue—Alexander, in New Zealand; Kenneth, married twice, in India, and died in 1877; and Catharine, who married Murdo Cameron, Leanaig; (2) Janet, who married the Rev. John Macdonald, Urquhart, with issue; (3) Catherine, who

* The following is an extract from a lease granted by Sir Alexander to the great-great-grandfather of the writer, John Mor Mackenzie, grandson of Alastair Cam Mackenzie, fourth son of Alexander, V. of Gairloch, by his wife, Janet Mackenzie of Ord. The lease is for 20 years, "of the equall half of the quarter lands of Airidale a Pris, or North Airidale. . . . as presently occupied by him;" is dated the 5th of September 1760; but is not to take effect until Whitsunday 1765, five years being, at the time, to run of the old lease. John Mor binds himself to pay Sir Alexander "all and hail the sum of one hundred and thirty-one marks and a half Scots mony, two marks three shillings and fourpence money for said Crown rent, ten merks ten shillings and eightpence in lieu of Peats, or as the same shall reasonably from time to time be regulated by the proprietor, a mark of Crove mony, Twenty marks mony foresaid of Stipend, or as the same shall hapen to be setled twixt the landlord and minister. Two long carryages, Two custom wedders, a fedd Kidd, a ston of cheese and halfe a ston weight of Butter, eight hens or as usuall eight men yearly at their own expense to shear Corn or cutt Hay, a Davach of Ploughing, and four horses for mucking." John also "obleigs himselfe to attend Road duty yearly four days with all his servants and sub-tenants or pay a yearly capitation, optionall to the Landlord, dureing the lease under break of tack, and to sell all the cod and ling (that) shall be caught by him and his forsaids at the current price to our order and to dispose of all mercat catle to our Drover at reasonable rates, also under break of tack." He has also to pay "a fine or grassum" at the term of Whitsunday 1765, "all and hail the sum of two hundred and fifty marks Scots mony and the like sum at the end of every five years of this tack making in all the sum of one thousand marks Scots mony," &c., &c. The document is holograph of Sir Alexander; and it is arranged that it shall be registered for conservation in the Books of Council and Session, so that letters of horning and all needful executions may pass thereon in proper form. The elder John Mor Mac Alastair died during the currency of the lease. He was succeeded in it by his son, John Mor Og, to whom, in 1785, a lease is granted of the whole of Erradale, jointly with his relative, George Mackenzie, at a rental of £24 and a grassum of 40 guineas. In 1790 the rent is increased to £32 and the grassum to £50; in 1795 to £40 of rent and £50 of grassum; and five years later the lease is again renewed at the same rent.

married Alexander Mackenzie, a merchant in London, and grandson of Alexander Mackenzie of Tolly, with issue, an only daughter, Catherine, who married Major Roderick Mackenzie, VII. of Kincraig, with issue; (4) Jane, who, in 1808, married the Rev. Hector Bethune, minister of Dingwall, with issue—Colonel Bethune; Rev. Angus Bethune, Rector of Seaham; Alexander Mackenzie Bethune, Secretary of the Peninsular and Oriental Navigation Company; and a daughter, Jane, who married Francis Harper, Torgorm. Mrs Bethune died in 1878, aged 91 years.

7 and 8. *Margaret* and *Janet*, died young.

9. Another, *Janet*, married Colin, eldest son of David, brother of Murdo Mackenzie, VII. of Achilty. Murdo leaving no issue, Colin ultimately succeeded to Achilty, though he seems afterwards to have parted with it, as, in 1784, he has a tack of Kinkell, and dies there, in 1813, with his affairs involved.

Sir Alexander had also a natural son, Charles Mackenzie, ancestor of the later Mackenzies of Sand, and two natural daughters, one of whom, Annabella, by a daghter of Maolmuire, or Miles MacRae, of the family of Inverinate, married John Bàn Mackenzie, by whom she had a daughter, Marsali or Marjory, who married John Mòr Og Mackenzie (Ian Mòr Aireach), son of John Mòr Mackenzie, grandson of Alexander Càm Mackenzie, fourth son of Alexander, V. of Gairloch, in whose favour Sir Alexander granted the lease of North Erradale, already quoted.

He died in 1766, in the 66th year of his age, was buried with his ancestors in Gairloch,* and succeeded by his eldest son,

(To be Continued.)

THE EDITOR'S TOUR TO CANADA.—By the time this number shall have been in the hands of the public, the editor will be on his way across the Atlantic to see his countrymen and describe their manner of life in the Great Canadian Dominion. Arrangements have been made by the proprietors of the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press*, by which at least one special letter a-week will appear in that journal, under the title of "The Highlanders of Canada," in which a faithful comparison will be drawn between the position of those who have left their country and those, in similar circumstances, who remained at home, and other information. Mr Mackenzie has already made arrangements to deliver Lectures on Celtic Subjects, such as "Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald"; "Highland Clearances"; "Highland Valour"; "Highland Superstition," &c., &c., and will be glad to do so in any City or Town in Nova Scotia, or on the St Lawrence, where any Highland or Scottish Societies are willing to make arrangements or patronise the lecture. Letters addressed to the care of the Editor of the *New-York Scotsman*, New-York, will be promptly replied to.

The *Celtic Magazine* will, meanwhile, be conducted by one of our best Celtic scholars.

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* The old chapel and the burying place of the Lairds of Gairloch appear to have been roofed at this date; for in the Tutorial accounts of 1704 there is an item of 30 merks for "harling, pinning, and thatching Garloch's burial place."

Correspondence.

THE SCOTTISH BIBLE SOCIETY'S 8vo. EDITION OF THE GAELIC SCRIPTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In my papers on our Gaelic Bible mention was necessarily made of the two great Bible Societies of England and Scotland; the British and Foreign Bible Society and the National Bible Society of Scotland. But I did not weary your readers by always citing the full official name of either Society. I simply, and I think sufficiently, designated them as the English or the Scottish Society, as the case might be. In this want of technical exactness Dr Maclauchlan thinks he spies an opportunity for the exercise of his dexterity. And so, in his own way, as if with painful hesitation and infinite regret, he first insinuates, and straightway takes for granted that I have committed the unpardonable "blunder" of mistaking the National Bible Society of Scotland for an entirely different Society—a Society, useful enough in its own sphere, but which has nothing to do with editing or publishing Gaelic Bibles!

Your correspondent knows perfectly well that he might just as reasonably taunt me with mistaking his own Christian name, on the grounds that, while there are other Maclauchlans than himself, I, in these lines, use only his surname. And this is the sole foundation of his suggestion that a certain part of my last paper "is a tissue of blunders."

With that explanation the whole of his letter, if it does not exactly become a tissue of blunders, is shown to be, what is worse, a bundle of misstatements—which fortunately I can leave to the tender mercies of the Rev. Alexander Cameron. For that gentleman has anticipated them all, and fully disposed of them in the letter which, by good luck, was the bed-fellow of my neighbour's bantling.

Dr Maclauchlan objects to what he is pleased to call my Miltonic account of the Gaelic Scriptures committee. That is a very small matter. And if, in looking back to the "copious eloquence" and other unparliamentary arts by which he succeeded for years in obstructing the appointed work of the committee, he now thinks that they smell more of the *dramatis personæ* of Milton's caverns of woe than of the demigods and heroes of Homer and Ossian. I am sure I have no quarrel with him about it. But one thing I venture to predict. If the old fight in the committee between Dr Maclauchlan and other members of his own Church is renewed in the *Celtic Magazine* with anything like the emphasis which so often scandalized the meetings of the committee, your readers will soon see for themselves that my description was rather Pre-Raphaelite than Miltonic.

But the combat may not be renewed. For somehow in these last days, Dr Maclauchlan has come to "have a very strong repugnance to controversy about Gaelic." He has in fact "found it very unprofitable." That at least is truly spoken; and *cave canem* is neither dog-Latin nor unprofitable philosophy.

Notwithstanding all his varied gifts, I fear Mr Cameron is not endowed with a keen sense of humour. Else why take such stern exception to my quieting statement that the blunders of the Gaelic Bible of 1860 were "carefully corrected" in the editions of 1863-8? Surely on his own showing, these successive corrections of the work must have implied no small care and toil at least on the part of the *tinsmith*—I mean in so largely tinkering and soldering up again those flimsy stereotype plates, which, in 1860, had been warranted, and, I suppose, paid for as perfect.

As you can testify, my personal desire in regard to the edition of 1860 was either to ignore it (if that could have been done consistently with the general character of the articles), or to despatch it with the barest possible notice. And when it became necessary for me in some sort to characterise the work, I certainly did so as shortly, and with as little offence to the editors as the claims of honest and independent criticism would permit. I knew, as every man knows with the least pretension to Gaelic scholarship, that the work was blundered and botched irremediably. But I did not say so in as many words. If I say it now, Dr Maclauchlan, when next he goes a-tilting, can saddle the right steed.

Dr Maclauchlan reminds me that many years ago I was myself a member of this committee; and I understand that I am still a member of a similar committee of the National Church, whose meetings, if ever convened, I do not remember having once had an opportunity of attending. The actings of the former committee are now fair matter of history. But while describing in a general way, and within but four lines of print, the public character and the unhappy public results of the committee's labours, it must be remembered that, in the paper which has occasioned this controversy, I carefully avoided the least reference to individual members of the committee, or to their opinions or actings at its meetings.

If I do otherwise now, be it still observed that I name only one who first named himself, and that I unvail his conduct to the exttnt only that may be required to repel his attack.

My statement that Dr Macdonald's Gaelic text of 1826 was being republished by the National Bible Society, after revision in a spirit strictly conservative, was made on official authority. On the same authority the statement is repeated. To have set up again the text of 1860, or the "corrected" text of 1863 or 1868, would have been not merely a blunder but a grave offence. If Dr Maclauchlan, as his letter seems to imply, has discretionary power from the Society as to the extent to which the authorised text is to be tampered with, every devout student of the Word will sincerely pray that this discretion may be used with reserve and reverence, and that when the fruit of this fourth attempt has reached the public, we shall not have to lament that the last state of our people's Bible is worse than the first.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

DONALD MASSON.

Edinburgh, 5th Aug. 1879.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I observe in this month's number of your magazine a letter from the Rev. A. Cameron, F.C. Brodick, republishing charges which he

brought long ago against an edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, superintended by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, Edinburgh, and me in 1860; and this letter I must characterise as very extraordinary on various accounts; for it is written with the avowed purpose of guarding the public against a new edition of the Scriptures which is still unpublished, which, therefore, he cannot know, and which actually is not, in any sense, a re-issue of that of '60. He condemns what he has not seen, and further while he brings against '60 the very grave accusations that the changes which it has made, corrupt the language, and "seriously affect the meaning and structure of the places in which they occur," the proofs which he brings forward are not only glaringly inconclusive, but are in themselves of so utterly insignificant a character as to be undeserving of a serious answer.

I hope that the forthcoming edition will prove to be the most useful hitherto published in Gaelic, for it will give copious references, maps, and explanatory tables—helps to the understanding of the Bible which, while some time ago furnished to the natives of the South Sea Islands, have not until now been provided for the natives of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and as the repetition of Mr Cameron's charges, if left unrefuted, may possibly prejudice some people against this work, I address myself to the very distasteful task of discussing his twelve counts of indictment. The task is most distasteful because I heartily hate controversy, and of all controversies one about Gaelic matters—for a spirit is generally manifested in these which fortunately has been banished from the discussion of all other languages; and specially because I can scarcely imagine a poorer, a more profitless, or sterile employment for the human mind than wrangling about Gaelic hyphens and apostrophes. But to begin the dreary toil—

1. Mr Cameron says "the preposition *an* (in) is marked with an apostrophe to represent it as a contracted form." This statement is scarcely correct; but, taking it as it stands, I most willingly take the responsibility of distinguishing *an* with the obnoxious mark, where I believe it to stand for *ann an*. In the 1st Ps., *e.g.*, we have *ann an comhairle, &c., ann an sligh, &c.; ann an caithir, &c.* Where *an comhairle* alone is used I think it right to mark the elision, and will continue to do so until I see a better reason against it than that brought forward by my critic.

2. Gu-n for gu'n, as implying that the *n* is euphonic, is a grievous charge. But the editors of '26, whom Mr Cameron used to extol as "thorough grammarians," often treat it as euphonic. Thus in Ps. lxvii., we have *gu deanadh, gu tugadh, gu beannaicheadh.* In hundreds of other instances the *n* is omitted before consonants, as well as vowels, a clear proof that they regarded it as euphonic, and while I do not consider the decision of the "Joint Committee on the revision of the Gaelic Scriptures" absolutely binding on any one, yet it is deserving of mention that they declare *gu-n* the proper form. I think most people will prefer such sanctions to the mere *ipse dixit* of Mr Cameron.

3. *Cha-n eil* is condemned on the same ground as the foregoing, the *n* said to be the representative of the long obsolete *ni con.* But Stewart, in his grammar, gives *Cha bheil* as the right form, and says the *n* is euphonic. All writers and speakers dispense with its aid in other negative expressions as *Cha bhuail, Cha bhean*, &c. The joint committee pro-

nounce it euphonic, and therefore I will continue to treat it as such, regardless of the imaginary claims of the venerable fossil *ni con.*

4. *Tha* was at one time written *atta*, and is still sometimes written, and spoken *a ta*, therefore the use of *tha* is a grievous offence. Such is the fourth charge in the black list before us. *Atta* is certainly to be found in old Irish MSS., but *tha* is universally used in Gaelic speech, and has been so for scores of years back. What is all this, however, to Mr Cameron's dictum? His legislating on this, and on several other points, assumes that language is to be denied all living power of modifying its forms or expressions; and his condemnation is as entirely unreasonable as would be that of writers of English for daring to change the spelling used by Caedmon, or Wycliff. Besides all which *tha*, as Mr Cameron is well aware, is used hundreds of times over by the "thorough grammarians" of the '26. In the very last chapter of Revelation it occurs eleven times, while *ta* is used only five times. Yet he charges the use of it as an offence against Dr Maclauchlan and myself!

5. *Bhitheas* is used for *bhios*. This trifling charge is not worth mentioning except as illustrating the character of Mr Cameron's objections. Both forms are used in '26, and also in '60. In the latter preference is frequently given to the longer form as more emphatic, and therefore more suitable to the language of Scripture.

6. The Nom. Plur. frequently ends with a vowel. In 1860 *n*, which does not essentially belong to the case, is added to the vowel, not *euphoniæ causa* as in 1826, but as a general rule. Thus the regular Nom. Plur. is banished from written Gaelic, while it is still in use in spoken Gaelic.

I am sorry to be obliged to contradict every assertion in this paragraph except the first, and even it is here overstated. I maintain that in Gaelic, as spoken in the Highlands, *n* is the characteristic termination of Plural nouns, as opposed to *a* or *e*; and I have the authority of Mr Skene, who gives this as one of the facts which distinguish Scottish from Irish Gaelic. "The Nom. Plur. frequently ends like Irish and Manx in *an*, as *Slatan*, rods; *Maithean*, chiefs." [Dean of Lismore's Book, p. 140.] *E.* is specifically Irish. *N.* specifically Scottish. I assert that '26, while frequently following the course described by Mr Cameron, departs from it in instances difficult to count—*e.g.*, Isaiah ix., 10—we find *clachan creadha, craobhan sicamoir, craobhan seudair.* Isaiah iv., 1., *ni seachd mnathan greim*, &c. In Isaiah iii., 18-23, amid the greatest irregularity, we have Nom. and Gen. Plur. in *n*, and throughout both Old and New Testaments, there are many hundreds of instances of Nom. Gen. and Voc. Plur. in *n* before words beginning with a consonant, while there are just as many instances of the same cases in *a*, or *e* before words beginning with a vowel, so that the *causa euphoniæ* fare very poorly here as well as in many other cases in '26. What '60 really does is preserving to some extent the genuine Highland termination against the Irish, so unfortunately followed in '26, and so strongly patronised by Mr Cameron.

7. Mr Cameron is severe on treating what he calls the indeclinable Noun *Tighearna*, lord, as declinable, making the Nom. improperly *Tighearn.* If he looks at '26 he will find this word very frequently written *Tighearn* in the Nom., and *Tighearna* in the Gen., while, with the usual confusion marking that edition, he will find instances of the very opposite

treatment. The 29th Ps., not a very long one, affords proof of both. Further, Mr Skene gives the Nom. *Tighearn*, as distinctively Scottish, while *Tighearna* is Irish [Dean's Book, p. 140], and I consider his authority at the least equal to Mr Cameron's. But whether the Noun is called by grammarians declinable or indeclinable—whether Scottish or Irish—I consider it a right thing to reduce it to some kind of order rather than leave it in the absolute irregularity with which it is treated in '26.

8. The eighth accusation is writing *air 'bhi* for *air bhi*, &c. To this it might be sufficient to answer that James Munro, whom I consider the most accurate writer of Gaelic that I have ever known, used the form condemned by Mr Cameron—that Stewart gives the infinitive of *Bi* as *do bhith*, *a bhith* or *gu bhith*, and that in '26 we have Tit. i. 7., "Is còir *do* easbuig *a* bhi," &c. II. Tim., vi., 17, 18.—"*Gun* iad *a* bhi àrd-inntinneach'; iad *a* bhi saoibhir ann an deadh oibribh." Job xxiv., 23. —"Bheir e dha *a* bhi ann an tearuinteachd," and many similar instances might be given, while in conversation *gun a bhi* is the prevalent form at least in Lochaber. I think it one of the smallest of very small things to dispute about the question whether gun bhi, or gun 'bhi, be the better form; but from what I have said I feel bound to dissent from my critic's dogmatic ruling on the subject.

9. As for the regular use of *d'* and discarding *t'* as a form of the 2d poss. pron., I have to say that, in every Gaelic Dictionary and Grammar which I have ever seen, *do* is the form given—*to* never. Why *t* should be introduced I cannot conjecture. The practice is condemned by Stewart in his Grammar (p. 79). The pronunciation does not in the least require it, and as to the *important fact* discovered by Dr Stokes, that *t* must have been the original letter because we have *tava* in Sanskrit, *Tuus* in Latin, and *Thine* in English, it is a very extraordinary assumption that such facts in foreign languages should alter long-established usage in Gaelic. The principle involved would deprive it of all independent self-improving power. I may add that Zeuss (Gramm. Celt., p. 344) gives *do* as the established form, while he adds in parenthesis *(forsan pro tho)*; and, what is more to the purpose, '26 often uses d' before a vowel as well as before a consonant; *a' d'* aghaidh, Ps. li., 4; *a' d'* ionnsuidh, Job xv., 8, and in scores of other instances.

10. Mr Cameron says "Dr Masson has happily remarked that the change of the prep. *do* into *de* . . . . is the great grammatical improvement which the edition of 1860 professes to have introduced into the Gaelic Scriptures!" This unhappily compels me to remark that, in making the statement, Dr Masson drew as largely on his imagination as he did in speaking of the number of copies of '60 sold by the Bible Society—a misstatement amply confuted by Dr Maclauchlan in this month's *Celtic Magazine*, and proved to be wrong by 11,000. But the opposition to the use of *de* is so very curious that it deserves a word or two more regarding it.

In old Irish MSS., with which Mr Cameron is far better acquainted than I am, *de*, or *di*, occurs as representing the Latin *de, ex, ab; do* representing Latin *ad*, English *to*. In the spoken language of the Highlands the distinction is preserved. Both our grammarians, Stewart and Munro, recommend doing the same in the written language. The radical

difference between the two is represented in their compounds *dhe* and *dha*, yet the editors of '26 have discarded *de* "of," and strangely imposed on *do* the double duty of representing the two widely different meanings of *of* and *to*. Why this has been done and is now defended I never saw explained. As to Mr Cameron's other remarks about pronunciation "that *de* in the above sentence must be pronounced very nearly like *je* in *jelly*, and exactly like *deth* (of him, of it)," I have to say only that the *must* exists merely in his own imagination, that as a simple matter of fact the *de* is not so pronounced in many districts of the Highlands. The *jelly* pronunciation may prevail in Arran, but it does not find a place in Lochaber, nor have I ever heard it in *de* except from the unskilled lips of a Southron vainly attempting to master Celtic sounds.

11. *Fios* or *Fhios*. Both forms are very common in spoken Gaelic. Both occur alike in '26 and '60, and why this matter should be charged as an offence I know not.

12th, and fortunately *lastly*, as to his charge of altering *am fad is beo e* to *am fad 's is beo e*, he assigns a reason to which the editors of '60 are strangers. He may however in '26 find constructions entirely according to that which he denounces. But this is a point on which I think it very needless to consult either '26 or '60. I am in the constant habit of conversing with men who speak far purer Gaelic than I, or, I will venture to say, even Mr Cameron can do—genuine old Highlanders whose language is uncontaminated by any foreign taint. "Fhad *'s is* beo mi"; "fhad *'s is* mairionn domh" they use regularly. The same occurs in many of our free native songs; and I hold formal rules, or verbal analyses of very little value, in comparison with the *usage* of our pure vernacular.

And now, that I have gone over the whole of this formidable-looking catalogue of alleged errors and corruptions, I ask any rational man (if such may be expected to read it) to say whether even one of the charges is borne out by the proof. I ask further, whether there can be any more absolute waste of time and paper, than in wrangling about such thoroughly trifling and microscopic points as these? Is there any conceivable interest affected by our writing cha-n'eil, or cha' n'eil? gu-n or gu'n? While Gaelic lasts some will prefer one form, others another: and such is the case in all languages. If, however, there be any language on which a person should write with moderation, and tolerance of the opinions of those who differ from him it is Scottish Gaelic; for its orthography is still so very unsettled that no two writers in it can be found who entirely agree as to its minuter points. Nay, I have never yet seen five pages by the same author free from variations and discrepancies, and in the various districts of the country there are wide diversities as to words and inflections, especially as to pronunciation. If people would allow each other to write after his own fashion, the better expressions would in course of time commend themselves to general acceptance. There would be "a selection of the fittest," as in all other cultivated languages, and a uniform style would establish itself in peace and goodwill; but if I must judge of the future by the past and the present, I see no hope of so happy a prospect for Gaelic.

I feel constrained reluctantly to add a few remarks on the manner of Mr Cameron's criticisms, as well as on the matter of the changes which he

proposes to stereotype. In doing so, I confine myself absolutely to his controversial attitude, seeking in no way to diminish the respect due to him personally.

That attitude is of the most despotic, autocratic description. No King or Kaiser, no Patriarch or Pope, can issue laws with an air of more absolute infallibility than he does. Grammars and dictionaries, authority and usage, must yield to his laws; and, as for the ignoramuses who prepetrated the obnoxious edition of '60, they have acted under "entirely erroneous ideas of Gaelic and its structure." Quite in the lofty style of the old rulers, who said—"This people that knoweth not the law are cursed." Mr Cameron throughout all his laying down of absolute rules on Gaelic writing appears to have completely forgotten the truth that "There is no rule without an exception," not even his.

Further let us look at the improvement which he tries to make on our language. It is to galvanize into activity mummy forms of words that have for centuries been wrapped up in Irish swathing-bands, and to banish the living, breathing forms, now familiar in the Highlands, for those dry skeletons. Even his power cannot effect this; for whatever truth be in the theory of "development" in the material world, it certainly holds in the world of language. Every spoken language must, from the nature of the case, develop and grow, and will break the rusty chains with which learned antiquarianism vainly strives to bind it. Horace declares that, "with *usage* is the judgment and the right, and the standard of language," and every succeeding century that has passed since his day, has proved the truth of his sage observation.

But what I have especially to complain of and to protest against in Mr Cameron's conduct is, that he charges against the edition of 1860 as grievous transgressions, things that are to be found hundreds of times over in that of 1826, and of all intermediate editions. I have proved that fully one-half of his twelve counts of indictment against the former are to be found in the latter. In fact, I see only four "corruptions" for which '60 is exclusively responsible—the frightful ones of sometimes writing *an* with an apostrophe, changing *gu'n* into *gu-n*, *cha n'eil* into *cha-n'eil*, and using *de* in translating "of" instead of *do* which signifies "to." Yet, he calls the editors of 1826 "thorough grammarians," those of 1860 he places under the dominion of "entirely erroneous ideas of Gaelic." This is glaringly in opposition to the very first principles of justice.

Mr Cameron says that he purposes to re-publish as soon as possible a correspondence which passed between him and me in 1870 regarding this doomed edition. I can have no objection to his doing so. All the zeal and learning which he has hitherto bestowed on this matter have used him as Balaam of old did the Moabite ruler—turning the eagerly-wished bannings into blessings—and producing the very opposite effect to that which he desired. The public have bought *Fourteen Thousand Copies* of that edition (freed from the few typographical errors which appeared in the first issue)—showing an undeniable majority against Mr Cameron; and I doubt not, whatever new heights he may yet climb, whatever new sacrifices he may offer to his idols, will be followed by the same results. At the same time if, as his words seem to imply, he publish this correspondence as showing *all* "the value of the alterations" made in '60, or in any

respect descriptive of the character of *all* "the alterations" made in that edition, he will do what is entirely unworthy of him. Many foreign words and foreign idioms are "altered" into vernacular Gaelic. Very many anomalous sentences are written as he himself and all competent scholars now write the language. Yet, of all these unquestioned and unquestionable improvements, there is no mention made in that correspondence! Fair, full, and honest criticism is worthy of all respect. But criticism so partial as to condemn in one editor what is commended in another, and representations that are misleading, are deserving of all reprobation.

Lengthened as my remarks are, I must be allowed to state that, in the 1826 edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, there are matters of criticism very different in importance from the "pin-points" discussed by Mr Cameron. That translation, which within fourteen years of its publication, was ordered by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to be revised, takes liberties with the "Received Text," which, as far as I am aware, have not been ventured on in any other version. Various passages are transferred from one historical book to another, apparently with the view of reconciling discrepancies. The integrity of each individual book is completely disregarded, and one is used accordingly to correct the errors of another. The Received Hebrew text is frequently set aside for the Septuagint. Clauses are omitted which are to be found in Hebrew, and at least one which is to be found in the Greek of the New Testament, while there are additions not to be found either in the Hebrew or in the Septuagint. These are matters demanding serious consideration from those who believe "that all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God," and will I trust soon receive it. I may, if you allow me, take a future opportunity of pointing out some of these in your pages—of showing what are the real "corruptions" in the Gaelic translation of the Scriptures. But, meantime, I am glad to stop and subscribe myself, yours truly,

ARCH. CLERK, LL.D.

KILMALLIE MANSE, 7th August 1879.

THE CLANDONALD OF KEPPOCH.

BY D. C. MACPHERSON.

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II.

ALEXANDER (the younger brother of Ronald) removed to Ireland, and married, about 1781, Anne, daughter of James Anderson, Esq., M.D., County Antrim. In 1801 he settled in the United States of America, where he died, 23d May 1840, in his 95th year, and was buried in the Cathedral Cemetery of Baltimore. He had three sons—John (of whom

hereafter), James, and Chichester. James had no *male* issue, but there are descendants of his in Canada by his *female* issue. Chichester, the third son, who emigrated to Canada, married there, and had issue. *Any lineal male descendant of this Chichester now alive is the rightful head of the Keppoch family.*

John Macdonald (eldest son of Alexander) was born in 1783. He was married, on 4th July 1818, to Margaret, daughter and heiress of Alexander Coulter, Esq., by the Right Rev. Enoch Fenwick, Rector of St Peters, Baltimore. He died, 17th March 1824, at Baltimore, and was buried in the Cathedral Cemetery there, leaving the following issue :—

1. *Alexander*, of whom presently, as heir to his father.

2. *James Macdonald*, born, 3d March 1784; married, 7th May 1814, Grace, daughter of —. M'Henry, Esq.; and died, 17th March 1832, leaving issue—a daughter,

(1), Mary Elizabeth, born, 20th August 1815, who married, 28th December 1841, Francis Von Damman, of Bremen, in Germany, and has issue still living—

1. *Catherine*, married to John Dubh Aberdvar.
2. *Sarah*, married to Charles Carroll, Esq.
3. *Maria*, married to —. Johnston Smith, Esq.

ALEXANDER, said last lineal Chief of the Clandonalds of Keppoch, was born 11th Nov. 1818. He was married at St James' Church, Baltimore, by the Rev. Father Guildea, on 9th April 1840, to Annie, daughter and heiress of Thomas Walsh, Esq., of Co. Cork, Ireland. He died, 6th June 1858, and was buried in St Patrick's Cemetery, Baltimore, U.S.A., and left issue—

1. *Ferdinand Macdonald*, who died without issue.

2. *Annie Alexis*, born 28th May 1845, who was married, 8th Sept. 1868, in the Cathedral of Baltimore, U.S.A., by his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, to John, Marquis d'Oyley, of Paris, France.

By Brief, dated 9th February 1874, Pope Pius IX. granted to the Marchioness d'Oyley the privilege of having a private chapel and chaplain, and by letters patent, dated 8th February 1877, he created her a Matrone of the Holy Sepulchre. She has issue—

(1.) *Reginald Donald*, born, 9th August 1869. He was baptised, by special permission from His Holiness, 25th December 1869, in the private chapel of the Royal Palace of Marlia; his sponsors being Martin John Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, and Her Royal Highness Victoria Augusta, Princesse de Bourbon.

(2.) *Gilbert Raoul*, born 13th February 1875, and baptised in the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, 5th October 1876, his sponsors being His Eminence Monseigneur Antonio Cataldi, Grand Master of Ceremonies of Pope Pius IX., and Her Serene Highness Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, Princess of Baden, &c.

3. *Louise Macdonald*, born 6th April 1859, and still unmarried.

ANCIENT POSSESSORS AND WRITS OF CULLODEN.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot., M.P.

THE name of Culloden has, from many circumstances, an interest second to no other locality in the Highlands, and it is here proposed to furnish notes on the Possessors of the Barony, with some of the titles prior to its acquisition by the present family. First, we believe, promulgated in the Memorabilia of Inverness, all subsequent writers follow in alleging that Culloden was acquired by the family of Forbes about 1625. The deed of sale is dated however in 1637; Duncan Forbes, first of Culloden, being therein designated "of Bught." It would appear that prior to the sale, both he and James Cuthbert of Drakies had wadsets over portions of the lands.

The first time the name of Culloden appears on record is in the Charter of Kildrummie, Nairnshire, by Alexander II. to the Bishop of Moray, dated Roxburgh, 4th March 1238, where the following lands are mentioned in their order thus—"Drakies, Forest of Inverness; Culloden, Essich." From the time that the Mackintoshes settled in the north, and were hereditary keepers of the Castle of Inverness, their retainers spread over the lands of Culloden, Petty, and Ardersier having what was termed "kindly possession," and not being moveable tenants. Connage was the principal residence in that part, as mentioned in the MS. History.

The lands of Culloden were included in the Great Charter by Robert Bruce to Randolph, Earl of Moray, and remained with the Dunbars, successors in the Earldom until the forfeiture, in 1452, of Archibald Douglas, who had married the heiress of line, and proprietrix of the lands.

Culloden having thus remained in the possession of the Earls of Moray for about a century and a half, reverted to the Crown in 1452, and was thereafter granted to Sir William Edmonstone. The family of Edmonstone of Duntreath, now represented by a well-known parliamentary figure, Admiral Sir William Edmonstone, M.P. for the County of Stirling, is of great antiquity. It is alleged that the first ancestor was Edmundus, who attended Margaret, daughter of Edgar Atheling into Scotland in 1070, he being a younger son of Count Egmont of Flanders. Receiving a grant of land near Edinburgh, he gave it the name of Edmundeston, which became the distinctive appellation of the family. This Edmund's descendant, John de Edmonstone, received several charters from David II., in particular the Coronership of Edinburgh, and in 1368, the Thanage of Boyne, County of Banff, being there styled knight. Sir John's grandson, Sir William, received a grant of Culloden in the King's hands, as aforesaid, some time betwixt the years 1452 and 1460, as he died in the latter year. He also received the lands of Duntreath in 1452, which have since remained in the family. He was succeeded by his son, William, who was appointed a Lord of Session in 1461, and died the following year. Archibald succeeded his father, William, and was in turn succeeded by his son, William, who sold the lands of Culloden to Alexander Strachan of the old family of Thornton.

From an Inventory, itself more than three hundred years old, we quote the following items applicable to the period of the Edmonstones, when proprietors of Culloden, having the English modernized:—

"*Item.*—A Charter under the Great Seal given by King James to Archibald of Edmiston, son and apparent to William Edmonstone of Duntreath, and Jonat Schaw, his spouse, upon the lands and Barony of Culloden, dated 16th January 1469.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Sasine proceeding upon a Retour past upon a service whereby William Edmonstone, son to Archibald Edmonstone of Duntreath, was seized in the lands and Barony of Culloden, dated 2d June 1503, under sign and subscription of Mr Andrew Sinclair, Notary Public.

"*Item.*—A Charter granted by William Edmonstone of Duntreath to Alexander Strachan upon the lands and Barony of Culloden, dated at Perth, the 1st July 1506.

"*Item.*—The Precept of Sasine following upon the said Charter, of the day of the date of the foresaid Charter.

"*Item.*—The true Copy of the Precept of Sasine directed by William Edmonstone for infefting of Alexander Strachan in Culloden, under sign and subscription of Alexander Baxter, Notar Public. *Primo Julii* 1506.

"*Item.*—The King's Confirmation upon the foresaid Charter, under the Great Seal, dated at Stirling, 3d July 1506."

The Edmonstones thus only retained Culloden for about fifty years. The Strachans of Thornton are a very old Scottish family. Walterŭs de Strachan is found as early as 1160. In the time of David II. is found Walter's descendant, Sir James Strachan of Monboddo, who had two sons—first, Duncan of Monboddo, and second, Sir John, who and his descendants were styled of Thornton. Sir Alexander Strachan of Thornton was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, 28th May 1625, only two days later than Gordon of Gordonston, the premier Baronet. The line of Sir John having failed in 1663, William Strachan of Monboddo succeeded to the Baronetcy. It is at present dormant, if not actually extinct.

The name of Strachan was very prominent in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff, in the 15th and 16th centuries. After their settlement in Inverness-shire, several inter-marriages took place with neighbouring families. George Strachan, the second of Culloden, married Hugh Rose of Kilravock's eldest daughter by Agnes Urquhart of Cromarty. John Oig Grant, brother of that respectable individual, James na-Creach, married one of the Misses Strachan about 1509. Another married Grant of Shewglie and Corrimony.

Alexander Strachan of Culloden was succeeded by his youngest son, George, and the latter by three daughters—Marjory married to Alexander Dallas of Budgate; Elizabeth married to Thomes Gordon of Wrays; and Margaret married to Hucheon Rose, who resided at Kinray of Dalcross; and from these ladies and their husbands the lands were purchased by Lachlan Mor Mackintosh of Mackintosh, as noted in the titles atter quoted between the years 1570 and 1582.

The intake from the river Nairn *ex adverso* of the lands of Culclachie to serve the mill of Colquinnock, forming the subject of arrangement 'twixt the two heritors, as early as 1547 is still to be seen, a pleasant memorial of peace in disturbed times.

The following is an Extract from the Inventory before referred to, of writs connected with Culloden during its possession by the Strachans :—

"*Item.*—An Appointment of March betwixt the lands of Culloden a nd Robert Stewart of Clava, his lands of Easter Urquhil, dated 3d Oct. 1 508. Alexander Scheirar, notar thereto.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Sasine whereby Alexander Rose son to Walter Rose of Holme, was infeft in wadsett in one-fourth and an aughten part of Culloden, dated 10th October 1530. John Scott, notar thereto.

"*Item.*—Reversion granted by Walter Ogilvie to Alexander Strachan of Culloden of the lands of Easter Culloden, dated at Banff, 27th Sept. 1531.

"*Item.*—A Charter given by Alexander Strachan to George Strachan his son, for all the days of his lifetime of the half of the Mid-Davoch of Culloden, to be holden of himself, dated 5th January 1538.

"*Item.*—The Precept of Sasine following upon the said Charter of the same date.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Sasine following upon, of the date 25th February 1538. Magnus Waus and John Scott, notaries thereto.

"*Item.*—An Assignation made by Alexander Strachan of Culloden to George Strachan, his youngest son, of the reversion made by Walter Rose of Holme, and Margaret Grant, his spouse, for redemption of a quarter and half and auchten part of Culloden in the Easter Davoch thereof, wadsett for a hundred merks, dated at Inverness, the penult day of May 1539.

"*Item.*—Another Assignation made by the said Alexander Strachan of Culloden to his son—George Strachan, of a reversion made by Walter Ogilvie of Strathnairn for redemption and out-quitting of all and haill the half lands of Easter Culloden, and a merk land of the other half. Dated at Inverness, the penult day of May 1539.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Resignation whereby the lands of Easter Culloden were resigned by Alexander Strachan of Culloden in the King's lands, in favour of George Strachan, his son, dated the last day of August 1539. Mr William Jameson, notary thereto.

"*Item.*—A Charter under the Great Seal given by King James to the said George upon the foresaid lands, dated at Dundee, the last day of August 1539.

"*Item.*—The Precept of Sasine following thereon of the same date.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Sasine following thereon, dated 27th Oct. 1539, under sign and subscription of John Scott, notary public.

"*Item.*—A Reversion made by Patrick Strachan to Alexander Strachan his father of the Easter half Davoch of Mid-Culloden, in the sum of two hundred merks, dated 25th April 1540.

"*Item.*—A Procuratory of Resignation made by Alexander Strachan, 23d October 1540.

"*Item.*—A Charter under the Great Seal made by James, King of Scots, to George Strachan, son to Alexander Strachan of Culloden, upon all and haill the lands of West Culloden, Mid-Culloden, and Colwhinnock, dated Falkland, 16th December 1540.

"*Item.*—A Precept of Sasine under the Quarter Seal following upon the said charter of same date.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Sasine of the said lands, proceeding upon

the foresaid precept, dated last December 1540, under sign and subscription of Magnus Waus, notary public.

"*Item.*—An Instrument whereby a noble and potent Earl, James—Earl of Moray, assignee constituted by Walter Ogilvie in and to the said lands, and sums of money, granted him to have received the same for redemption of the lands, dated 18th March 1542. Mr Alexander Ferries, notar thereto.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Redemption granted by John McWalter for redemption of the lands of Culloden, dated the 18th day of March 1543.

"*Item.*—Another Instrument whereby Walter Ogilvie of Dunlugas, knight, granter of the said reversion and assignee hereto, granted the reversion made by him to the said Alexander Strachan, duly fulfilled and therefore renounced the lands and the instrument; subscribed by Mr George Duncan, notar, of the date the fourteenth day of April 1543.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Redemption of an aughten part of Culloden redeemed from John Mac Walter, dated 20th May 1544. Gilbert Hay, notar thereto.

"*Item.*—A License granted by James Ogilvie of Cardell, heritable laird of the lands of Culclachie, to George Strachan of Culloden, to draw a water gang to serve the miln of Colquinnock, dated at Edinburgh, 24th July 1547.

"*Item.*—A Reversion granted by James Rose to George Strachan for redeeming of a part of his lands of Culloden, in the sum of one hundred merks, dated 13th Sept. 1554.

"*Item.*—A Reversion granted by Donald McFerson to George Strachan of Culloden of the lands thereof, dated 16th December 1555.

"*Item.*—A Gift of the Ward of Culloden, with relief thereof, given by Queen Mary, to George, Earl of Huntly, by the decease of George Strachan of Culloden, with the marriage of Marjory Strachan, Elizabeth Strachan, and Margaret Strachan, daughters and heirs to the said George Strachan, dated at Aberdeen 9th October 1556.

"*Item.*—An Instrument upon the back thereof, whereby the said Earl of Huntly made George, Lord Gordon, his son, assignee to the said gift, dated at Aberdeen, the 10th October 1556. Mr Thomas Keir, notary thereto.

"*Item.*—The Assignation subscribed by the said George, Lord Gordon, thereafter Earl of Huntly, to Thomas Gordon of the Wrays, his heirs or assignees, one or more of the said ward, non entry, relief and marriage, dated at Huntly, 16th September 1569.

"*Item.*—A Contract betwixt Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton and Thomas Gordon, anent the lands of Culloden, and marriage of the heirs of the same, dated at Inverness, 18th Sept. 1570.

"*Item.*—A Charter made by Thomas Gordon of Wrays to Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton upon all and haill the lands of the mid plough of Wrays, in security of the disposition and simple alienation of the third part of the lands of Culloden, sold by Elspet Strachan, his spouse, to the said Lachlan, dated at Inverness, 19th Sept. 1570.

"*Item.*—A Bond made by Thomas Gordon of Wrays to the said Lachlan Mackintosh, whereby the said Thomas disponed to him the ward relief and non entries of Culloden, with the marriage of the heirs thereof, written on parchment, dated 21st Sept. 1570.

"*Item.*—A Charter containing Precept of Sasine therein, dated at Wrays, the 7th day of January 1571, made by Elizabeth Strachan, one of the three heirs of umquhile George Strachan of Culloden, with consent of Thomas Gordon of Wrays, to the said Lachlan Mackintosh and Agnes Mackenzie, his spouse, of all and haill the lands of Easter Culloden, Mid-Culloden, Wester Culloden, and Colquinnock.

"*Item.*—The Instrument of Sasine following thereupon, dated 14th January 1571. John Gibson, notar thereto.

"*Item.*—An Instrument of Sasine whereby Elizabeth Strachan, one of the heirs of umquhile George Strachan of Culloden, was seized in the lands and Barony of Culloden, on precept furth of Chancery, dated 17th Sept. 1571. John Gibson, notar thereto.

"*Item.*—A Charter made by Margaret Strachan, youngest daughter of the three lawful heirs of umquhile George Strachan, with consent of Hucheon Rose, her spouse, to the said Lachlan Mackintosh and Agnes Mackenzie, upon all and sundry their three parts of the haill Barony of Culloden, dated at Kinray, 22d March 1577.

"*Item.*—Two Instruments of Sasine following thereupon, under sign and subscription of Mr Martyne Logye, notar public, dated 22d March 1577.

"*Item.*—Another Instrument of Sasine of the said lands following upon the said charter, dated 22d March 1578. Mr Martyne Logye, notar thereto.

"A Charter containing Precept of Sasine of the date at Inverness, 4th December 1582, made by Marjorie Strachan, eldest daughter and one of the three heirs of umquhile George Strachan of Culloden, with consent of Alexander Dallas of Budzett, her husband, to Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton, and Agnes Mackenzie, his spouse, and their heirs, of her, third part of the lands of Wester Culloden, Mid-Culloden, Easter Culloden, and Colquinnock.

"*Item.*—The Instrument of Sasine following thereupon, under the sign and subscription of Mr Martyne Logye, notary, dated 5th December 1582.

"*Item.*—The King's Confirmation upon the said three Charters, under the Great Seal, dated Holyrood House, 1586." It will be seen that sixteen years elapsed from the time Lachlan Mor first negotiated for Culloden, until in 1586 he received the King's confirmation of the various charters of alienation. From this time, until his death in 1606, Lachlan generally lived at Culloden, and left the estate in jointure to his spouse, Agnes Mackenzie of Kintail. Agnes—Lady Dunachton, as she was styled—must have been a woman of great ability. A member of her establishment, diversely termed her servitor, doer, and secretary, bore the singular name, for a Highland household, of Malcolm Ego.

Lachlan Mackintosh's eldest son, Angus, having predeceased, the succession devolved on Lachlan's death upon his grandson, Sir Lachlan Mackintosh of Torcastle, who lived constantly at Culloden, and in whose time occurred that well-known event, the hership of Culloden. On the death of Lachlan, prematurely (it being commonly believed he was poisoned), in Sir the 29th year of his age, he was succeeded by his son, William, who had to part with Culloden in 1637, to Duncan Forbes of Bught, in order to relieve the Lochaber Estates from a pressing debt, fraudulently incurred in his minority.

WILLIAM GRANT OF GLEN-URQUHART.

MANY long years have passed away, and many changes have taken place since Glen-Urquhart was the scene of the following legend. Then, the Glen was thickly wooded with magnificent trees, under the spreading branches of which sported the graceful and lively fawn, the squirrel gambolled amidst the green boughs, and the timid hare burrowed at the root, without fear of molestation; while the stately stag reclined under the grateful shade, during the hot noon time of the summer day. But a change came over this lovely sylvan retreat. Its solitude, rather than its beauty, attracted the notice of a party of aliens, who found in its forests a secure place from pursuit, as well as a grand hunting field, well stocked with venison and game.

These aliens did not belong to any particular clan or sept, but were, as their name implied, aliens from all the clans. Some of them had been hounded from their home and people for misconduct; others had voluntarily severed themselves from the ties of kindred and clanship, and, disowning subjection to their own chiefs, lived in uncontrolled liberty, which, alas! only too often lapsed into license and lawlessness. As "birds of a feather flock together," so did these men by degrees band together for mutual protection, and, in course of time, became very formidable enemies, not only to the Lowlanders, but to all the neighbouring clans. As they owned allegiance to none but their self-elected captain, they plundered their neighbours indiscriminately, except where they were bought off by the payment of black mail. It not unfrequently happened, when one clan opposed another, for one of the rival chiefs to engage the aliens to fight on his side; and, as they were free from all clan obligations and hereditary feuds, they cared not on whose side they fought, provided they were well paid; and, according to the old proverb, "honour among thieves" while so engaged, they not only served their temporary leader faithfully, but held his property sacred from attack. But as soon as the term for which they had been engaged had expired, they held themselves quite as much at liberty as before to carry off his cattle and burn his barns by a midnight raid.

At length their numbers increased so fast, and their depredations became so frequent and formidable, that the surrounding proprietors complained to the Governor of Strone Castle for allowing such a lawless set of men to settle within his territories to be a source of annoyance to his neighbours, and pleaded with him to order them to quit the Glen at once and for ever.

The Governor accordingly sent one of his men to the alien Captain, with a message to the effect that they must vacate the Glen, and seek other quarters. A week would be allowed for their removal, but after that time any of them found lingering in Glen-Urquhart, or any of the lands under his jurisdiction, would be proceeded against with fire and sword.

The alien leader listened in grim silence to the message as it was intimated to him by the bearer; then, breaking out in a rage, he bade the

man begone. "Go back," he thundered out, while his eyes flashed with angry scorn, "go back to your master and tell him I care not for him nor for his threats, and let him beware of sending such messages to me again. Take back his letter, and tell him this is how I treated it," at the same time throwing the paper on the ground and stamping his heel upon it. "Yet stay! perchance you might lose this precious epistle, to make sure of it, you shall eat it." This proposal was greeted with shouts of laughter from the aliens, and, in spite of the expostulations and struggles of the messenger, he was forced, amid the jeers of his persecutors, to chew and swallow every atom of the document; then, stripping him of his arms and most of his clothes, they sent him back, warning him on peril of his life never again to venture to carry such mandates to them. Thankful to escape with his life from the hands of such desperate characters, the man hurried back to Strone Castle and reported the ill-usage he had received. The Governor was very naturally incensed at the recital of the indignities inflicted upon his ambassador, and vowed that he would have vengeance upon the insolent intruders. Collecting a large number of his dependants, he placed them under the command of his only son, William Grant, with orders to proceed up the Glen, and drive out the aliens at the point of the sword, giving no quarter.

This William Grant was a singularly handsome young man, and considerably over six feet in height. He was yet so well-proportioned, that only by comparison with his fellows, one noticed his unusual stature. With blue eyes and fair hair—a clear white skin, which any lady might envy, and a graceful athletic form—he was a very Adonis personified; and his qualities of head and heart being in unison with his good looks, he was loved and admired by the whole clan. The men selected for this expedition to Glen-Urquhart cheerfully placed themselves under his command, and started in high spirits, anxious to punish the interlopers for their many acts of oppression and insolence. Reaching the Glen, they proceeded with caution to prevent being taken unawares by the wily foe, and after going some distance without seeing or hearing anything of the aliens, they redoubled their vigilance, supposing the enemy was trying to lead them into an ambuscade. But, when they had traversed the Glen from end to end without any signs of opposition, they hardly knew what to think. The young men of the party exulting in their strength and courage, boastingly asserted that taking fright at the preparations made against them, the aliens considering "discretion the better part of valour," had decamped *en masse*. The older men, knowing better the desperate character of the men they had to contend with, shook their heads, and gave it as their opinion that instead of flying, the aliens had merely hidden themselves in the thickest part of the forest, among the numerous caves and hiding places in the rocks, and were waiting an opportunity to take their pursuers unawares.

William and his party continued their search for several days without discovering any traces of the aliens, till, at last, they decided upon returning home. William, however, was so delighted with the beauty of the Glen and the appearance of good sport which it afforded, that he determined upon spending a little time to pursue his favourite pastime. Some of the most prudent of his followers tried to turn him from his purpose,

by suggesting that if the aliens were hiding near, they might possibly soon return, and that his life would be in danger if he was found alone. But the brave youth only laughed at their counsel, and telling them to inform his father of the reason of his delay in returning to the castle, saw his comrades depart with a light heart, in which fear was unknown.

After spending the day, enjoying the excitement of the chase, the evening found him wandering slowly and pensively along the shady avenues and leafy groves, formed by the drooping birch trees. admiring the beauty of the scene, inhaling the sweet perfume of the floral treasures which Nature had so profusely strewn around, while his ear was charmed with the sweet notes of the nightingale, warbling her evening song.

As he strolled along, drinking in deep draughts of pure delight at the beauty and sweetness around him, he heard the refreshing, cooling sound of running water, and, shaping his course towards it, he soon reached a clear, limpid, bubbling spring, issuing from the rock, and which, as if glad to get free, rushed impetuously from the narrow opening in the rock, rattling down over the stones with a deal of noise and bustle, and then, getting more subdued, spread out, and formed into a very bonnie stream winding and meandering through the forest glades, growing slower and quieter as it proceeded, sometimes even coyly hiding underground for a few yards only however to re-appear with renewed life and beauty, until it lost itself in the river. As William followed its devious windings, his ears were assailed by the sound of a sweet female voice, singing one of those pathetic half-mournful songs, peculiar to the Highlands. He stood still with astonishment at hearing such a totally unexpected sound, and, as he listened, he felt a sort of superstitious awe stealing over him, for he could scarcely bring himself to believe that it was not some supernatural being that was producing such enchanting strains. Curiosity, however, getting the better of his fear of the unearthly, he moved gently forward to catch a glimpse of the singer—fairy or mermaid, or whatever else she might be—saying in an undertone, "The cross be betwixt me and thee," and involuntarily laying his hand on his breast where he wore a charm composed of a piece of singed cow-hide, called "Caisean-uchd," and some berries of the rowan tree, picked by moonlight, which was a sovereign remedy against the arts and wiles of fairy, warlock, or kelpie. Cautiously parting the bushes and intervening branches that opposed his view, he caught sight of the vocalist. With suspended breath, and dilated eyes, he gazed upon her. Again he pressed his hand on the amulet; again he mentally repeated his exorcism, for now he felt certain that he beheld an inhabitant of another world, for nothing mortal could be half so beautiful. Within a few yards of where he stood was a lovely maiden, just budding into womanhood, sitting on the grassy bank of the burn. She was cooling her feet in the clear running stream, while her hands were deftly entwining fresh culled wild flowers in her long silken tresses of jet-black hair, while ever and anon she bent forward to see her beautiful form reflected in the crystal water. Her plaid lay on the grass beside her, and her fair white neck and bosom were seen undulating, as she sang the sweet plaintive notes of a Gaelic love song. All the stories about fairies and their dread enchantment he had ever heard flashed across his mind, but he felt so fascinated, that he could not tear himself from the

aptivating sight. Soon, however, this sylph of the wood relieved him from his entranced state, by getting up, drawing her plaid over her shoulder and slowly walking away, still singing as she went. With a long-drawn sigh, partly of relief at his escape from the influences of the fairy, and partly at regret at losing sight of the fair vision, young Grant pulled himself together, and continued his ramble. But all the beauty and sweetness of the evening he had so enjoyed before seemed to have vanished with the nymph. Everything now appeared grey and cheerless, so he improvised a hunter's bed, and lay down to rest.

Next day he resumed his sport, or at least attempted to do so, but in reality his mind was occupied more with the lovely figure he had seen the previous day. He often stood in a reverie listening for the sweet notes which had so charmed him before, while the brown hare passed close to him unheeded, and the gentle doe came within shooting distance unharmed—for his bow was held unstrung and the arrows rested in the sheaf. The evening turning out wet and stormy, Grant looked about for a better shelter than that afforded by the leafy bowers of the forest. He at last discovered a natural cave among the rocks, and gladly availed himself of the protection it provided against the fast-coming storm. He found the cave ran in a good distance, and, though the entrance was narrow, it was a good size inside, and had evidently been made larger by the hands of men, than it originally was; and as Grant penetrated further, he was surprised to see tokens of its being very recently occupied as a dwelling-place. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "this no doubt was one of the aliens' hiding-places, and not a bad one either. I shall rest like a prince here." There were several beds made of dried heather, covered over with skins, ranged round the walls of this natural cavern; and selecting the best, our hero stretched himself upon it, and was soon fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. How long he slept, he knew not, but he awoke with a start, by a light shining on his face, and the noise of men's voices in loud and eager conversation. The new comers had lighted a fire, the smoke of which circling round the cave to find an exit, made the place so dark that the aliens had not perceived the intruder upon their hospitality.

William Grant was one of the bravest of men, yet his blood ran cold, and seemed to curdle in his veins. His heart beat fast, while a cold perspiration broke from every pore, as the imminent danger of his position became apparent to him. Here was he alone, far from his friends, surrounded by dozens of his inveterate foes; any moment the merest chance might discover him, when he felt sure to meet with a sudden and inglorious death, without the least opportunity of defending himself, and, worse than all, his body would be cast out as carrion for the birds of the air to devour, and his friends would never know his fate.

Shrinking down on his heathery couch, and making himself as small and invisible as possible, young Grant lay hardly daring to breath, while eye and ear were strained to the utmost, noticing every movement and hearing every word of the aliens to see if, by any unlooked-for chance, he might yet escape their deadly clutches. Suddenly another figure appeared upon the scene. The new comer was a tall, powerfully-built man in the prime of life; and as the fire-light played on his rugged features and fierce countenance, Grant recognised him as the leader or captain of the aliens.

He entered the cave with a quick footstep, and glancing angrily around, demanded in a loud imperious voice, "What mean ye, fellows? idling here, quarrelling among yourselves, when there is real work to be done! Up! every man of you, go instantly and discover whether there yet lurks in our glen, as I suspect, one of the accursed Grants. Hasten! and return here at once, for I'll make the red cock crow in every byre for twenty miles round, before another day is over." At their leader's entrance, every man had sprung up and stood silent, and, receiving his orders, they all rushed from his presence, eager to atone for what he seemed to consider their previous negligence, by extra agility in carrying out his present commands. For a few moments the alien captain stood in deep thought; his compressed lips and scowling brow plainly indicated that his meditations were not of the most pleasant; then, with a yawn of utter weariness, he threw himself on the nearest couch, and soon his stentorian breathing conveyed to Grant the pleasing intelligence that his foe was asleep. Now, indeed, Fortune appeared to smile upon our hero; his opponents were reduced from scores to one individual, and that one slept.

For a moment, William was tempted to bury his dirk in the heart of the slumbering man, but he was of too chivalrous a disposition to take an unfair advantage even of his bitterest foe, and besides, his main object at present was to escape unnoticed from the toils his own imprudence had entangled him in, and to make his way to the castle as speedily as possible to warn his father of the intended raid against him. He therefore rose gently, and grasping his weapon with a firm hand, stole on tiptoe towards the entrance of the cave, to reach which he had to pass the still sleeping alien. Holding his breath, and creeping with cat-like tread, young Grant advanced step by step; now he has reached the alien's couch; another instant he will have passed him when, as ill-luck would have it, he stumbled over a half-burnt log of wood that had formed part of the fire. He recovered himself in a moment, but the noise, slight as it was, proved sufficient to arouse the alert captain, who, springing up, demanded to know who of his followers had dared to disobey his commands by staying behind? Then, as he caught sight of William, he fell upon him with concentrated fury, exclaiming, "Ah! a Grant! did'st think to beard the lion in his den? thou smooth-faced boy." Well was it then for the bold youth that he had his trusty claymore ready; with it he warded off the first rapid blows of his antagonist, who, perceiving the advantage the sword gave to Grant, and being only armed with the dirk himself, suddenly closed with the youth, and pinioning his arms with a bear-like hug, essayed to bear him by sheer strength to the ground, but he miscalculated the strength of his young opponent, who was as well skilled in wrestling as he was in the sword-exercise. Letting fall his now useless claymore, Grant took a firm grip of his enemy, and now began the struggle for life between them. With close-set teeth, knitted brows, from under which darted the angry flashes of vindictive and deadly hate, with panting breath and every muscle strained to the utmost, they reel to and fro; now backward, now forward. They soon reach the mouth of the cave, still they cling to each other, with almost supernatural strength and determination; round and round they go, locked in their deadly embrace; the veins stand out like whipcord on their heated temples, their breath is

drawn in quick convulsive gasps; but still their eyes glare on each other with unflinching defiance; the tremendous exertions they are making soon begins to tell on both; their limbs tremble, their heads are giddy, but still they wrestle like two gladiators thirsting for each other's blood. Turning and twisting they reach the edge of an ugly rock, which at that place shelved down to a great distance. As they reach the brink of this frightful precipice, Grant sees a yet fiercer gleam in the bloodshot eye of the alien, who, collecting all his remaining strength, makes a final effort, and attempts to throw Grant over the rock down to the yawning chasm below. Our hero was unable to resist the sudden, impetuous attempt of his foe, but determining that if he died, at least his enemy should not survive to boast of his victory, he clung to the alien with a vice-like grip, and together they rolled over the frightful precipice and disappeared.

M. A. ROSE.

(To be Continued.)

PRINCE CHARLIE'S FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Farewell, my loved Scotland, the land of my sires,
An exile I leave thee, ah! ne'er to return;
No more shall a Stuart awaken the fires
That still in thy children exultingly burn.
Ye bold Highland Chieftains, devoted and leal,
My warrior companions on dire battlefields,
I go broken-hearted, tears cannot reveal
The sadness my parting for evermore yields.

Farewell, bonnie Scotland, Culloden's dark day
Dispelled the bright visions I cherished with years.
The sun of my hope has gone down in dismay,
The merciless Saxon triumphant appears.
Ye valorous clansmen who fought as ye loved,
Who gloriously bled for the cause of the true,
Ah! little I thought when as conquerors we moved,
That vanquished I'd bid ye in sorrow adieu.

Farewell, Caledonia, I weep for thy woes,
The chains of the tyrant aronnd me are laid,
Thy cottages blaze 'neath the brand of thy foes,
Thy children are homeless, thy glory is fled.
Alas! I must leave thee to vengeance and scorn,
No more in the land of the brave I must dwell;
I go, and when wearily wandering forlorn,
My heart shall be with thee forever, farewell!

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

INVERNESS NEW TOWN HALL AND THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

——o——

It has been proposed by the architect and the contractors for the Glazing of the New Town Hall Windows—Messrs Adam & Small of Glasgow—to place the Arms of the various Highland Clans in the Hall Windows. Nothing, in our opinion, could be more appropriate; and we are quite satisfied that no proposal could have been made which would meet with the same unanimous approval among Highlanders at home and abroad. The members of the Town Council themselves appear, from the minutes, to have been quite unanimous in favour of this peculiarly happy proposal, and they at once remitted the whole subject to a sub-committee of seven members, with powers to carry their resolution into effect. This committee requested two of their number—Mr Alex. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine* and Mr James Melven, bookseller—to bring up suggestions as to the best manner in which to carry out the instructions of the Council. The report brought up by these gentlemen was unanimously, on the motion of the Provost, generally adopted. It may be found necessary to alter some of the minor details. Meanwhile, we think the suggestions worthy of being placed before our readers, all of whom will feel an interest in the subject; and it is possible valuable suggestions may be received from those who have devoted attention to Highland Clan history:—

SUGGESTIONS ADOPTED BY THE COMMITTEE.

"In conformity with the suggestion made at the last meeting of the sub-committee, we have considered the best way of carrying out the architect's proposal to fill in the Windows of the New Town Hall Buildings with the Arms of the Highland Clans. The Town Council having already approved of Mr Lawrie's happy proposal, it only remains for the committee to recommend the best plan to carry the resolution of the Council into effect. The idea is quite worthy of the building which, in future, will be the most prominent and the principal centre of attraction in the Highland Capital—for centuries the centre of the Clan system. Chiefs and Clans in the sense in which it is here proposed to commemorate them, have long ago become things of the past; but the system has left its mark on our countrymen, by engendering and stimulating a spirit of genuine devotion, bravery, and loyalty, exhibited by no other race of people. Nothing can, in our opinion, be more appropriate, in all the circumstances, than to illustrate and commemorate in a complete and artistic form the best phases of our ancient mode of government in the Highlands. But if this is to be done, it should be carried out in such a way as to give a complete and correct

idea of the origin and development of the Clan system, as far as possible, in the arrangement of the various Family Arms in the Town Hall Windows.

"The best authorities, such as W. F. Skene, LL.D,, the late Donald Gregory, and various others, agree as to the native Celtic origin of nearly all the Highland Clans; and Skene especially has classified them in a form which we suggest should be carried out in decorating with their Arms the Town Hall Windows. This proposal has the advantage that by it, in addition to the importance of carrying out a complete idea artistically, and in all its parts, any controversy as to precedency or priority of position is altogether avoided.

"It is not proposed to represent branches of the Clans—only the great leaders or chiefs of families whom the minor septs of the respective Clans acknowledged as their common chief and commander, and whose arms will now sufficiently represent all the cadets of the various families. Dr Skene, universally admitted to be the best living authority on everything connected with the Highlands and Highland Clans, holds that the Celtic races now occupying the Highlands existed as a distinct people, and occupied the same country from the earliest periods to which the records of history reach; that, before the thirteenth century, they were divided into a few great tribes under chiefs called Maormors, by Saxon influence changed at a later period to that of Earl; that from these tribes all the Highlanders are descended; and that to one or other of them each of the Highland Clans can be traced. After fully stating his reasons in favour of these conclusions, and in support of a systematic grouping of the Clans according to a certain order of descent fully described in his 'Highlanders of Scotland,' he summarises the result of his researches in a table showing the descent of the various clans from a Celtic source; and we respectfully recommend that this arrangement should be followed in placing the Arms of the various Clans in the Windows of the New Town Hall. In case, however, that Dr Skene may have found reason to deviate in any material point from the conclusions arrived at in his 'Highlanders of Scotland,' we deemed it proper to communicate with him, as he is now engaged on his great work, "Celtic Scotland," the third and only unpublished volume of which, it is understood, is to be devoted mainly to the Highland Clans. Any possible deviation, however, can only be a question of detail, which can easily be arranged. Meanwhile, we recommand the following arrangement:—

"*The Three Windows facing Castle Street.*—The round spaces in top of each to be filled in respectively—the centre one by the Royal Arms, and those on either side by the Scotch and Town, or perhaps the Stewart Arms. The lower portion meanwhile to be filled in with floral designs and scrolls. This will express loyalty and patriotism.

"*East Window in front of Hall.*—Round space at top—Lords of the Isles. Panels below, on either side—Glengarry and Clanranald. These will represent the Maormorship or Earldom of the Gallgall.

"It requires two windows to take in the Arms of the Clans which we think ought to represent the Maormorship or Earldom of Moray, so we propose that in the

"*Second Window in front of Hall* be emblazoned the Arms of the Chiefs of the Mackintoshes, Macphersons, and Camerons, and in

"*The Third Window* the Munros, Macleans, and Robertsons, all of whom belong to one Maormorship or Earldom. In the

"*Fourth Window*—The Rosses, Mackenzies, and Mathiesons. In the

"*Fifth Window*—Macgregors, Grants of Grant, and Grants of Glenmoriston; and in the

"*Sixth Window*—Macleods, Campbells, and Mackays.

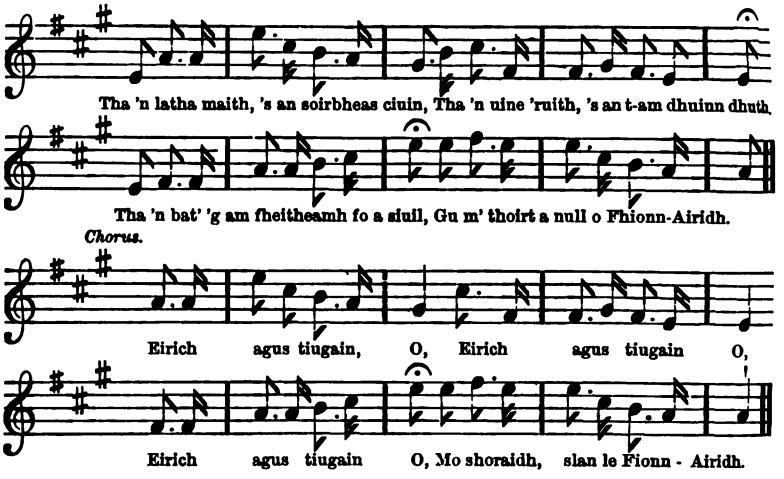
"This exhausts the great Clans, except the Frasers, the Forbeses, and Chisholms, who, Skene maintains, are not of Celtic but of foreign origin. Their connection with Inverness however, and the prominent part the former two at least have played in Scottish, as well as in local history, entitle them to a prominent position in such an arrangement as is here proposed. We therefore recommend that these three Clans should occupy the three Windows in the West end of the Hall—the Frasers occupying the round space in the top of the centre window, with the Forbeses and Chisholms on either side in the other two, all opposite to, and in the same position as the Royal, Scottish, and Town Arms in the East Windows of the Hall in Castle Street, the lower part of these windows to be filled in with floral designs and scrolls, as in those opposite. This would give expression to a complete idea and represent all the leading clans. There would still be ample room, if it were thought advisable, to represent the smaller clans or septs, such as the Macraes, Maclennans, &c., &c., in the Windows of the Lower Flat. There are also six spaces in the Provost's Room, and several in the Council Chamber, leaving ample room for representing the various Chief Magistrates of the Burgh, the Sciences, Great Industries, or any other interests deemed suitable, and in keeping with the character of the building.

"The various Family Arms can be found in the different 'Peerages,' 'Baronetages,' and such works; but application should, in all cases, be made to the chiefs or their representatives to secure accuracy, for their respective arms, and to supply correct designs when not otherwise obtainable.

(Signed) "A. MACKENZIE.
"JAMES MELVEN."

Dr Skene has written to us that he has not been even re-considering the conclusions arrived at and adopted in his "Highlanders of Scotland"; and he does not anticipate that his third volume of "Celtic Scotland"—which we regret to find has been delayed in consequence of a long illness from which, happily, our greatest Celtic authority is now recovering—will enter much into Clan history.

FAREWELL TO FINARY.



KEY A.

. s_1 : d ., d | s ., m : r ., d | t_1 ., r : m ., l_1 | l_1 ., t_1 : l_1 ., s_1 | s_1 :

. s_1 : l_1 ., l_1 | d ., d : r ., m | s . s : l ., s | s ., m : r ., d | d .‖

Chorus.

: d ., d | s . m : r ., d | t_1 : m ., l_1 | l_1 ., t_1 : l_1 ., s_1 | s_1

: l_1 ., l_1 | d ., d : r ., m | s . s : l ., s | s ., m : r ., d | d ‖

Tha ioma mile ceangal blath
Mar shaighdean ann am fein an sas;
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgaint'
A chionn bhi 'fagail Fhionn-Airidh.

Bu tric a ghabh mi sgriob leam fhein,
Mu 'n cuairt air luchairt Fhinn an trein;
'S a dh'eisd mi sgeulachdan na Feinn
'G an cur an ceill am Fionn-Airidh.

'S bu tric a sheall mi feasgar Mairt
Far am biodh Oisein, 'seinn a dhan;
A' coimheadh grein aig ioma tra
'Dol seach gach la 's mi 'm Fionn-Airidh.

Allt-na-Caillich—sruthan ciuin
Le 'bhorbhan binn 'dol seach gach lub,
Is lionmhor aoibhneas 'fhuair mo shuil
Mu'd bhruachaibh dluth do Fhionn-Airidh.

Beannachd le beanntaibh mo ghaoil
Far am faigh mi 'm fladh le 'laogh,—
Gu ma fad' an coileach-fraoich
A' glaodhaich ann am Fionn-Airidh.

Ach cha 'n iad glinn is beanntan ard'
A lot mo chridh, 's a rinn mo chradh,
Ach an diugh na tha fo phramh
An teach mo ghraidh am Fionn-Airidh.

Beannachd le athair mo ghraidh
Bidh mi 'cuimhneach ort gu brath;
Ghuidhinn gach sonas is agh
Do 'n t-sean fhear bhan am Fionn-Airidh.

Mo mhathair! 's ionmhuinn t' ainm r'a luaidh,
Am feum mi tearbadh uait cho luath?
Is falbh a'm' allabanach truagh
An cian uait fein 's o Fhionn-Airidh.

Soraidh leat-sa, bhrathair chaoin,
Is fos le peathraichibh me ghaoil;
Cuiribh bron is deoir a thaobh,
'S biodh aoibh oirbh ann am Fionn-Airidh.

'Illeasbuig bhig, mo Leanabh graidh,
Gu 'n coimhead Dia thu o gach cas;
'S bu mhiann leam fein ma thill gu brath
Do ghaire blath bhi 'm Fionn-Airidh.

Am feum mi siubhal uait gun dail!
Na siuil tha togta ris a' bhat'!
Soraidh, slan, le tir mo ghraidh;
Is slan, gu brath le Fionn-Airidh!

NOTE.—"Farewell to Finary" is one of the most popular songs of the Highlands. The melody is old and sweet. The English words were composed by the late Rev. Dr Norman Macleod "*Caraid nan Gaidheal*," whilst the Gaelic words above given are a translation of them by the late Archibald Sinclair, printer, Glasgow. W. M'K.

THE

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THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,

WITH SEVERAL INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE UNFORTUNATE PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness.

—o—

IT may be premised that a somewhat lengthy narrative has been given already of the "Last Scenes of Flora Macdonald's Life," in Nos. xix., xx., and xxi. of the *Celtic Magazine*. Many parties, however, have expressed a desire to be put in possession of what may be ascertained and known of this heroic female, as to her parentage, and the earlier years of her eventful life. With a humble endeavour to gratify this desire, the writer of these articles will do his best to lay before the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* what he has gathered from the most authenticated sources of information relative to the object in view. In accomplishing his purpose in this, he deems it quite unnecessary to make any apology for introducing the smallest events, and the most trivial incidents connected with the chequered career of this lady, from infancy to old age.*

The various circumstances connected with the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745 are minutely recorded in the history of our country. James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, was the common progenitor of the two families which so long and so fiercely contended for the throne of Great Britain. That monarch was succeeded in 1625 by Charles the First, who was beheaded twenty-four years thereafter. His son, Charles the Second, after the death of Cromwell, was placed on the British throne,

* Most of the facts contained in these articles were procured from Flora's daughter, Anne, who became the wife of Major-General Alexander Macleod of Glendale. This amiable and accomplished old lady was well known to the writer. She had in her possession a great variety of scraps and diaries of her mother's adventures, and delighted to relate a multiplicity of incidents and anecdotes in which her mother had acted a part. She died at an advanced age in her daughter's house, Miss Mary Macleod, at the village of Stein, in Skye, in the year 1834.

in the year 1660. Having died without issue, his brother, the Duke of York, under the title of James the Second, succeeded him in 1685. His reign, however, was but short. He was dethroned four years thereafter on account of his religion, and was compelled to leave the kingdom. His daughter Mary, with William, grandson of Charles the First, then succeeded to the throne. After them, Queen Anne, another daughter of James the Second, began to reign. She died without issue in the year 1714, leaving behind her a brother named James. This James, being of course the son of James the Second, is well known in our national history as the Pretender, or the Chevalier St George. He had naturally a keen eye to the kingdom, and was strongly supported in his views to this end by several powerful friends. Among those most devoted to his cause was the Earl of Mar, who had forces of considerable strength in readiness for action. Possessed himself of no small number of willing retainers, he had the benefit of numerous allies from France. James, with no doubt of success, unfurled his banner at Braemar, a district in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, in 1715, but notwithstanding all his careful preparations, he was soon defeated. Like his father, the Second James, he was banished from the kingdom, and his various schemes of success fell to the ground. Amid all these bloody insurrections, the Parliament of the nation bestowed the crown on the nearest Protestant heir, George, Elector of Hanover, and great-grandson of James the First. This monarch, who was styled George the First, died in 1727, and was succeeded by his son, George the Second. In the meantime James, the Chevalier St George, had married Clementina, granddaughter of John Sobieski, the heroic King of Poland, by whom he had a son, Charles Edward, born 1720, who eventually became the hero of the Rebellion of 1745. The Chevalier had likewise another son, who is known in history as the Cardinal de York.

The Chevalier St George is said to have been a man of little judgment, and decidedly of weak and of vacillating character, to which may be attributed the utter failure of his attempt in 1715. But, on the other hand, the heroic blood of Sobieski seems to have invigorated his son Charles Edward with greater mental powers, and to have inspired him with that courage in his various campaigns, with which he did everything in 1745-6, but retrieve the fortunes of his family.

After the well-known defeat and ruin of the Chevalier St George in 1715, he escaped, and immediately fled to France, where he lived in seclusion on the bounty of such friends and adherents as continued to sympathise with him. He prudently made no further attempts to regain the sovereignty which his ancestors possessed, and to which he was, no doubt, legally entitled by the principles of pure genealogy. Far different, however, was the conduct of his elder son, Prince Charles Edward, although even he, on various occasions, betrayed a lack of prudence and judgment, which was anything but favourable to his cause. To regain the crown of his fathers was very naturally the dream of his youth, and became the daring and romantic effort of his early manhood. The dis-

appointment of his father, and the abortive issue of the various schemes resorted to by his father's friends, must have awakened him to a sense of the position in which he stood. These things must have had a rousing and inspiring effect upon his sensitive mind, when he had attained to the age of taking cognisance of them, and when, no doubt, his ambition for the British crown must have been mightily intensified by the unexpected fruitlessness of his father's efforts. Thus influenced and excited, he manifested a firm determination to make the bold attempt, and to embark, perhaps prematurely, on his very dangerous enterprise. Consequently, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he landed in the Highlands of Scotland, utterly unprepared for his hazardous adventure. And how could he have been otherwise, as he there stood without men or money, or the multifarious munitions of war? There indeed he appeared, and, but to a very few, unexpectedly appeared—no doubt a highly pre-possessing youth, amiable, affable, and active; but there he stood, in a rough, lonely, sequestered corner of the West Highlands—in the midst of strangers, with only seven attendants—and all for the purpose of regaining the crown, which had already occupied the head of a near relative, but which had then been lost to his own family for fifty-seven years! To the eyes of the wise, this hasty enterprise could hardly fail to appear as a forlorn hope,—yet the youthful Prince was sanguine to the extreme, as he relied implicitly on the justice of his cause, and perhaps not less so, on the fidelity and valour of our Highland chieftains and their gallant vassals.

By his amiable manners and captivating address he very soon enlisted the feelings and services of the majority of our Highland Clans. The intelligence of his arrival spread with "fiery-cross" telegraphy over every mountain and glen. The Highlanders were on the alert, and became speedily aroused. Under the guardianship of their brave chieftains they soon hied to the general rendezvous, where a halo of glory seemed to overshadow their arms, and a confidence of success to inspire their hearts!

The youthful Prince placed himself at the head of no insignificant body of men, and displayed that magnanimity which might be looked for in the descendant of a Bruce and of a Sobieski! His soldiers were, no doubt, untrained, but they were willing. They were, in a sense, unskilled in the scientific modes of warfare, yet, notwithstanding, their valour and endurances were great. It is well known that with these untutored but devoted followers, the Prince took possession of Scotland, penetrated England to Derby, and caused His Majesty, King George the Second, to tremble on his throne! Had he boldly entered London, as he had done our Scottish towns, it is difficult to say what the result might have been; but for various causes he determined to retreat to our Highlands for the winter, rather than advance on the Capital of the British Empire, although he was within a hundred miles of it.

From that moment the prospects of the Prince commenced to look gloomy. His once bright star began to wane, and eventually on the 16th April 1746, it became completely extinguished on the bloody field of Culloden! On that ill-selected battlefield his army was broken to pieces by the well-trained forces of the Duke of Cumberland. His brave Highlanders fell in hundreds by his side, and he himself became a fugitive and outlaw in the land of his fathers. Escaping from the scene of slaughter

and defeat, he withdrew, with all possible speed, to the western parts of the county of Inverness, in the hope of effecting his escape by sea to France, in which, however, he was for a time unsuccessful.

The field of battle, immediately after the desperate struggle, presented a dismal sight! The bodies of slain Highlanders lay in heaps of carnage upon the gory plain. These brave sons of the mountains and glens fell with their faces to the foe, after displaying, under every disadvantage, an amount of stern heroism peculiar only to themselves. No power on their part could withstand the artillery and horsemen of the enemy, as to them, every circumstance of time and place was adverse as foot-soldiers, while to Cumberland's trained forces, all things were favourable. All the events of the day were sadly mismanaged for the Prince's cause, and although the Highlanders stood bravely to the last, they were unable to overcome impossibilities.

The following stanzas graphically delineate the harrowing scenes of this battle-field. They are the very creditable composition of Mr T. D. Fraser, near Melbourne, Australia :—

CULLODEN.

Wild waves the heath on Culloden's bleak moor,
As it waved on that morn long ago—
When warriors proud on its bosom it bore,
That trembled and shook with the Camerons' loud roar,
And the shouts of each terrible foe.

Oh! ill-fated Stuart, the last of thy race,
Though nobly thy right thou did'st claim—
The tear starts unbidden, when round us we trace
The scene of thy ruin, unstained by disgrace,
Thy conquest untainted by shame.

And ye gallant spirits, the brave and the true,
Who stained the brown heath with the gore
That followed each terrible stroke that ye drew—
Alas! that your own should have mingled there too,
And your names pass from earth evermore.

Oh! proudly and high waved your plumes as ye passed,
And high throbbed your hearts to the sound
Of the war-pipe that breathed out its soul stirring blast,
That to the firm onslaught hurried ye fast—
And alas! to a hero's red mound.

Like leaves by the tempest all scattered abroad,
So here were ye scattered around,
And here were ye piled high on the red sward,
Still grasping in death each deeply dyed sword
That had reddened the cold murky ground.

And when through your ranks like an angel of death,
Poured the fierce storm of iron hail,
That levelled your bravest all low as the heath
As the forest leaves strewn by the whirlwind's wild breath,
Even then your stout hearts did not quail!

"To the charge, to the charge," was your answering cry,
"Lead us on, lead us on, 'gainst the foe,
Why stand we inactive thus tamely to die?"
All powerless to fight, and disdaining to fly—
To the charge, to the charge!—weal or woe,

Ah! ne'er in all time, shall that charge be forgot,
Inscribed on the annals of fame;
Your souls passed away all undimmed by one blot
Of one selfish thought from that blood-reeking spot,
Which still is embalmed with your name.

Notwithstanding the favourable issue of this engagement to the Royal forces, still there was a dread that hostilities might eventually be in some shape renewed. In order to counteract this as much as possible, very stern measures were resorted to. The Government, sensible of the dangerous nature of the Prince's claims, and of the number and power of his friends in Scotland, immediately resolved to set the high price of £30,000 upon his head! This was indeed a great reward in those days, and would be no insignificant fortune even in the present day; yet to the immortal honour of our Highlanders, not one was found sufficiently mean to betray their Prince, or sufficiently covetous to take this large and tempting reward of blood. With all the advancement of civilization in the present day—with all the advantages of the schoolmaster being abroad—as well as with the much that is ado with ecclesiastical controversies and religious attainments, it is very questionable indeed, should the same munificent bribe be offered under similar circumstances to-day, that it would be attended with the same honourable result.

Having thus briefly alluded to a few genealogical and historical incidents in the eventful career of this unfortunate Prince, it may prove interesting to many readers of the *Celtic Magazine* to lay before them a rapid sketch of his many hair-breadth escapes, and severe deprivations previous to his rescue from the Long Island, by the gallantry of the young lady whose early life will form the chief subject of these papers.

Charles, deeply chagrined by the sad, and, by him, unexpected result of the battle, lost no time in setting off for some place of safety. He hastily assembled some of his steadfast adherents, and entreated them to accompany him as quickly as possible from their present scene of danger. Accordingly, he left the field thickly covered with the bodies of the brave Highlanders, who lay dead after fighting so valiantly for his cause. Having provided a considerable body of horse, as well as several foot soldiers, he departed along with Sir Thomas Sheridan, Captain O'Neal, Mr John Hay, Mr O'Sullivan, a faithful old Highlander named Edward Burke, who acted as guide, and several others. He and his friends crossed the river Nairn at the farm-house of Faillie between three and four miles from Culloden, where there is one of General Wade's bridges. Here the Prince halted to hold a consultation with his friends as to what was best to be done. No doubt the Highland chiefs engaged in the insurrection did not as yet despair, but still expected that they might be able to rally, and eventually succeed in gaining the great object in view. It was, however, very apparent that the Prince did not at heart sympathise with the plans of those gentlemen who had sacrificed so much already for his cause. "His wish was," according to Chambers, "to make his way as quickly as possible to France, in order to use personal exertions in procuring those powerful supplies which had been so much and so vainly wished for. He expected to find French vessels hovering on the West Coast, in one of which he might obtain a quick passage to that country.

He therefore had determined to proceed in this direction without loss of time."

Meantime it was agreed that the horse and the greater part of the attendants should part with the Prince at the bridge of Faillie, which was done. The gentlemen present, with, no doubt, the concurrence of several other absent adherents, resolved, contrary to the inclination of his Royal Highness, to meet as soon as possible at Ruthven in Badenoch, in order, if practicable, to prosecute the cause anew. After bidding farewell with his faithful friends, he set off for Stratherrick in company with Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, and one or two more, and were guided forward by poor Burke, who was acquainted with the route. The country was deplorably desolated. Dwelling-houses and cottages were deserted by their inmates, who had fled to the rocks and mountains for shelter from the reputed cruelty of the enemy. The whole scenery seemed to be visited with the gloom of death! Meanwhile the party, crushed with fatigue and hunger, arrived at the steading of Tordarroch, but found the dwelling shut up, and no living soul near. They wandered on to Aberarder, and found matters there to be the same. From Aberarder they moved along to the house of Farraline, where they fared no better. At length with much ado, they reached the house of Gorthlig, the residence of Mr Thomas Fraser, who acted as manager and factor for Lovat. It happened at this time that Simon Lord Lovat resided at his factor's house, and very likely made a point of being present on that memorable day, as, by his instructions, a great feast was in the way of being prepared to celebrate the expected victory of the Prince that afternoon on the moor of Culloden. How crest-fallen Lovat must have been when the Prince had hastily revealed to him the sad tidings of the day, and the irretrievable ruin of his person, his prospects, and his family! Various accounts are given of the effects that the intelligence produced on the aged chief. It is said by some that he became frantic with alarm, and fled to the field beyond the dwelling, exclaiming, "Cut off my head at once! Chop it off; chop it off!" But by another account, Lovat is represented as having "received the Prince with expressions of attachment, but reproached him severely for his intention of abandoning the enterprise."*

Having thus passed some hours in conversation with his lordship, it was deemed utterly unsafe to remain there during the night, so after liberally partaking of the excellent viands laid before them, which they stood so much in need of, the Prince and his friends bade farewell to old Simon, and set off to cross the hill to Fort-Augustus, where they made no stay, but pushed on to Invergarry the romantic castle of the Macdonells of Glengarry. They arrived at this place a little before sunrise, and found everything with a cheerless aspect. The great halls of the castle, which often resounded with the shrill notes of the piobaireachd, and lavished their hospitality on high and low, were that morning desolate and empty. The castle had, in short, been completely dismantled, the furniture removed, the walls made bare, and the whole fabric made the emblem of desolation and ruin! One solitary man was found in this once lordly mansion, but he had nothing to give the weary wanderers to refresh them,

* Vide Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, pp. 268, also Burke's Narrative. Jacobite Memoirs.

but some fish to partake of, and the hard, cold floor for a bed. They slept, however, for several hours in their clothes, for they had no way of undressing, and on arising from their unrefreshing repose, the whole party deemed it prudent to take leave of Charles with the exception of O'Neal, O'Sullivan, and Edward Burke. The Prince at this place received a long communication from Lord George Murray, dated at Ruthven, recapitulating the numerous blunders that had been committed, and stating that various chieftains, with an army of between two and three thousand men, had assembled at Ruthven, ready, no doubt, to commence the campaign anew, on their receiving the commands of his Royal Highness to do so. He sent back a message requesting the army immediately to disperse. "In thus resigning the contest," says an historian, "which, by his inconsiderate rashness, he had provoked, Charles showed that he was not possessed of that magnanimity which many of his followers ascribed to him."

On the evening of the same day the Prince and his now small party left Glengarry's inhospitable mansion, and betook themselves to Loch Arkaig, and the country of the Camerons. They arrived late at night at Clunes, where everything possible was done for their comfort. Old Cameron of Clunes was an officer in Lochiel's regiment, and was killed at Prestonpans, fighting bravely for his Prince. Young Clunes felt much for the misfortunes that lately befel the Prince's cause, and pitying his forlorn condition, he devised a plan for his safety. A secure and suitable cave was fitted up comfortably for the use of his Royal Highness and his friends. Provisions were furnished for the occasion, and in order to entertain the party well, Clunes killed an ox, ordered a part of it to be immediately dressed and carried to the cave where the fugitives were concealed. And besides all this, a substantial supply of bread, cheese, and whisky was forwarded with the other viands, and was no doubt found very acceptable. When it was necessary to depart, Clunes provided a boat for the fugitives, as well as for Lochiel, who ventured to accompany them a part of the way. This boat was the only one in the district, as all the rest had been burnt to prevent the rebels from using them. Lochiel and the Prince hesitated to cross the Lochy in this fragile, crazy craft, but Clunes at once volunteered to cross first with a batch of his friends, and having done it safely, the Prince and his party did the same. In momentary terror that their route would be discovered, they made all possible haste to arrive at Glenboisdale. They arrived late in the evening of Saturday, 19th April, at the head of Loch Morar, where they resolved to remain, as darkness had come on, and the night promised to be wild and wet. They could find no house, no human dwelling wherein to take shelter, until at last one of the party stumbled upon a lonely little hovel in the corner of a wood, which had been used at the time of sheep-shearing. There was no seat, table, or stool in it, but Burke contrived to kindle a fire with turfs which lay in a corner, and having made seats of stones, the party passed the night as well as they could. As there was no boat at Loch Morar to ferry them across, they had no alternative but to walk on foot, and to cross steep and rugged ranges of mountains to accomplish their journey, which they did by arriving at Arisaig in the evening.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

By the Editor.

[Concluded.]

THE MACKENZIES OF GAIRLOCH.

X. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, third Baronet, called "An Tighearna Ruadh," or Red-haired Laird. He built Conon House between 1758 and 1760, during his father's lifetime. His mother, who continued to reside at Kinkell, where she lived separated from her husband, on his decease claimed the new mansion built by her son eight years previously, on the ground that it was situated on her jointure lands; but Sir Alexander resisted her pretensions, and ultimately the matter was arranged by the award of John Forbes of New, Government factor on the forfeited estates of Lovat, who then resided at Beaufort, and to whom the question in dispute was submitted as arbitrator. He compromised it by requiring Sir Alexander to expend £300 in making Kinkell Castle more comfortable, by taking off the top storey, re-roofing it, and rebuilding an adition at the side, reflooring, plastering, and papering all the rooms.

Sir Alexander, in addition to the debts of the entailed estates, contracted others on his own account, and finding himself, in consequence, much hampered, he tried, but failed, to break the entail, though a flaw has been discovered in it since, to which Sir Kenneth, the present Baronet, called the attention of the Court; whereupon the entail was declared invalid. He then entered into an agreement to sell the Strathpeffer lands and those of Ardnagrask, in contemplation of which Henry Davidson of Tulloch bought the greater portion of the debts of the entailed estates, with the view of securing the consent of the Court to the sale of Davochcairn and Davochpollo to himself; but on the 15th of April 1770, before the transaction could be completed, Sir Alexander suddenly died from the effects of a fall from his horse. His affairs were seriously involved, but having been placed in the hands of an Edinburgh accountant, his creditors afterwards received nineteen shillings in the pound.

He married, first, 29th November 1755, Margaret, eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, VII. of Redcastle, by whom he had issue, one son,

1. *Hector*, who succeeded him.

She died 1st December 1759.

He married, secondly, in 1760, Jean, daughter of John Gorry of Balblair, and Commissary of Ross, with issue—

2. *John*, who raised a company, almost entirely in Gairloch, for the 78th Regiment of Ross-shire Highlanders when first embodied, and of which he obtained the captaincy. He rose rapidly in rank. On May 3, 1794, he obtained his majority; in the following year he is Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment; Major-General in the army in 1813; and full General in 1837. He served with distinction and without cessation from 1779 to 1814. So marked was his daring and personal valour that he was popularly known as "Fighting Jack" among his companions in arms. He was at the Walcheren expedition; at the Cape; in India; in Sicily; Malta; and the Peninsula; and though constantly exhibiting numberless

instances of great personal daring, he was wounded only once, when on a certain occasion he was struck with a spent ball on the knee, which made walking somewhat troublesome to him in after life. At Tarragona he was so mortified with Sir John Murray's conduct, that he almost forgot that he himself was only second in command, and charged Sir John with incapacity and cowardice, for which the latter was tried by Court Martial —General Mackenzie being one of the principal witnesses against him. Full of vigour of mind and body, he took a lively interest in everything in which he took a part, from fishing and shooting to farming, gardening, politics, and fighting. He never forgot his native Gaelic, which he spoke with fluency and read with ease. Though a severe disciplinarian, his men adored him. He often said that it gave him greater pleasure to see a dog from Gairloch than a gentleman from anywhere else. When the 78th returned from the Indian Mutiny the officers and men were feted at a grand banquet by the town of Inverness, and as the regiment marched through Academy Street, where the General resided, they halted opposite his residence (now the Lancashire Insurance Office); and though so very frail that he had to be carried in a chair, he was taken out and his chair placed on the wide steps at the door, where the regiment saluted and warmly cheered their old and distinguished veteran commander, who had so often led their predecessors to victory; and then the oldest officer in, and "father" of, the British army. He was much affected, and wept with joy at again meeting his beloved 78th—the only tears he was known to have shed since the days of his childhood. He married Lilias, youngest daughter of Alexander Chisholm of Chisholm, with issue—(1) Alastair, who first served in the army, but afterwards settled down, and became a magistrate, in the Bahamas, where he married an American lady, Wade Ellen, daughter of George Huyler, Consul General of the United States, and French Consul in the same place, with issue—a son, the Rev. George William Russel Mackenzie, an Episcopalian minister; and (2) a daughter, Lilias Mary Chisholm, unmarried. Alastair afterwards left the Bahamas, and went to Melbourne as Treasurer for the Government of Victoria, where he died, about twenty-five years ago. The General died on the 14th June 1860, aged 96 years, and was buried in the Gairloch aisle at Beauly.

3. *Kenneth*, born 14th February 1765, a Captain in the army, served in India, and was at the siege of Seringapatam. He soon after retired and settled down as a gentleman farmer in Kerrisdale, Gairloch. He married Florence, daughter of Farquhar Macrae of Inverinate, with issue —three sons and four daughters.

4. *Jean*, died young.

5. *Margaret*, married Roderick Mackenzie, II. of Glack, Aberdeenshire, with issue; and

6. *Janet*, who married Captain John Mackenzie, Woodlands, son of George Mackenzie, II. of Gruinard, without issue.

He had also a natural daughter, Janet, who married John Macpherson, by whom she had Hector Macpherson, merchant, Gairloch; Alexander Macpherson, blacksmith, and several others.

The second Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch, Jean Gorry, died in 1766, probably at the birth of her last daughter, Janet, born on the 14th Octo-

ber in that year, and Sir Alexander himself died on the 15th of April 1770. He was buried at Gairloch, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XI. Sir Hector, fourth Baronet, better known among his Gairloch tenantry as "An Tighearna Storach," or the Buck-toothed Laird. A minor, only twelve years of age when he succeeded, his affairs were managed by trustees appointed by his father. These were John Gorry, Provost Mackenzie of Dingwall, and Alexander Mackenzie, W.S., respectively, son and grandson of Charles Mackenzie, I. of Letterewe; and Alexander Mackenzie, of the Stamp Office, London, son of William Mackenzie of Davochcairn. These gentlemen did not get on so harmoniously as could be wished. The first three opposed the last, supported by Sir Hector, and by his grandfather and uncle of Redcastle. In March 1772, in a petition in which Sir Hector craved the Court for authority to name his own factor, he is described as "being now arrived at the age of fourteen years." The differences between the trustees finally landed them in Court, on the question, Whether the agreement of the late Sir Alexander to sell the Ardnagrask and Strathpeffer lands should be carried out? and, in opposition to the majority of the trustees, the Court decided that these lands should not be sold until Sir Hector arrived at an age to judge for himself. Securing this decision in his favour, Sir Hector, thinking that Mr Gorry was acting too much in the interest of his own grandchildren —Sir Alexander's children by the second marriage—appointed a factor of his own—Kenneth Mackenzie, his half uncle, the first "Millbank."

In 1789 he obtained authority from the Court to sell the lands which his father had previously arranged to dispose of to enable him to pay the debts of the entailed estates. He sold the lands of Davochcairn and Davochpollo to Henry Davidson of Tulloch, and Ardnagrask to Captain Ross, Beauly, who afterwards sold it to Mackenzie of Ord.

He was, in 1815, appointed Lord-Lieutenant of his native county. He lived generally at home among his devoted tenantry; and only visited London once during his life. He regularly dispensed justice among his Gairloch retainers without any expense to the county, and to their entire satisfaction. He was adored by his people, to whom he acted as father and friend, and his memory still continues green among the older inhabitants, who never speak of him but in the warmest terms for his kindness, his urbanity and frankness, and for the kind and free manner in which he always mixed with and spoke to his tenants. He was at the same time believed, by all who knew him, to be the most sagacious and most intelligent man in the county. He employed no factor after he became of age, but dealt directly and entirely with his people, ultimately knowing every one on the estate personally; so that he knew how to treat each case of hardship and consequent inability to pay that came before him; and to distinguish feigned from real poverty. When he became frail and old he employed a clerk to assist him in the management, but he wisely continued landlord and factor himself to his dying day. When Sir Francis, his eldest son, grew up, instead of adopting the usual folly of sending elder sons to the army that they might afterwards succeed to the property entirely ignorant of everything connected with it, he gave him, instead of a yearly allowance, several of the farms, with a rental of about £500 a year, over which he acted as landlord or tenant, until his father's death, telling him "if you can make more of them, all

the better for you." Sir Francis thus grew up, interested in, and thoroughly acquainted with all property and county business, and with his future tenants, very much both to his own advantage and that of those who afterwards depended upon him.

Sir Hector also patronised the local Gaelic bards, and appointed one of them, Alexander Campbell, better known as "Alastair Buidhe Mac Iamhair," his ground-officer, and allowed him to hold his land in Strath all his life rent free.* He gave a great impetus to the Gairloch cod fishing, which he continued to encourage as long as he lived.

Sir Hector married, in August 1778, Cochrane, daughter of James Chalmers of Fingland, without issue; and the marriage was dissolved on the 22d of April 1796. In the same year, the marriage contract bearing date "9th May 1796," within a month of his separation from his first lady, he married, secondly, Christian Henderson, daughter of William Henderson, Inverness, a lady who became very popular with the Gairloch people, and still affectionately remembered in the West as "A Bhantighearna Ruadh." By her he had issue—

1. *Francis Alexander*, his heir.

2. *William*, a merchant in Java, and afterwards in Australia. He died, unmarried, in 1860, at St Omer, in France.

3. *Hector*, married Miss Fraser, eldest daughter of General Sir Hugh Fraser of Braelangwell; was Captain in H.E.I.C.S., and died in India, without surviving issue.

4. *John*, now of Eilcanach. He studied for the medical profession, and took his degree of M.D. He was one of the trustees of Sir Kenneth, the present Baronet, during his minority, and afterwards, for several years, Provost of Inverness. He married, 28th September 1826, Mary Jane, only daughter of the Rev. Dr Inglis of Logan Bank and Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and sister to the present Lord Justice-General Inglis, President of the Court of Session, with issue —three sons and five daughters.

5. *Roderick*, a Captain in the army, afterwards sold out, and became a settler in Australia, where he died. He married Meta Day, an Irish lady, sister of the present Bishop of Cashel, without issue.

Sir Hector also had three natural children, by Jean Urquhart. He made provision for them all. The first, Catherine, married John Clark, leather-merchant, Inverness, and left issue. Another daughter married Mr Murrison, contractor for the Bridge of Conon, who afterwards settled down, after the death of the last Mackenzie of Achilty, on the farm of Kinkell, by whom she had issue, of whom the Stewarts, late Windmill, Inverness. A son, Kenneth, originally in the British Linen Bank, Inverness, afterwards died in India in the army.

* Dr John Mackenzie of Eileanach, Sir Hector's only surviving son, makes the following reference, under date of August 30, 1878, to the old bard:—"I see honest Alastair Buidhe, with his broad bonnet and blue great-coat (summer and winter) clearly before me now, sitting in the dining-room at Flowerdale, quite 'raised' like, while reciting Ossian's poems, such as 'The Brown Boar of Diarmad,' and others (though he had never heard of Macpherson's collection) to very interested visitors, though as unacquainted with Gaelic as Alastair was with English. This must have been as early as 1812 or so, when I used to come into the room after dinner about nine years old." The bard was the great-grandfather of the writer on the mother's side, and was married to Catherine, daughter of Mackenzie of Shieldag, Gairloch.

His widow survived him about twelve years, first living with her eldest son, and, after his marriage, at Ballifeary, now called Dunachton, on the banks of the Ness. Though he came into possession of the property under such very unfavourable conditions; though his annual rental was under £3000 a year; and though he kept open house throughout the year at Conon and Gairloch, he was able to leave, or pay during his life, to each of his younger sons, the handsome sum of £5000. When pressed, as he often was, to go to Parliament, he invariably asked, "Who will then look after my people?"

He died 26th of April 1826; was buried in the Priory of Beauly, and succeeded by his eldest son,

XII. Sir Francis Alexander, fifth Baronet, who, benefiting by his father's example, and his kindly treatment of his tenants, grew up interested in all county matters. He was passionately fond of all manly sports, shooting, fishing, and hunting. He resided during the summer in Gairloch, and for the rest of the year kept open house at Conon. During the famine of 1836-7 he sent cargoes of meal and seed potatoes to the Gairloch tenantry.

In 1838 he published a work on agriculture, "Hints for the use of Highland Tenants and Cottagers, by a Proprietor," 273 pages, with English and Gaelic on opposite pages, which shows his intimate knowledge with and the advanced views he held on the subject, as well as the great interest he took in the welfare of his tenantry—for whose special benefit the book was written. It deals, first, with the proper kind of food and how to cook it; with diseases and medicine, clothing, houses, furniture, boats, fishing implements, agricultural implements, cattle, horses, pigs, and their diseases; gardens, seeds, fruits, vegetables, education, morals, &c., &c., while illustrations and plans are given of suitable cottages, barns, outhouses, and farm implements.

He married, first, in the 31st year of his age, 10th August 1829, Kythe Carolyne, eldest daughter of Smith-Wright of Rempstone Hall, Nottinghamshire, with issue—

1. *Kenneth Smith*, his heir, the present Baronet, born in 1832.
2. *Francis Harford*, Kerrisdale, born 1833, unmarried.

He married, secondly, 25th October 1836, Mary, daughter of Osgood Hanbury of Holfield Grange, Essex, the present Dowager Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch, with issue—

3. *Osgood Hanbury*, born 13th May 1842, and, in 1862, bought Kernsary from his brother, Sir Kenneth, and Inverewe and Turnaig, in 1863, from Sir William Mackenzie of Coul. On 26th June 1877, he married Minna Amy, daughter of Sir Thomas Edwards-Moss, Baronet of Otterspool, Lancashire, with issue, a daughter, Mary Thyra.

Sir Francis died 2d June 1843, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIII. Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, sixth and present Baronet, universally admitted to be one of the best landlords in the Highlands. In 1860 he married Eila Frederica, daughter of Walter Frederic Campbell of Islay, with issue—

1. *Kenneth John*, his heir, born in 1861.
2. *Francis Granville*, born in 1865; and
3. *Muriel Katharine*.

WILLIAM GRANT OF GLEN-URQUHART.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE combatants still retained their hold of each other—even during their frightful fall. The alien being the heavier man, fell underneath, and his head striking on the rock with terrific force, he was killed instantaneously, but strangely enough young Grant escaped with his life. The shock however was so great that he lay bruised and insensible for a long time. When at last consciousness returned, it was some moments before he could comprehend his position. He lay, looking up to the star-lit sky, wondering in a half stupid sort of way, how on earth he got to the bottom of such a deep gorge. Little by little his memory became clearer, and, finding all his limbs unbroken, he turned and looked enquiringly around to ascertain what had become of his umquhile foe. At that moment, the moon emerging from behind a cloud, shed her pale cold light full on the distorted features of the dead alien. Recoiling with a shudder from the ghastly sight, Grant reverently bent his knee with feelings of supreme gratitude that he had been spared from such an awful and sudden death. He now began to consider how he should escape from his still perilous situation. It indeed required no small amount of thought and deliberation. "No doubt," he soliloquized, "no doubt those fellows will soon return to the cave, and then the captain's absence will be discovered; besides, their dogs will soon scent this corpse, and draw their attention to it and me. What shall I do?"

He remained buried in thought for several minutes, then suddenly lifting up his head, as if struck with a new idea, he began to divest himself of his outer clothing, which he made up into a bundle, and hid in a crevice of the rock; then, approaching the dead man he, with a gentle hand and some slight reluctance, removed the kilt, plaid, hose, and bonnet, in which he quickly arrayed himself. His next step was to examine, as well as the moonlight would allow, the face of the precipitous rocks on every side of him. Having, with an experienced eye, selected the most sloping and rugged side, he commenced his difficult and dangerous ascent; now clinging to the rock with hands and feet; now springing like a goat from one coigne of vantage to another; again, swinging over the precipice, only holding on by his hands, while by main strength he drew up his legs and gained a footing, with the steady brain and skilful movements of a trained acrobat. At last, by dint of climbing, springing, and clinging, he reached the top in safety; he was fain, however, to lie on the ground for a few moments to recover his breath after the extreme exertion. He then cautiously crept towards the cave, listening intently for the slightest noise, as a clue to the whereabouts of his foes. But all was still save the soughing of the wind through the trees, singing, as it were, a sad requiem over the dead man, the harsh croaking of the frogs, and the dismal "hoot, hoot," of the owl, that ill-omened bird, which shuns the light of day. Grant regained the cave, and finding it still unoccupied, busied himself in removing all traces of a struggle having so recently taken place, re-possessed himself of his trusty claymore,

and again lay down—not indeed to sleep, but to watch and wait, meanwhile trying to contrive a plot that would give him an advantage over his enemies. He had not long to wait before the aliens began to drop in by twos and threes, each as he entered casting a furtive glance on what they took to be the sleeping form of their captain, but having no pleasing news to report, they all gladly passed the couch in silence, and settled themselves down to their much needed repose.

When the last man had laid down, young Grant still lay quietly waiting with the lynx eyes and patience of a wild cat watching an unsuspicious bird. As soon as he felt convinced that they were all sound asleep, he quietly got up and made his way to the opening of the cavern, intending to speed like the wind towards his home, but casting a parting look on his sleeping foes, he paused. The god of battle stirred up his mind to fight, while the goddess of wisdom counselled immediate flight. For a moment he hesitated between the adverse promptings of Mars and Minerva; his own inclination and training gave the casting vote to Mars, and he re-entered the cave; but though he would not accept Minerva as his sole guide, he was willing enough to avail himself of her aid, so, catching up a large newly-flayed deer-skin still soft and slippery, he spread it out just before the opening; then raising his powerful voice to its utmost pitch, he shouted out the resounding and well-known war cry of his clan. In a moment the startled aliens jumped to their feet, and rushed tumultuously out of the cave, the foremost men, in their hurried exit slipped and fell on the skin, the rest, urged forward by their impetuous desire to get at the foe, and still further stimulated by the repeated war cry of the Grants ringing in their ears, stumbled over their prostrate companions in most admired disorder; while the doughty William lay about with his claymore with right good will. The darkness of the night favoured his suddenly conceived scheme, for, as the bewildered aliens struggled to their feet they struck out wildly at their comrades, mistaking them for the enemy. The carnage was dreadful, the shouts of the combatants mingling with the groans and imprecations of the wounded and the clashing of steel, formed a horrid combination of sounds, "making night hideous."

The conflict was too severe to be long continued, and in a short time the aliens were reduced to four, while young Grant still remained unhurt. In the grey light of early morning, the discomfited aliens tried to make out the number of their assailants, when, to their utter amazement, they perceived their friends lying dead in dozens, while the only enemy they could see was the youthful William, standing erect uttering his slogan, while his sword dripped with the blood of their slaughtered companions. With a howl of baffled rage, the four survivors threw themselves upon him. Now, indeed, he was hard beset. Quickly warding off their blows, he sprang back, and remembering the old adage of "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day," he took to his heels and fled with the speed of a hunted stag.

The men followed, keeping him well in view, when they noticed by the growing light of day that the figure they were pursuing wore the same tartan as themselves. Confounded at this unexpected discovery, they stopped and looked at each other in doubt and perplexity. What could it

mean? Were they chasing a friend? or had one of their number turned traitor? Yet surely they had heard the battle-cry of the Grants. It was a riddle they could not solve, but anyhow they had better overtake the runaway. But when they looked he was nowhere to be seen. Here was a fresh puzzle—he could not have run out of sight in such a short time; yet, where was he? They ran on for some time longer, but not catching sight of him, they gave up the chase in despair, and stopped under a large tree to consult what to do next. They talked and argued among themselves, but could come to no satisfactory solution of the mystery, except that the *diaul* must be at the bottom of it all. One by one they ceased speaking, and, overcome by fatigue, resumed the slumber from which they had been so rudely awakened by Grant.

Now once more peace and quietness reigns in the forest of Glen-Urquhart: the twittering of the birds, the murmurings of the burn, or the splash of the water as it falls over the rocks in miniature cascades, being the only sounds audible. Pity that such sweet repose should again be disturbed by the turbulent and fighting propensities of man. Yet hardly had the last of the aliens closed his eyes, than the boughs of the tree under which they lay were shaken and moved aside, and from it the face of a man peered down on the sleepers; then appeared the body of the owner of the face, slowly and carefully descending the huge trunk. As he springs lightly to the ground, the figure proves to be that of William Grant, who finding himself hard pressed, had adopted, during the momentary panic of his pursuers, this mode of concealment; and, as fortune would have it, the aliens halted under the very tree in which he was hidden. As he, with dirk in hand, crept warily towards the sleeping foe, his countenance was lighted up with a look of fierce joy, his eye gleamed with savage pleasure, while his mouth bore a hard, determined expression. So changed was his aspect by the unholy passions aroused in his breast by the exciting scenes through which he had lately passed, that one would scarcely recognise him as the same man who a few hours ago was rambling peacefully by the side of the burn, and enjoying the beauty of Nature in her gentler mood. Bending over the aliens, one by one, with a single blow, his dirk was buried in the heart of the victim. So sudden and deadly was the stroke that the sleepers never woke from their slumbers, but with a single gasp, passed into the long sleep of the grave. Three of them shared the same fate, when Grant bethought him that it would be too much like murder to kill a single foe without giving him a chance of fighting for his life. So, sheathing his dirk, he drew his sword, and shaking the still sleeping alien, bade him defend himself. The man jumped to his feet, and seeing his three comrades lying motionless, and this disguised man or demon, he knew not which, standing before him, he attacked him furiously, determined to prove if he were mortal or not. Long and severe was the combat, fiercer and fiercer grew the fight; the blows descended with the rapidity of hail, while blood flowed like water. Grant was severely wounded, and felt his strength giving way. This his opponent noticed, and redoubled his blows, striving to avenge the wholesale slaughter of his friends. Grant grew weaker, his limbs trembled, and his head was giddy from loss of blood, when a last recourse flashed into his mind. He was an expert hand at throwing the dirk, a common pas-

time with the young men of his time. It is his last chance; if that fails him, he is a dead man. In a moment he draws his dirk, with a quick movement he jumps back, and turning himself round to gain force, he throws the dirk with unerring aim; he sees it strike the alien, sees him fall, and then sight, hearing, feeling leaves him—he falls senseless to the ground. Where is now his strength and manly beauty? His symmetrical form and graceful limbs are huddled shapeless on the ground; his fair head, gashed with many a cut, lies low on the trampled grass; his yellow locks, stiff and discoloured with gore, hang over his livid countenance; his blue eyes, so brilliant, so expressive, a few minutes ago, now, half-closed by the drooping lids, have the fixed, glazed look of death.

Among those who had joined William Grant in his expedition to Glen-Urquhart was an elderly man named Ronald, who, being greatly attached to his young master, felt anxious and uncomfortable at his staying back alone in the Glen, and after going part of the way home with the rest of the party, he made up his mind to return, and try once more to dissuade William from his purpose, or, if he could not do that, determined to stay with him and share any danger that might threaten the young laird. Having been engaged all his life as a forester, he had no doubt but that he would quickly light on the track of his young master. Nor was he disappointed; with the skill and patience of a Red Indian he followed the trail, by the merest trifles—here a footprint, there a broken twig, anon the bent grass and crushed wild flower, gave him the desired clue. At length he reached the cave, when his alarm was intense at finding such a number of footmarks, and only too evidently the traces of a desperate struggle. Most carefully he scanned the lineaments of the slain aliens, dreading lest he should alight on that of his beloved and honoured young master. With all his skill he was a little at fault; there were footmarks, and evidences of fighting and struggling, all round. In what direction should he now direct his search? After many efforts he strikes on the trail again, followed it to the edge of the precipice, and then with distended eyes and cold sinking at his heart, he leans over the rock and scans the frightful chasm below. What is that object lying so white and still, far, far down? Yes! no!! yes, it is!!! a human body. How shall he reach it? and solve the terrible doubt that is agitating his breast. Cost what it may, he must make the attempt. Slowly, carefully, and painfully, he descends the rock, never daring to look below, for fear of getting giddy. He at last achieves the difficult feat. Then alas! what does he see? The poor remains of a human being, so broken and disfigured by the fall and the attacks of birds of prey that the features are totally indistinguishable. But no doubt remains in the mind of faithful Ronald. It can be no other than his beloved foster son, William Grant, who had met this cruel fate at the hands of the accursed aliens: and his opinion was strengthened by finding the clothes that William had hidden. He recognised each article, and, kneeling on the ground, holding the hand of the dead man, he swore an everlasting feud against the aliens, and vowed to avenge the death of his favourite upon the first man of them that should cross his path.

By taking a circuitous path, and by almost herculean efforts, he at last succeeded in gaining the top of the rock with his ghastly burden.

Naturally his progress was very slow, and, after going a considerable distance, he sat down to rest, tenderly laying the body down beside him. Looking back, he was surprised to see the figure of a man approaching by the same paths he had just come through. Starting to his feet, he watched eagerly, and soon, in spite of the distance, made out by the man's movements that he was tracing out and following the trail he himself had made. In point of fact, he was being tracked and followed. As this conviction became clear to the old man, he drew himself up, took an arrow from the quiver, fitted it to the bow, and stood ready, with a determined look and a grim smile, pleased to think how soon fortune had sent him a chance of revenge. Steady as a rock he stood, watching till the man got within bow-shot, then, with deadly aim, the arrow flew from the shaft. Scarcely had it left the bow before Ronald gave a violent start, and throwing up his arms with a shriek of agony, rushed forward as if to stay its swift career: for in the moment of shooting he recognised, to his unutterable despair, that it was his own son who was thus searching for him. In an ecstasy of grief he sees the arrow pierce the breast of his child. Who can picture the horror of that moment, when, wrung by remorse, overwhelmed by despair, weeping the salt tears of bitter sorrow, uttering unavailing complaints against cruel fate, and melancholy self upbraidings at his fatal precipitation, Ronald bent over his dying son? The innocent victim of this most lamentable accident had only strength enough to assure his father of his entire forgiveness, and to explain that he had been sent by the Governor of Strone Castle to trace out and recall both his father and William. Then with a last fond message to his mother, and a faint pressure of his father's hand, the poor fellow breathed his last. Though overwhelmed with grief at this terrible misfortune still his private sorrow did not make Ronald oblivious to the claims of his chief; accordingly he prepared to return at once to the castle, but now he had two corpses to carry. His strength being unequal to this double load, he had to carry one at a time, returning at the end of every mile or so to fetch the other. This slow and tedious process retarded his progress so much that evening found him only about half way down the Glen. As he travelled mournfully along, carrying his son's body on his back, he came suddenly upon two persons—a man and a young girl. The man reclined against the trunk of a tree, in a half sitting, half lying position; the pale face, closed eyes, and listless, drooping attitude, denoted great weakness, which his many severe and still bleeding wounds explained. The girl was attending to the sufferer, laving his face with the clear water of the burn, and employing such simple remedies as she had at command to aid in his recovery, while the compassionate pity depicted on her lovely features made her appear a veritable "ministering angel." As Ronald gazed on the interesting couple, the frame of the old man was shaken with surprised and compassionate emotion, mingled with no little fear. For, could he believe his eyes? or was grief turning his brain? there before him, in an alien's dress, lay William Grant, his chief's son. Yet had he not only a few hours since found his lifeless body, which was even now lying stiff and stark a little way behind, waiting until he should return for it. Then who was this lovely maiden attending to the wounded youth with such tender solicitude? His head reeled; reason tottered on

its throne. Ronald imagined that he was involved in the meshes of some diabolical plot of the arch enemy of man, and, with a frenzied cry, he broke the spell which astonishment had thrown over him, and ran, afrighted, away, bearing his son's body on his back, terror making him unmindful of fatigue. He never stopped until he reached the castle, when he laid down his son's corpse in the great hall, and with rolling bloodshot eyes and incoherent utterance, tried to tell his sad, sad story to the amazed and awestruck inmates. Then the poor overtaxed frame gave way, and the faithful Ronald fell on the floor in a convulsive fit.

While these stirring events were taking place, young Grant lay between life and death in the forrest of Glen-Urquhart, waited upon with the most assiduous kindness by the fair unknown, whose pity was fast ripening into affection. When at last William opened his eyes, with returning consciousness, his first impression was that he had died, and that he was already in Paradise. He lay in a not unpleasant languor; the fresh morning air, sweet-scented with the perfume of flowers, gently fanned his brow; above him the green boughs of majestic trees met and interlaced, forming a natural canopy through which the sun struggled to send his scorching rays, but only succeeded in throwing pleasing and fantastic lights and shadows; at his feet rippled the joyous swift-running burn; beside him sat the lovely being whose vision had so enchanted him before; with gentle hand she smoothed his forehead and toyed with his hair, the touch of her taper fingers sending a thrill through his heart and the blood coursing through his veins with renewed life. Again his ears were charmed by the sound of her voice, singing, low and sweet, a plaintive ditty. Strange, he did not feel afraid of her now; on the contrary he felt as though he could lie there listening and looking at her for ever. As she turned her face towards him and met the admiring glance of his eyes, she gave a little start of surprised pleasure, and, ceasing her song, asked him in a gentle womanly voice if he was better, and if she could do anything for him? "No," answered he, "only sit and sing, I want nothing more." Soon, however, he murmured faintly, "Where am I? and who are you? Are you a fairy or an angel?" "Neither," she replied with a smile, "only a mortal like yourself. You are in the forest of Glen-Urquhart; I found you lying wounded and senseless; there has been sad fighting going on, and I fear many lives lost. My name is Mona, I am the sister of the Captain of the Glen. I see by your dress that you are one of his band, but I do not remember to have seen you before. Now you are somewhat better I must leave you for a while till I find my brother. I begin to get anxious about him as he did not return to me at the promised time." "Alas, maiden," said William, "your search will be in vain. Your brother's head lies low; you will never see him more." "Can this be true?" exclaimed the young maiden in accents of grief, "no, no, you must be mistaken; my brother was strong and skilful with his sword, who could overcome him? I won't believe it." "It is true," continued William faintly, "I saw him lying cold and white last night; ah! it was a dreadful sight." "My poor, poor brother," sobbed Mona; then she added, turning an indignant look on her youthful companion, "why did you not protect him, aye, even with your life; shame to you to be alive to tell of your captain's death." "You are

mistaken," rejoined William, "I am not an alien though I wear their dress; I am a——" His voice ceased suddenly, the excitement of talking was too much for his weak state, and he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

Though stricken with grief at her brother's death, still Mona's kind heart would not permit her to leave William alone and uncared for. She went hastily and called some more women, who, like herself, had retired to a place of safety on the commencement of hostilities, and between them they conveyed the still senseless William to their retreat, and, in spite of the unexplained mystery respecting him, they nursed him with great kindness. For days and weeks he lingered between life and death, at one time raging in high fever, at another lying helplessly weak. Mona was his chief nurse, and she soon gathered from his incoherent, disconnected ravings while the fever was high, that he was a Grant, and consequently the avowed foe of her brother and his comrades. She was startled and sorry at this disclosure, but prudently kept the knowledge to herself as she did not feel sure of her companions' forbearance if they should guess the truth.

Mona and her companions had meanwhile discovered the body of her brother and the rest of the aliens, and had given them burial as best they could. She mourned sincerely, but more because he was her brother and only relative than from any strong personal affection; for the late leader of the aliens had been a stern, harsh, unloveable man, who had always repelled any show of affection on her part. The other women, finding their husbands and lovers were all dead, had now no desire to remain in Glen-Urquhart, the scene of such a dreadful tragedy; they consequently wandered away to seek their former homes. Poor Mona had no inducement to accompany them; she had no home or kindred to return to, the only living being in whom she now felt any interest was her patient, now slowly approaching convalescence under her kind and ceaseless attention. She therefore remained in the Glen to nurse him.

Long was the struggle between life and death, but at last, youth, a good constitution, and the simple natural remedies employed, drove back the King of Terrors step by step, until at length William was out of danger, but so weakened that weeks would elapse before he could travel. To his great admiration of the personal charms of his fair companion was now added the most profound gratitude for her skilful benevolence. In short, our hero was head and ears in love, and is it much to be wondered at that during the weary long days they spent together in the Glen that William succeeded in gaining the affections of the true-hearted Mona?

Cold, dark, and cheerless had been Strone Castle since the unhappy day on which the frantic Ronald had related his tale of woe. No banner streamed proudly from the battlements; no stirring sound of martial music was heard within its walls; no warlike games and trials of skill in the courtyard; no revelry in the hall. The aged bard sat drooping over his silent harp; the clansmen wore a dispirited look; the servants moved about dejected and sad; for all grieved truly for what they believed had been the certain and untimely fate of the brave and noble-hearted William, and sympathised with the bereaved and sorrow-stricken father, mourning the loss of his only son.

Towards the close of a fine day in early autumn the warder on the watch tower, perceived two figures approaching the castle. He saw at a glance that they were not any of the inhabitants round about, and he scanned them with a curious eye, for their appearance was unusual. They were a man and a woman slowly making their way towards the castle. The man appeared to walk with difficulty, and leaned heavily on his companion's arm. The keen eye of the watchman soon detected that the man wore the dress of the detested aliens, and gave the signal to his comrades of the approach of an enemy. They crowded round in curiosity, and waited for the solution of the puzzle. Strange, the figure and the air of the alien seem strangely familar to them all. Surely they know that tall athletic form, those chiselled features, those fair yellow locks, and, as the advancing man looks up and sees them watching, he takes off his bonnet and waves it in the air. Then they all call out in unison, "'Tis he, 'tis William; hurra! hurra!!" and with joyful shouts they all run forward to meet him. In a moment he is surrounded and carried shoulder high in triumph to the great hall of the castle, the warder gallantly leading his lovely companion, each and all eagerly crowding round to grasp his hand—every one talking at once, asking endless questions. The hubbub reached the Governor, and brought him from his seclusion. He entered the hall, and stood still with amazement; then with a cry of joyful surprise, he heartily embraced his beloved son, who sprung forward to meet him. Gently releasing himself from his father's grasp, William turned to where the fair Mona stood a timid and silent spectator of all this enthusiasm. Taking her hand he led her up to his father, and amid the greatest attention and stillness of his audience, said in a firm but respectful tone, "My father, you see before you the preserver of your son. If it had not been for the unremitting attention and kindness of this fair maid, I should never have seen you again; and as the only return I can make for her great disinterestedness is to make her my wife, I thus publicly betroth her before you all as witnesses, and I ask, father, for your sanction and blessing on our nuptials." The old Governor was visibly affected; he was a proud, ambitious man, who had hoped his son would have formed an alliance that would have increased both his influence and power. But natural affection overcame all schemes of aggrandisement. Could he deny the first request of his newly recovered son? With a glistening eye and quivering lip he gracefully drew the blushing Mona towards him, and imprinted a kiss on her white brow, while in a voice tremulous with conflicting emotions, he said, "My son, I accept your choice, and willingly give my consent to your marriage with the fair maiden, your deliverer. I do not know the lady's name or lineage, but this I do know, that in all wide Scotland you could not find a more lovely bride." At this public tribute of admiration the bashful Mona blushed still more charmingly than before, while hearty congratulations and joyous hurrahs rent the air. Presently an old man is seen pushing his way through the throng, exclaiming, "Let me see him, I won't believe it till I see him with my own eyes." They all drew back to make room for poor old Ronald, for it was he. Changed with grief, his figure, once so upright, was bent and bowed under the load of sorrow caused by the sad and tragical fate of his son; his hair was white as snow, not from age,

but from the strain on his mind, from the never-ceasing, torturing reflection that he was the slayer of his own son. When face to face with his foster-son, he looked at him long and earnestly, then, clutching his hand, he exclaimed, "Speak, tell me is it indeed you? did I not find you dead at the bottom of the precipice? now, how is it then that I see you here?" "Be calm, good Ronald," replied William, "I am just he and no one else. It was not my body that you found in Glen-Urquhart but that of my enemy; thanks to this kind lady I survived to see you all again." The old man was quite satisfied with this explanation, and relieved his pent-up feelings by shouting a hearty hurrah, which was quickly taken up by the rest of the household, who cheered their favourite and his bride again and again.

A few days afterwards there was a great festival at the Castle; flags and banners hung from every available place; music both loud and sweet was to be heard on every side; the cooks and waiting men ran hither and thither with an air of great importance; visitors, gentle and simple, kept constantly arriving at the castle, in the great hall of which stood the grey-headed Governor, with a smile and pleasant greeting for all his numerous guests. Anon comes floating on the breeze the sound of voices, chanting the impressive music of the church; soon is seen a procession slowly making its way forward amid the respectful greetings of the crowd. It is the Bishop and his attendant clergy coming to solemnise the ceremony, which is shortly to take place. Gradually the bustle becomes less, the spectators settle in their places; the priests and choristers are ready; there is a hush of expectation; then a door at the further end of the hall opens and William Grant appears, leading in the beautiful Mona, surrounded by the noblest and loveliest ladies of the neighbourhood. Nothing was omitted that could grace the occasion and lend additional pomp to the ceremonial. "All went merrily as a marriage bell," and as to the feasting that followed it could not be described. Such eating, such drinking, such dancing, such rejoicing, was never before, never since, seen in the beautiful vale of Glen-Urquhart.

M. A. ROSE.

Correspondence.

THE NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY'S 8vo. EDITION OF THE GAELIC SCRIPTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Dr Masson in his letter to you in your last number has neither proved nor retracted the misstatements of fact made in his paper on the Gaelic Bible in reference to the Edition of 1860.

I charged him with stating what was not true regarding the number issued of that edition. I charged him with stating what was not true regarding the corrections made on it; and I charged him with mistaking the National Bible Society for the Scottish Bible Society—a blunder perfectly inexcusable in the case of a man writing a historical account of the Gaelic Bible. When Dr Masson either proves or retracts his statements, I shall take notice of the other parts of his last letter.—Yours faithfully,

EDINBURGH, 1st Sept. 1879. THOS. MACLAUCHLAN.

REPLY TO DR MACLAUCHLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have no desire to interfere between combatants so well matched as the two Edinburgh Gaelic doctors, but I cannot allow a statement in Dr Maclauchlan's letter to pass unnoticed, as it is opposed to facts which I published some years ago, in the correspondence referred to in my former letter. The statement is as follows:—"I know that Dr Clerk and I corrected the misprints in the 1860 edition, and that the edition of 1868 appeared with these corrections, of which very few were required."

In reply to the words that "very few corrections were required," I take the liberty of making the following quotation from a letter I published in the Edinburgh *Courant* in October 1870, and to every statement of which I now adhere:—

"Mr Clerk admits [in a letter in the *Courant*] that the edition of 1860 'has several typographical errors, and some bad constructions, to be paralleled, however, by hundreds in that of '26.' I have already stated that the errors and anomalies which have been introduced into the edition of 1860, and which do not exist in any other edition, may be counted literally by thousands. Of the errors I have given specimens [in previous letters], and I am prepared to give as many additional specimens as Mr Clerk may desire. At the National Bible Society's request, I submitted some time ago extensive lists of errors and anomalies detected in that edition to an eminent Gaelic scholar, and his report to the society fully confirms my statements. Many of the errors affect the meaning of the passages in which they occur.

"Mr Clerk has stated that 'very many' of the errors of 'the edition of 1860 have been corrected in subsequent editions' (impressions?), which is an admission that the errors of the first impression were 'very many.' The following specimens of alterations introduced into the last impression show that it is not better than its predecessors, and that the money spent by the society in introducing erroneous alterations into stereotyped plates might have been more profitably used in preparing a revised reprint of the authorised edition:—

"John xix. 29. For 'soitheach làn fìona ghéire,' an obvious error introduced by Dr Maclauchlan and Mr Clerk into the edition of 1860, 'soitheach làn de fhìona géur," which is equally erroneous, has been substituted in the last impression, and an additional error has been introduced into the same verse by changing *dhoibh-san* into *dhiobh-san*.

"Is. xxvi. 18. For 'bha sin ann an teanntachd,' an obvious error introduced into the edition of 1860, 'dha sinn ann an teanntachd,' which has no sense, has been substituted in the last impression.

"Mark xiii. 11. For 'ro-chùram,' which is correct, 'ro-chùran,' a word which does not exist in Gaelic, has been substituted.

"Is. xxv. 7. For 'comdachadh,' an error in the edition of 1860, 'comdhdachadh,' which is still worse, has been substituted.

"Jer. xxx. 18. For 'Iacoib,' which is correct, 'Iaciob,' an obvious error, has been substituted.

"Mark xiv. 4. For 'an t-anna-caitheadh so air an olaidh,' an error introduced into the edition of 1860, 'an t-ana-caitheadh os air an olaidh,' which is still worse, has been substituted.

"To these specimens, none of which exists in the authorised edition, I might add many more.

"Many of the alterations introduced into the last impression are objectionable on other grounds. In some places two distinct words are run into each other, and appear now as one word, as 'neachann' (Lam i. 21); 'iarraidho' (Judg. i. 14); cheannleolaidh' (Math. xxvi., heading); 'teachdaira' (2 Kings vi. 33). In other places large spaces are left blank, where words or letters have been erased. In almost every instance of attempted correction some of the letters are either out of their places or badly formed. Broken letters and words are also very numerous. From all these causes, the last impression of the edition of 1860 is certainly not an improvement upon its predecessors."

The above quotation shows that Dr Maclauchlan is at variance with his colleague Dr Clerk, in regard to the corrections which the edition of 1860 required; for, whilst he says that they were "very few," Dr Clerk candidly admitted in 1870 that they were "very many."

But passing from the contradictory statements of the two editors, I shall here give some additional examples of errors introduced, some of them frequently, into the edition of 1860, and continued in the impression of 1868:—

1. The editors frequently mistook the preposition *a* (to, unto) for a', the contracted form of the preposition *ann* (in, into). Accordingly, we find "a' m' ionnsuidh" (into me), substituted in several places (cf. Jer. i., 11, 13; Ezek. xv. 1; xvi. 1) in the edition of 1860, for "a m' ionnsuidh" (unto me), the correct form in other editions. The editors attached so much importance to this improvement, the result of their mistaking the prepositions, that they introduced it in the impression of 1868, into Is. lv., 5, by making an alteration in the plates of 1860!

But the editors are not consistent even in their errors, for we have "a' m' ionnsuidh" in Jer. i., 11, 13, referred to above, and "a m' ionnsuidh" in the fourth verse of the same chapter. In Is lv. 5, we have "a' d' ionnsuidh" (unto thee), the mistake referred to above as introduced into the impression of 1868, but in the third verse, "a m' ionnsuidh-sa" (unto me) has been retained.

2. The editors attach very great importance to an alteration which they have introduced into Rev. iv. 7, where beò-chreutair" (living creature) has been substituted for "beathach" (beast). I have no objection to "beò-chreutair" although I consider "beathach" (lit. that which possesses life) a correct rendering of Greek zōon. The editors, however, became so enamoured of their "living creatures" that, not satisfied with one—"the first"—they must have a full "hundred" in the first clause of this verse, a license to which I decidedly object, inasmuch as it violates the simple rule of Gaelic grammar, that the noun, which is plain after *ceud* (hundred), is aspirated after *ceud* (first).

3. The common rule of Gaelic grammar, that an adjective when a predicate does not agree in gender and number with the subject, but remains always in the form of the nominative singular, was repeatedly

violated in the edition of 1860 in places (cf. Is. vi. 10; Deut. xxxii. 32) which were perfectly correct in previous editions. The error in Is. vi. 10, to which attention had repeatedly been called in the joint committees of the Established and Free Churches on the Gaelic Scriptures, was corrected in the impression of 1868, but the error in Deut. xxxii. 32 and similar errors in other places remain still uncorrected.

Some few examples of this error are found in the edition of 1826, which remain uncorrected in all the impressions of the edition of 1860 (cf. 1 Peter i. 16; Lev. xix. 2; xx. 26).

4. In all the impressions of the 1860 edition, I find repeatedly the possessive pronoun *a* (his) written before *leithid* (such) with an apostrophe after it, the editors evidently mistaking it for the article. This error I find also in several places in the 1826 edition, but this must not be accepted as an excuse for the editors of the 1860 edition mistaking the parts of speech.

5. In Ps. lxx. 4, the noun *toil* (will) has been substituted for the adjective *toigh* (loved), and, thus, "le 'n toigh do shlàinte" (who love thy salvation) has been changed into "le 'n toil do shlàinte" (who will thy salvation), a phrase which does not appear to have any meaning.

6. In Is. xliii. 23, the editors have substituted "meanbh-chrodh do thabhartais loisgte" (the small cattle of thy burnt offering) for meanbh-chrodh do thabhartasa loisgte" (the small cattle of thy burnt offerings). When the editors made this alteration, they actually did not know that they were substituting the genitive singular for the genitive plural, and, thus, changing the meaning.

7. In Jos. vi. 21, the somewhat equivocal expression, "eadar fear agus bean" (between a man and a woman) has been substituted for "eadar fhear agus bhean" (both man and woman), which was the correct expression in the edition of 1826. See Stewart's Grammar, p. 175.

8. In Jer. x. 25, air 'ainm" (upon his name) has been substituted for "air t' ainm" (upon thy name), an alteration by which the meaning of the passage is destroyed.

But it is needless to multiply examples of the errors introduced into the edition of 1860 and continued in the impression of 1868. Instead of being "very few," as Dr Maclauchlan innocently supposes, they are so numerous that it is difficult to open a copy of that edition without the eye alighting upon a mistake of some kind. Even the title-page is not correct. It contains only one sentence composed by the editors, and that sentence is a grammatical mistake, the editors themselves being judges (cf. "chum craobh-sgaoilidh a' bhìobuill" (title-page), with "fear-coimhead Israeil" in Ps. cxxi. 4).

The correction in Ps. cxxi. 4, is so remarkable that it deserves to be noticed, especially when we find only a few pages further on (Cant. v. 7) a similar error uncorrected. The explanation of this anomaly seems to be that, having found "fear-coimhid Israeil" pointed out as an error in Stewart's Grammar (p. 169), the editors adopted Stewart's correction without having clearly understood the principle on which it is based. They, therefore, failed to apply the principle in instances not pointed out as violations of it.

Dr Maclauchlan refers, with evident satisfaction, to the extensive cir-

culation in the Highlands of the edition of 1860, in which it is recorded, among other remarkable things, that Rebekah carried in her womb, not twins [leth-aona], as had always been believed, but the "half of one" child [leth-aoin] (Gen. xxv. 24); that the "nobleman" or "judge" [morfhear] rising with the light killeth the poor and needy (Job. xxiv. 14); that "the hundred living creatures" ["an ceud beò-chreutair"] were like a lion (Rev. iv. 7); and that Jehoshaphat "made ships" of wood or some other material called "Tharshish" ["Rinn Iehosaphat long an de Tharsis"] "to go to Ophir for gold" (1 Kings xxii. 48). He has not not, however, told your readers anything about the way in which the circulation has been promoted, and, therefore, I may be permitted to add the following extract from the letter from which I have already quoted, with the view of furnishing some information on that point:—

"It cannot be denied that this edition had been so secretly prepared and issued that nothing was known about it until after it was put into circulation. It bears on its title-page, as I stated in my first letter, the *imprimatur* of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, although it is confessedly different from the edition which the Assembly authorised. It has been extensively circulated in the Highlands and Islands by the society's agents, who do not inform the people that it is not a reprint of the authorised edition, and the people buy it without any knowledge of the extent and character of the alterations which have been introduced into it, until, in the course of perusing it, they discover that, to use the words of some of themselves, 'it is not the Bible to which they had been accustomed.'

"The words, 'New and Revised Edition of the Edinburgh Bible Society,' which were printed in smaller type, under the words, 'Issued by Authority of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland,' on the title-page of the first impression, disappeared altogether, as acknowledged by Mr Clerk, from the title-page of the second impression, which was issued without any mark whatever to indicate that it was not a mere reprint of the authorised edition. In the last impression, the words, 'Revised Edition,' likewise printed in smaller type, have been put on the title-page, but the words, 'Authorised by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland,' have been retained."

The practical question is, What is to be done to prevent the Directors of the National Bible Society from spending, as they do largely, funds contributed by the public to promote the circulation of the Sacred Scriptures, in corrupting wholesale the Gaelic language and the Gaelic Scriptures? This I regard, both from a religious and literary point of view, as a very important question, and I hope that a right solution of it may be found possible.

I should, perhaps, state that I am well aware that some typographical and other errors in the 1826 edition were corrected in the 1860 edition; but the editors' corrections are so few in comparison with their errors that they do not affect the statements contained in these letters.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Brodick, 9th August 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Edinburgh, 9th September 1879.

DEAR SIR,—Hansard in his Treatise on Printing has the following as one of what he calls a host of laughable anecdotes about printers' errors: "The monkish editor of *The Anatomy of the Mass*, printed in 1561, a work consisting of 172 pages of text and fifteen pages ot errata, very amusingly accounts for these mistakes by attributing them to the artifice of Satan, who caused the printers to commit such numerous blunders." How far the same occult agency may have had to do with the "numerous blunders" which your printer has committed in the two papers of mine honoured with a place in this month's *Celtic Magazine*, it were perhaps impertinent to inquire. But a few of these errors are so aggravating that I must ask leave to correct them.

The sub-title of the paper to which you give the place of honour in the *Magazine*, was clearly written, "No. 1.—The Caledonian Canal: 1792." The date here is the key to the whole aim and purpose of the series of papers to which this No. 1 was meant to be but introductory—the dawn of a new era in the Highlands at the close of last century. But your printer altered my clearly written 1792 to 1872, and so made nonsense of the whole paper!

Two paragraphs of my letter in the Gaelic Bible controversy have also been so badly printed that I must ask the favour of your repeating them:—

(1) "Dr Maclauchlan objects to what he is pleased to call my Miltonic account of the Gaelic Scriptures Committee. That is a very small matter. And if, in looking back to the 'copious eloquence,' and other unparliamentary arts by which he succeeded for years in obstructing the appointed work of the committee, he now thinks that they smell more of the *dramatis personæ* of Milton's caverns of woe, than of the demigods and heroes of Homer and Ossian, I am sure I have no quarrel with him about it."

(2) After stating that in the paper which occasioned this controversy, "I carefully avoided the least reference to individual members of the committee, or to their opinions or actings at its meetings," I added: "If I do so now, be it still observed that I name only one who first named himself, and that I unveil his conduct to the extent only that may be required to repel his attack."

And now, as on these grounds I have found it necessary to trouble you with a letter, let me dismiss in a word a point on which Dr Maclauchlan wrote with some emphasis, although, but for its being again taken up rather tartly by Dr Clerk, I should continue to regard it as not worth discussing. I said that 3000 copies of '60 were published by the Bible Society. Dr Maclauchlan corrects me by proclaiming that "*altogether* 14,000 copies *of it* have been printed." My critic is here thinking of the several revisions of '60, '63, and '68. I wrote definitely and exclusively of '60. It is a mystery to me how two acute and sensible men like my critics could ever think of interpreting me otherwise. My words taken by themselves cannot possibly be otherwise understood; and they stand moreover in a context which expressly separates the edition of '60 from the subsequent and "corrected" editions.

But really all this is idle and beside any reasonable purpose. The point is, that the Gaelic Bible at present in use among our people, despite the misleading imprimatur on its title-page, is wholly unauthorised. To that point I venture respectfully to recall the disputants in this controversy. Whether it be with 14,000 or 40,000 copies of this unauthorised Bible that Drs Clerk and Maclauchlan, at the call of a great but irresponsible society, exercising a practical monopoly, have interposed themselves between the Highland people and the old authority of the Churches, is not the question I have raised. Nor have I raised the question whether it was right or becoming in them to take upon themselves so grave a responsibility, not only unasked by, but actually without the knowledge of, the Churches in which they are ministers. Still it is open to me to observe that if to distribute among the Highland people 3000 copies of such a work be unwise or wrong, then surely it cannot mend matters to say that a much larger number of copies has been put in circulation.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

DONALD MASSON.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

CAITHNESS CAMPBELLS.—Of what family was William Campbell, Sheriff-Clerk of Caithness about 1690? He had a son, who was also Sheriff-Clerk of the same county in the middle of last century. Are there any descendants? Any particulars as to this family or any other Caithness Campbells will much oblige. MAG.

COLONEL READ joined the Spanish contingent, was subsequently Governor of one of the Mediterranean Isles (? Malta), will any one kindly give any information of him if living or of his descendants?

THE REV. MURDOCH MACKENZIE OF INVERNESS.—Will any one say who was the father of the Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie? He obtained his degree at the University of Edinburgh, 30th May 1729, was ordained to Contin, 20th September 1732, translated to Dingwall, 30th of July 1741, and was minister at Inverness from 1742 to 1774. M.M.

THE FORBESES OF CRAIGIVAR.—On a tombstone in the church-yard of Kilmodan (otherwise Glendaruel), Argyllshire, there is the following inscription:—"Mr John Forbes, a grandson of the Familly of Craigivar, who died in the 91st year of his age, 1759; and Sarah Robertson, his spouse, who died in the 59th year of her age, 1728; and their son, James Forbes, Minister of the Gospel in Glendaruel, who died December 27, 1769, aged 69 years." The said John Forbes must therefore have been born in 1668, and Sarah Robertson in 1669. Do any of your readers happen to know to what branch of the Robertsons this Sarah Robertson belonged, or the date and place of her marriage to John Forbes, "grandson of the Familly of Craigivar?" She must have come of a good stock, for her son, James Forbes married, on 29th April 1735, Beatrix Campbell, daughter of George Campbell of Craignish. D. FORBES CAMPBELL.

74 St James's Street, London.

COLIN CHISHOLM IN THE FORESTS.

A FINE sunny morning induced me to emerge from the genial plains of Inverness in quest of a breath of mountain air; or, as an old Highlander would call it—a dh-iarraidh lan mo bheoil do ghaoth ghlan nam beann. Having observed a steamboat close by, apparently preparing for an immediate cruise somewhere, I made the best of my way towards her, and nearing her, I saw the name Glengarry in golden letters on her side. "Good," said I, "could not be better, here goes to Glengarry." Without enquiries as to her destination, I stepped on board among a host of pleasure-seekers. To my great delight we were soon on the serene bosom of the far-famed Loch-Ness, where the grand and varied scenery of the surrounding district of Dochfour and Dores combined to throw its inimitable shadow on the placid surface of the Queen of Highland fresh-water lakes. Neither tongue nor pen can do justice to the grandeur of the panorama through which the good Glengarry was steadily steering her course. After a few hours of most enjoyable sail on Loch-Ness, we arrived at "Cill-Chuimean," a village, or town if you like, which may be described as the capital of Glengarry, and commonly called Fort-Augustus. All was bustle and hurry to get ashore, every one wending their way to the stately Benedictine Monastery which now graces the green plains of Fort-Augustus. I followed the crowd, airson toil na cuideachda mar chaidh an tailear do Pheairt. On our arrival at the ramparts, the doors of the monastery were thrown open before us. In we went, and were soon regaling our eyes on some of the most exquisite stone cutting and building in Britain. Passing through the deftly cut and carved cloisters, our obliging guides, the Benedictine monks, ushered us into their magnificent halls, extensive libraries, and spacious dormitories. Every object of interest was explained and described *in extenso* for us. But, when least expected, the bell of our good ship told that she had cleared the locks and summoned her passengers, all haste on board. The kindness and civility of this small remnant of the old Benedictine monks was the theme of our conversation until I left the vessel.

Inclined to have a smart walk as far as Tomdonn, I took to the road somewhere opposite Lichd, and crossed the river Garry by the suspension bridge at Fiar-ath. In passing Lichd, and not seeing a human being there, the sad question arose in my mind as to what had become of the descendants of the happy people who occupied Lichd and the rest of Glengarry in the days of Aonghas-Mac-Ailean, the father of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alex. Macdonell, Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada. Some source of merriment occurred about a bag of meal in the district, which Aonghas must needs commemorate (as was the custom of the times) in a song, which begins as follows:—

Tha gillean og ann an Lichd,
'S fheaird iad aon poca n'am measg,
Dh'iarr ni'n Alastar gun fhios,
Lite thoirt do Challum as.
Ho, ho, rathnil ho,
Hea, hea, rathnil ho,
Ho, ho, rathnil ho.
Companas a cheannaiche.

At the north end of the bridge alluded to, the traveller by road enters the forest of Droinachan. About a hundred yards after entering the wood I was met by an army of horse-flies, one and all of which commenced operations on me. Here it may be remarked as the common belief, that these unpaid and uncalled for doctors are very beneficial to horses in as much as they suck out the stable blood and enable the animals to gather fresh blood from meadow or hill grazing. I gave them to understand that their services were misapplied and not required by me, but all to no purpose. At last I declared open war against them, and in self-defence was obliged to exact blood for blood. No amount of slain on all sides of me would convince my enemies that I was determined to sell my life very dearly. Swarm after swarm renewed their piercing attack on me while passing through Droinachan. But the brunt of the battle with the flying columns remained to be fought in the centre of Glengarry. Here, and for many miles further up on both sides of the Garry, the Glen is thickly wooded with native pine, stately oak, and weeping birch, &c. "Fraoch agus seileach ann cho ard ri mo cheann a's corr."

In this vast solitude of deer forests the combined forces of every species of winged tormentors made a simultaneous attack on me, sucked my blood, and blistered my face in the most unceremonious manner. That I am now alive to tell the tale is sufficient proof that I had the best of the battle, and I flatter myself to think that the next pedestrian who passes through Glengarry from Fiar-ath bridge to Tomdonn will find fewer tormentors than I encountered. Having had a short truce my thoughts involuntarily turned on the dilapidated houses and crumbled walls on the south side of Glengarry. Beginning with Mandally, Polanaonachan, Glenlaoidh, Bolinn, Laddi, Achadhuaini, Garidhnallach, Badantscoig, and Doiredhamh. All these lands, with miles of hill grazing attached to them, are now allotted to deer, with the exception of a few sheep kept by the proprietor on two or three of the last mentioned farms. And now turning my attention to the north side of Glengarry, it is pleasant to note that the few houses on that side are superior to the class of houses generally seen through the Highlands. Passing by Achaluachrach as at Lichd, another verse of the song already quoted occurred to me, viz.—

Ge gann an corca 'n Achaluachrach,
Cha 'n fhuirich am pocan aon uair ann,
Theid e Mhunerigi suas,
'S bithidh fuarag aig machd Alastair as.

A breeze on a sunny afternoon enabled me to pass milestone after milestone in quick succession. On turning a point I saw at a short distance before me, in a lovely green spot, what at first sight seemed to be a splendid flower garden, newly walled in with what appears to be very substantial mason work, all secured against the elements by lime and mortar. On going up to its gate, and finding this circular enclosure to be a place of sepulture, I prayed for peace and rest to the souls of all who were buried in that spot, and also invoked the blessing of God on the party who caused the wall to be erected around the ashes of the brave Macdonells. Since then it came to my knowledge that Mrs Ellis of Glengarry paid for this work of Christian charity. It will protect this very old

sanctuary from sacrilege and desecration. This secluded and sacred spot is dedicated to St Donnan—hence its Gaelic name "Cilldonnan." With this short digression, I take again to the road and inhale the healthy air that sweeps across Loch Garry. I soon passed Ardachy and Ardnabi, and was reminded, on looking a little to the right, that I was passing the birthplace of the celebrated Mrs Fraser of Guisachan, who flourished in the eventful 1745. When a lassie in her teens, Mrs Fraser astonished her lady companions by composing a merry song, commencing thus :—

Co chi, co chi,
Co chi mi 'tighinn,
Co chi ach MacPhadrig,
'S tigh le braidh Ardnabi.

Co chi, co chi,
Co chi mi 'tighinn,
Co chi ach MacUistean,
Lub ur a' chuil bhuidhe.

Co chi, co chi,
Co chi mi 'tighinn,
Shar mhic an duin' usail,
Teann suas a's dean suidhe.

Some years afterwards this Miss Macdonell of Ardnabi became the happy Bantighearn of M'Uistean, the Laird of Guisachan. I could mention the names of seven of their sons (I believe there were nine) and two of their daughters. One of the sons, Rory, was only a week old when the butcher Cumberland sent a burning party to Guisachan. Seeing the helpless condition of the mother and child, the humane officer in command ordered both mother and child to be taken out on a blanket before he set the torch to her "Tighclair," as she calls it in the following plantive stanzas :—

'Bhliadhna rugadh thusa Ruairi,
'S ann a thog iad uainn na creachan,

Gaol am fear dubh cruinn cruinn,
Gaol am fear dubh cruinn tapaidh.

'S trom 's gur muladach a tha mi,
'Cumail blas air aois na seachdain.

Loisg iad mo shabhal 's mo bha-theach,
'S chuir iad mo thigh clair na lasair.

I quote these verses simply to prove the burning of the mansion, the age of the infant, &c. If I were giving a specimen of Mrs Fraser's poetry, I would select the lament she composed for her son Donald, who was an officer in the German army, and killed while fighting in Germany. Another of the sons, Simon, was fighting in the War of Independence, was taken prisoner, and died in a dungeon in the United States.

Being now within a few miles of my intended journey for the day, I hasten to leave all intervening milestones behind me, and will trouble no one with any more poetry in this paper. Arriving at Tomdonn Inn, I was received by the worthy host, Mr Peter Grant, and attended to by the members of his establishment in a manner that might satisfy the Prince of Wales. The following morning I made an effort to pass through the forest of Glencuaich, by the parliamentary road of course, but soon after entering this desert a feeling of *ennui* and solitude pressed so heavily on me that I retraced my steps. If this be considered faint-hearted on my part, let me plead guilty to that accusation. I think the man who traverses alone

a deer forest of sixteen miles in length, with an average of about eight miles in breadth, and feels no emotion of loneliness must be strangely constituted. Especially if he considers that all the broken walls he sees about him were recently the habitations of a race of men, not second to any other in the kingdom. Let him also recollect that the produce of all the lands and grazings he sees far off and near at hand, was, till recently, secured in some way to benefit man, and not allowed to rot where it grows. With the intention of recurring again to this part of the forest before closing this paper, I pass on northwards by the road to Glenluine. This glen, of some miles in length and breadth, is also added to the deer forest of Glencuaich. I pass through this extensive glen without seeing a human being but one solitary person at a long distance off cutting grass. Passing the height of Mam-Chluaini and entering this third glen, which is also added lately to the forest of Glencuaich, the distance between Tomdonn and Cluny House is over ten miles, which may be taken as the breadth of the forest alluded to at that end, and passing the bridge across the river that feeds Loch Cluny, I come to a sheep farm which is said to be upwards of sixteen miles in length. Here is a comfortable old inn and drove stance, kept by a sensible man whose name I forget, and who succeeds in making a traveller very comfortable for the night.

Next morning I left rather early in order to be in good time that night at Dornie—a distance of about twenty-five miles. On leaving Cluny Inn, the traveller, by road, passes on the north side of the Glen, still faced on the south by the Cluny portion of the forest of Glen Cuaich for a considerable distance, and descends through Glen Sheil, between the large sheep walks of Ratagan and Inversheil. Here one sees occasionally a shepherd's house at long intervals, and the monotony of the road is a little enlivened by seeing either shepherds or gamekeepers wending their way with cows to form acquaintance with the herds either at Ratagan, Morvich, or Dornie. Imagine the idea of men going such distances, and how little harm it would be to have a bull through all the grass rotting in these glens. Some short time ago I read that Mr Darroch, the new, considerate, and good proprietor of Torridon, bought a prize bull and presented it to his tenantry at Torridon. I never heard of a sportsman or landlord before through the Highlands doing such a kind act to his dependants. I arrived about noon at Sheil Inn. Here the traveller can depend on a real Highland welcome from the landlord, Mr Mackintosh, whose kindness and experience enabled me to shorten the way to Dornie by some miles, where I arrived in the evening, and made a stay of some days. My intention was to have returned by the Black Mount of Lochalsh and through Glenstrathfarrar, but the experience of drovers and men who used to travel through those glens induced me to keep clear of deer forests, except where parliamentary roads ran through them, so I returned by railway from Strome. I have mentioned one forest only, but passed by, or passed through, about a thousand square miles of forests in four days, and that only in a portion of the counties of Ross and Inverness.

Let us take a cursory glance at these deer forests, and we will find that they are completely divorced from the rest of the land of Great Britain. They are sedulously watched by vigilant men, who, in obedience to edicts proclaimed by their employers, are not always desirable neigh-

bours. The forests are now the main cause of the depopulation of the Highlands of Scotland, so that they weaken, and even undermine, the institution of the nation through the want of a numerous and healthy rural population. The forests deprive the people of Britain of a large share of their sustenance, inasmuch as neither corn, bullock, nor wedder reaches the market from them. The forests circumscribe the sphere of the arable land farmer, inasmuch as they deprive him of hill grazing to rear and to feed more stock for the market. The forests endanger the stability of the arable land farmer, inasmuch as they confine him to the produce of the arable field only. The forests are the giddy creation of the landlord class, quite in antagonism to the sound sense of the rest of the community. They stand out in bold relief as a species of defiance against the will and interest of the nation. Yet they are shielded with the strong arm of the law, and so long as they remain the bantling of the law it is only common prudence to accord to them the bare amount of respect required by the law.

If any person should feel inclined to doubt the accuracy of my statement as to the area of land cut off from national purposes in the two portions alluded to of the counties of Inverness and Ross, let him take the maps of the Ordnance Survey and satisfy himself. Let him begin his measurement, say, in the glens of Urquhart, Glenmoriston, Glengarry, Glencuaich, Glenluine, Glencluani. Let him then turn over to the Black Mount of Lochalsh. He will find that the deer forests in that quarter begin within a few miles of the Atlantic on the west coast of Ross-shire. And where, gentle reader, do you think this section of the deer forests terminate? Just within about a mile and a half of the waters of the German ocean, and an equal distance from the old Priory of Beauly—in other words, these forests nearly extend from sea to sea.

In case the sceptic should be still doubtful, let him follow me to my native glen, Glencanich, where we shall enter the deer forests by an iron gate at Blaranlochan, and proceed on the south side of the River Canich, till we reach the march of Frianach, Carneite, and Mamsoul, a distance not less than sixteen miles. Let us now turn down by the north side of Glencanich. At Glaicaneorna we enter the deer forests again and pass through the farms of Shalavanach, Leatrie,—*far an d' fhuair mi muirneach m'.arach*—Carri, Mucrac, and West Inver. The best crops of oats and potatoes I ever saw south or north used to be reared on these farms when they were in the hands of enterprising tenants. They are all now —with the large hills attached to them—the domain of deer. Let us now wend our way back to Blaranlochan, and proceed through the woods of Comar, the arable lands of Achaidhnan, the grazings of Aridhuiean, leaving Beinncheiran and Leachdanrath far off to the right, we enter the woods of Fasanacoile and Camalt, every inch of which is allotted to deer, from Blaranlochan to the march at Achagiat. Here we come on a strip of land that stands out as a landmark of common sense. It is a most useful appendage (though some seven or eight miles distant) to an arable farm, low down in the strath.

Now let us pass on to the boundary on the other side of this model strip of land. It is now all under sheep, but they are to be entirely cleared off in a month or two, and the land left for deer. Thus the whole north side of the long glen of Affaric, to the march of Kintail, will

soon be another deer forest. A portion of the southern part of this glen is already added to the deer forest of Guisachan and Cumhagi. If any one should be still inclined to think that all these forests should fall short of the thousand square miles I mentioned, let him bear in mind that I travelled by rail on my tour through the forests of Achanaseilach, Morusg, and Glencarron, and add these forests to the catalogue already mentioned as existing in a portion of the two counties of Ross and Inverness. I wish the reader to bear in mind that this is only a mere specimen of the state of all the other counties in the Highlands. From the time that I entered Her Majesty's Customs—45 years ago,—and especially from the day that I first began to compile the accounts of cattle and sheep imported from foreign countries into England, I was under the impression, and I am still of opinion, that it was a ruinous policy to cut off the lands and grazings of our common country virtually from the use of man.

It seemed to me then, as it now does, that it was an unwise policy to compel the British consumer of beef to pay £1 as duty for a bullock, and fifteen shillings for each heifer landed from the continent, and our own deer forests extending day by day and year by year, and all that earth could produce in them allowed to rot where it grows. A residence of over 40 years in England inclines me to think that I ought to know something of England and of English feeling; and my candid opinion is, that the sysstem of foresting which now obtains throughout the Highlands of Scotland would not be tolerated in England, and if insisted on in that justice-loving country, consols and 3 per cent.'s would not be worth three years' purchase.

Having said so much, it remains for me to state that I yield to no man in respect for those placed in authority over us. The landed portion of them interpret the laws by which the nation is governed in the most conducive manner to their own interest. We think that the feelings and interest of the communities over which they preside ought to be studied and consulted. Our land laws were made by our aristocracy and landed gentry: consequently they left it optional to the proprietor of the most extensive estate in this kingdom, whether he shall have ten, twenty, sixty, or sixty thousand human beings on his estate, or whether he shall have anything at all on it. Therefore it is his own good pleasure he has to consult. The land laws were expressly made for him, and while he acts within the lines of these laws it is left to him whether he will allow one acre of land to be cultivated for the use of man, or whether he will convert all his possessions into forests. This is certainly not a desirable state of things, and ought to be changed.

At the forthcoming general election, let every candidate for Parliamentary honours be pledged to support a well-devised scheme for the revision of our land laws. I for one do not see that our landed proprietors would have any valid cause to object to a just, wise and thorough revision of our land laws. On a former occasion this country paid millions of money to the brutal owners of slaves. A few years ago even the vested interests of a useless institution in Ireland were scrupulously weighed and handsomely paid for. Will this our great and noble nation be less generous or less just when she calls on a section of her sons to forego some of their enormous power and unexampled privileges.

NAMUR COTTAGE, INVERNESS. COLIN CHISHOLM.

Literature.

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN GAELIC FOR THE USE OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING STUDENTS. By DONALD C. MACPHERSON. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN GAELIC READING, GRAMMAR, AND CONSTRUCTION, WITH A VOCABULARY AND KEY. By L. MACBEAN. Inverness: John Noble. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart.

THE advocates and admirers of Celtic literature cannot fail to hail with delight the almost simultaneous appearance of two excellent little grammars of the ancient language of Caledonia. It is indeed pleasant to see two young gentlemen, both adepts in the knowledge of their native tongue, natives of different quarters of the Highlands, thus coming forward, not only to the rescue of the language itself, but with an enthusiasm to impart a clear perception of the beautiful structure of that language, in a plain, intelligible manner, to all such as may desire to know it. Both grammars are sensible and seasonable contributions for the cherishing and fostering of a language which has received no ordinary attention in these latter times. Both are unique in their way, and may be considered in a sense as twin-brothers, though of different parentage. Both have remarkable points of coincidence, and that without the possibility of collusion between the talented authors. Both treat of course of the same interesting subject, but quite in a different manner. Both are of the same size, the same price, the same number of pages, and of the same date of publication! It is, therefore, our recommendation to all parties who wish to know anything of the Gaelic language, to put themselves in possession of both these little works. It is not our intention in the meantime to enter upon any critical remarks upon the internal arrangement and structure of these two acceptable grammars, further than to say that they are both carefully and judiciously devised, as well as clearly and distinctly developed. Mr Macpherson's "Practical Lessons," may not be found so easily comprehended by beginners, and more particularly by English-speaking students, as the "Elementary Lessons" of Mr Macbean, simply because no key is furnished for the "Practical Lessons," whereas the "Elementary Lessons" have a key provided for them in both languages. Many phrases, colloquial and idiomatic, are bristling on the pages of both works, and many apposite examples are given in both of the peculiar structure of the language. No doubt the benign countenance of Professor Blackie will smile with complacency and delight over these pages, until at last the learned gentleman will unconsciously commence to sing—

Fhir a' bhata, na horo-eile,
Fhir a' bhata, na horo-eile,
Fhir a' bhata, na horo-eile,
Gu ma slàn duit 's gach àit' an teid thu.

We heartily trust that these excellent little works will have an extensive *circulation* at home and abroad.

FOLK-LORE ON WELLS.

It was with no small pleasure that I perused the papers on "Northern Folk-lore on Wells and Water," by Mr Alexander Fraser, Inverness, which appeared in Vol. III. of the *Celtic Magazine*. But, notwithstanding the fulness of these papers, I find that two wells in the neighbourhood almost of Inverness are omitted. This is more the pity, as some peculiar story or superstition is attached to each of them, which makes them second to none of those noticed.

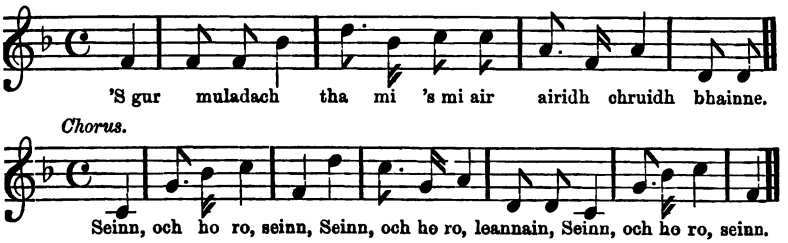
One of the wells so omitted is on the Hurdyhill—a conical hill of no great pretensions near Munlochy, in the parish of Knockbain, Black Isle. The well is situated on the north side of the Hurdy, at a point between thirty and forty paces from its base. Its waters, accordingly flow northward, a fact which gives it, if we believe the Black-Islanders, additional virtue. It is believed to possess extraordinary healing powers, for it is alleged that it will cure almost all the diseases to which the human race is heir. It is also an unfailing remedy for barrenness in cattle and other domesticated animals; and many a childless woman, it is said, by drinking of the water of the Hurdyhill, became the mother of a numerous offspring. And no fair damsel who ever sat alone for an hour after sunset on the brink of this well, drinking of its water, failed to secure the worthy swain she loved. To sprinkle the water of the Hurdy well on any creature or thing, ensured it against the terrible effects of an evil eye, as well as the no less dangerous charms of witchcraft—two evils for which the Black Isle is famed. Besides all this, the water of the Hurdy well will cure children of all and every kind of trouble by which they might be afflicted, unless they were "doomed to die." The *modus operandi* was to carry the ailing child in the twilight to the well, at the side of which it was left all night. At sun-rise next day it was removed, either entirely cured or dead. There is, as all are aware, no cure for death; and if the child was found dead in the morning, as not unfrequently happened, that event was ascribed to the decree of heaven, and not to any lack of virtue in the water of the well. If the child was found alive in the morning, an offering in the shape of a piece of ribbon, or other worthless rag, was left on the bush which overgrows the well. We have ourselves seen this bush literally covered with such offerings, which shows that not a few in the Black Isle still believe in the efficacy of the Hurdyhill water. The writer of these lines drank of this water and found it cooling and refreshing.

The other well to which I refer is "Fuaran 'ic Bhric bho lic Bhainn," or MacBriachd's well from the flag of Bereven. It is a short distance east from the dwelling-house of Blackton (am Bailedubh), Nairnside, parish of Daviot. But the wonder is how it came to that place, for it is positively affirmed that it was formerly at Bereven, near Cawdor. The ruins of an ancient place of worship may still be seen at Bereven, as well as an old grave-yard which is occasionally used still. The man called Mac Bhriachd lived at a certain point between these ruins and Dunavin, one of the ancient beacon hills; and the well poured forth its clear, cold water from beneath a huge flag close to his house. In some manner not recorded MacBhriachd offended his neighbour, the Curate of Bereven, who

forthwith forced him from his house. And, in order to further punish himself and his unoffending wife, he compelled him to stay on the centre of a bleak, barren moor, near which there was neither house nor water-spring, on the north side of the river Nairn, from which he had to carry what water he required. Having gone to the river for this purpose one day shortly after building a hut on this moor, he found the water so foul, the river being in flood, that it could not be used. On his way home he exclaimed, "*Oh! be 'm baile dubh dhomhsa 'm baile so,*" (Oh! this is a black town to me), and hence the name Bailedubh, or Blackton as above. "I would, however," he continued, "be quite happy in it if I had the well that's under the flag of Bereven," *(Na robh am fuaran tha fo lic Bhainn agam).* On reaching within two hundred yards of his house he was surprised to meet a clear stream of water rolling down the brae. He at once followed the stream to its source, which he found close to his house. He knew by the taste, quality, and clearness of the water that it was the very water he so much enjoyed at Bereven, and for which he had expressed a desire to have at Blackton. That it was so was demonstrated on his going to Bereven and finding his late well quite dry; and no water has ever been in it since. Hence the name "Fuaran 'ic Bhriachd o' Bhainn," as the well at Blackton is called to this day.

MAC IAIN.

SEINN OCH HO RO SEINN.



Key F.

: d | d . d : f | l ., f : s . s | m ., d : m | l_1 . l_1 ||

Chorus.

: s_1 | r ., f : s | d : l | s ., r : m | l_1 . l_1 : s_1 | r ., f : s | d ||

'S gur muladach sgith mi,
'S mi leam fhin an tir aineoil.
Seinn, och ho ro, &c.

Cha b'ionnan 's mar bha mi,
M'an do dh'fhag mi Braigh Raineach,
Seinn, och ho ro, &c.

Le m' phiuthair 's le m' bhrathair,
'S cead bhi 'manran ri m' leannan.
Seinn, och ho ro, &c.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu 'sugradh,
'S cha b'fhiu leat ach ceanal.
Seinn, och ho ro, &c.

Ann am bothan an t-sugraidh,
'S e bu dhunadh dha barrach,
Seinn, och ho ro, &c.

'S e bu leabaidh dhuinn luachair,
'S e bu chluasag dhuinn canach.
Seinn, och ho ro, &c.

NOTE.—The above is a good old pastoral song, well known in the Central Highlands, and which our excellent friend, Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, sings in genuine Highland style.

W. M'K.

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